Nathan Perlmutter, RIP

U.S. $2.00
CANADA $2.50

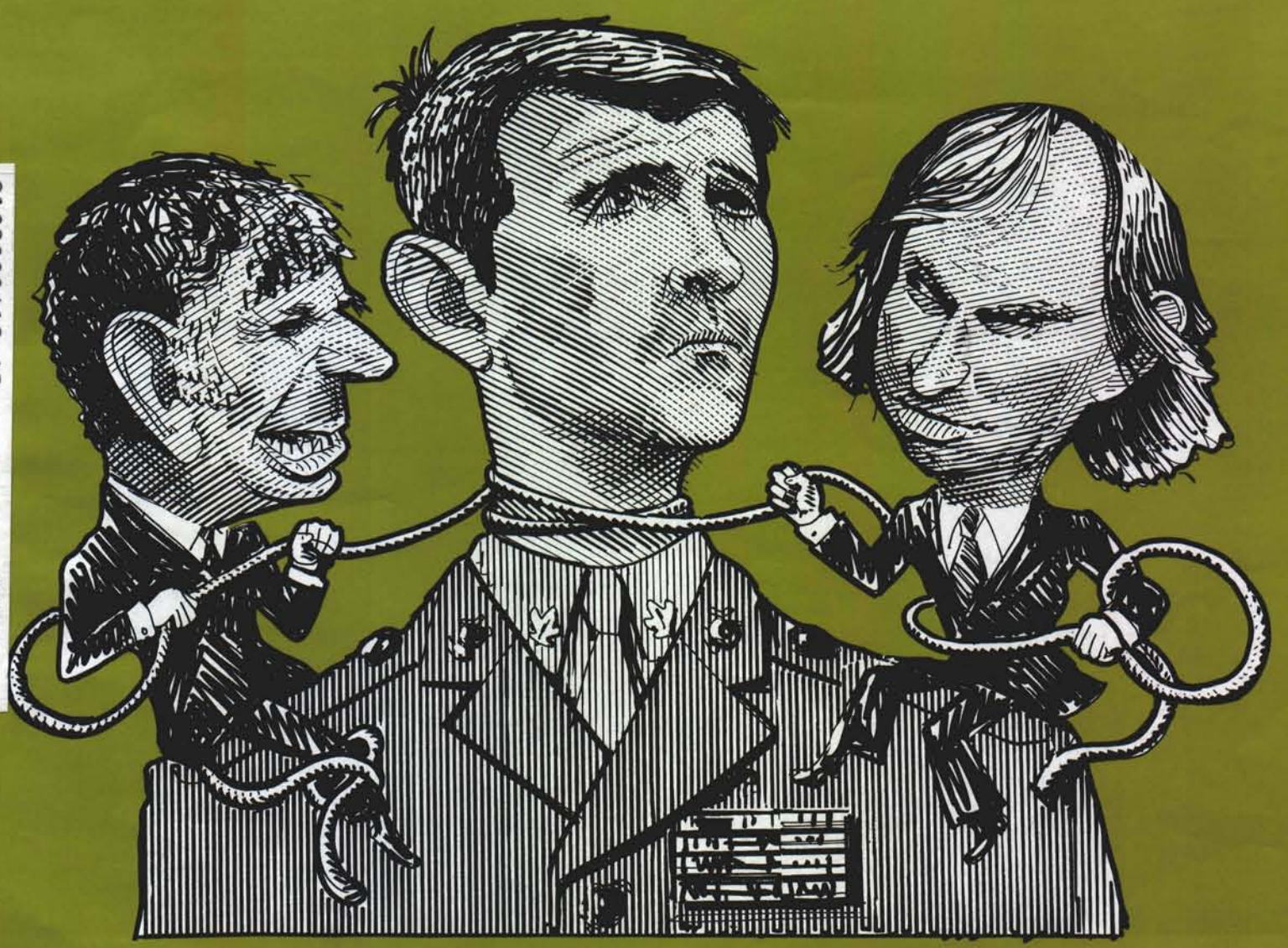
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

SEPTEMBER 1987 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Batter Up!#†$☆%&! • *A Conservative Crack-Up?*

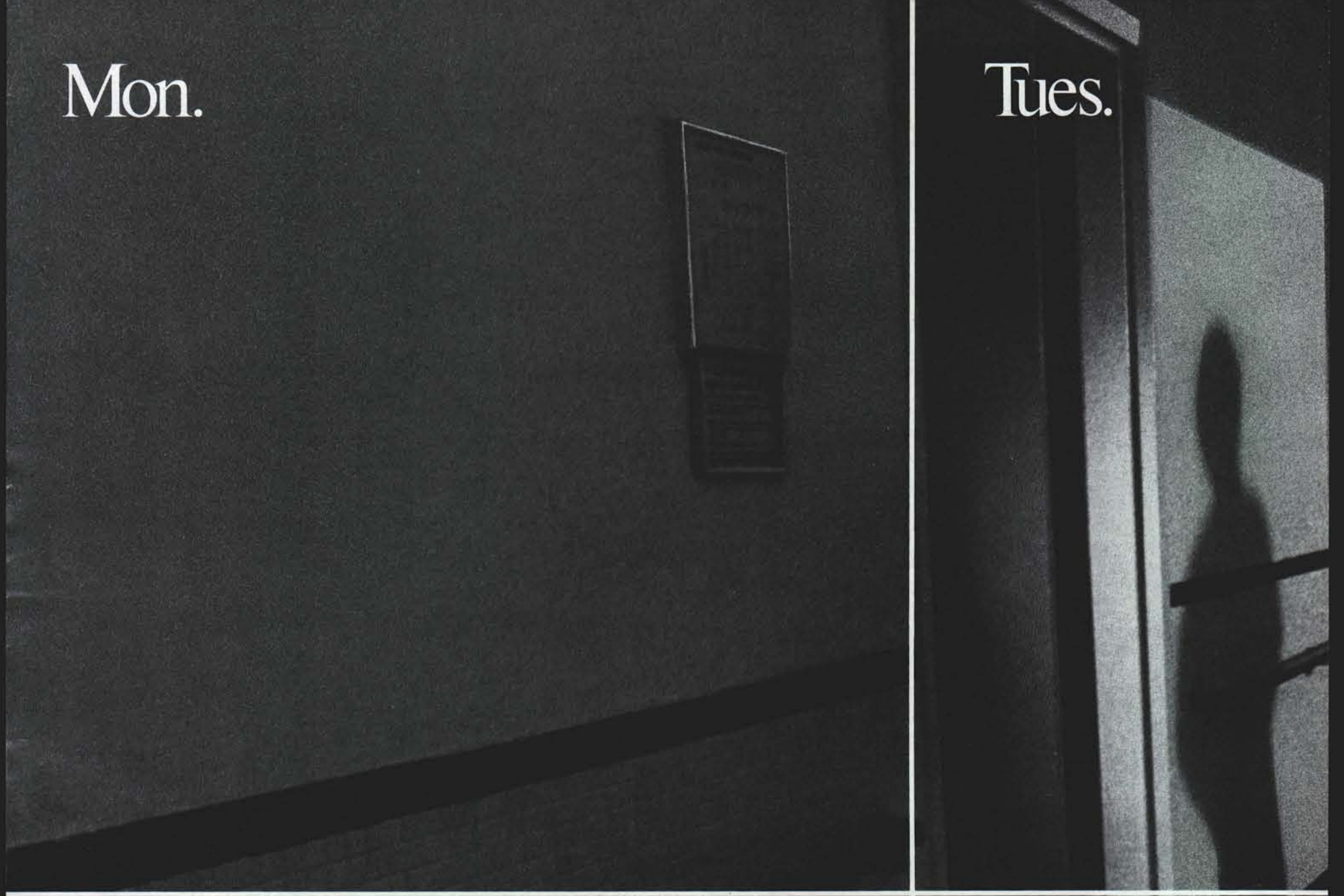
Andrew Ferguson: Father Moon and Conservatives

Ollie North and the Fools on the Hill
by Brit Hume



8102000612 AP JUN88
DEVIN VERSACE
2000 ALBERTA AVE #11
VENICE CA 90291

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The week we put you in the hospital with AIDS.

What you don't know about it can kill you. And misconceptions about it can be almost as destructive as death is to those who have it. Now that we know AIDS is everyone's disease, not just a subculture infection, we all have to live with it. And understand it.

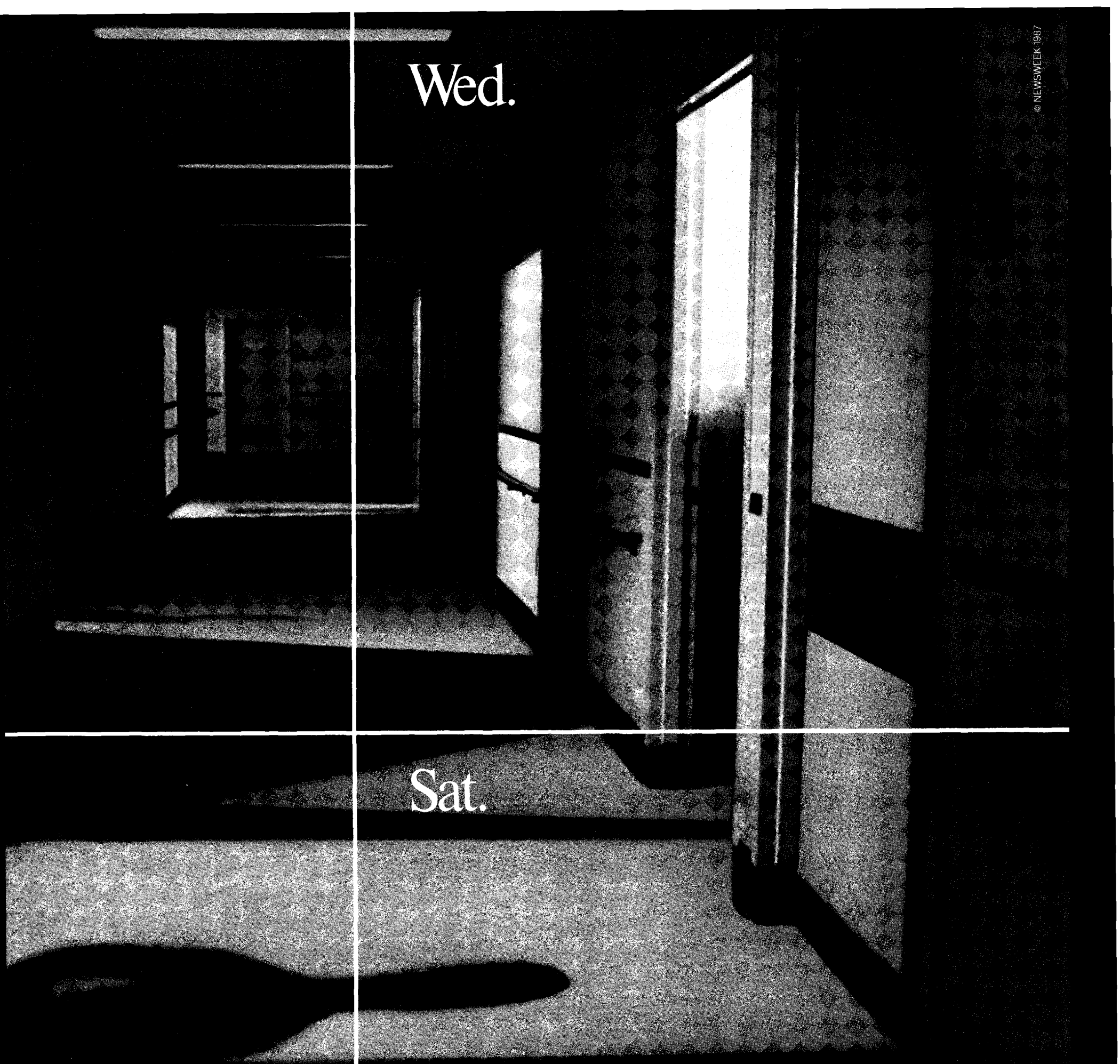
So Newsweek checked in on Hofheimer 4, a hospital wing where people live with AIDS every day. And made the experience so real, you felt as if you checked in, too.

We took you on rounds with Dr. Gerald Friedland as he led his fight against the plague. You got to know his patients; their personal battles for life, their isolation and anger. You felt the powerlessness the medical team felt each time AIDS denied their roles as healers.

And, in the end, you felt the loss. Just as Dr. Friedland did each time he lost a patient—and a friend.

Close enough to let it touch you—that's how close Newsweek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



gets you to all the issues that have an impact on your life.

When we reported on the chaotic, often brutal state of the Texas prison system, we went to jail. So you could see the story from the inside.

When we reported on cancer, we lived with it first. So you could experience one woman's experience with her illness as it happened.

That's why more and more people are reading Newsweek. We bring human issues home to you in a human voice. These aren't stories you just read through. These are stories you live through.

Newsweek

Why it happened. What it means.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at. . .

Mid-East Refugees
Who are they, what is the story?

You have read about hundreds of thousands of "Palestinian refugees" crowding camps in the Middle East, almost 40 years after leaving what is now Israel. Have you ever wondered why they are still homeless wanderers and why they have never been settled? Are you aware that they are not the only "refugees" in the Middle East?

What are the facts?

■ In 1948, on the day of the proclamation of the State of Israel, five Arab armies invaded the new country from all sides. In frightful radio broadcasts, they urged the Arabs living there to leave, so that the invading armies could operate without interference. They could return after the expected quick victory in that "holy war", get their property back—*and* that of the Jews. Things turned out differently. The invading armies were defeated. Those who had left became refugees—people without a country. Those who stayed, and their children, are full-fledged citizens of the State of Israel.

■ These so-called "Palestinian refugees" have not been allowed to settle in the "indivisible Arab nation". They have been supported in camps since 1948. So far, close to $1.7 billion has been spent on their maintenance. No end is in sight. Who pays for that? You guessed it: through UNWRA Relief, the United States contributes more than 60% of the total cost.

■ But there is another side to the "refugee" story. Little is heard of the 800,000 Jewish refugees from Arab countries, who fled those countries to settle in the newly formed Jewish state of Israel. Every one of these refugees was immediately accepted, resettled, taken care of, and given full citizenship by the fledgling, impoverished, and embattled Jewish State. There never has been, and there certainly is not now, a Jewish "refugee camp" in Israel or anywhere else.

■ The Arab refugees who fled Israel left little wealth and little history, since most of them had not come to "Palestine" until Jewish settlers opened economic opportunities in what had been a desolate country for centuries. But the Jews of Arab lands have a history going back thousands of years. When forced to flee, they left behind land, wealth, and a long history. They arrived in Israel, quite literally, only "with their shirts on their backs". They now make up 55% of the vibrant and productive population of Israel. What have the Arabs, the richest people in the world, done with "their" refugees in almost 40 years? They have kept them in misery, on the dole of the world, have taught their hopeless youth the "skills" of suicide missions and of slaughtering defenseless and unarmed men, women, and children.

■ Population transfers have been widely practiced throughout history. In 1923, Greece and Turkey agreed to the resettlement of 2 million Greeks and 800,000 Turks; in 1945, the resettlement of 3 million Germans from Poland and Czechoslovakia was arranged. Following the collapse of its North African empire, France accepted close to 1.5 million people. More than 12 million(!) Muslims and Hindus were exchanged between India and Pakistan. Israel has recognized this historical necessity. The "Arab Nation", with its enormous wealth and vast, underpopulated lands, has stubbornly refused to face facts.

It is clear that the "Palestinian refugee problem" is a red herring, a phony issue, kept alive by the Arab nations for their political purposes, and with cynical disregard for the almost 600,000 impoverished people who still lead a sub-human existence in these camps. If the "Palestinian refugee problem" were to be solved—and it could disappear virtually overnight—the legitimacy of the State of Israel could no longer be questioned. But that is not acceptable to the Arabs. They are firmly committed not to allow any "non-believers" to be in control of any part of the Middle East. It is that, and that alone, which is the real cause of the "Palestinian refugee problem".

YES, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in countering anti-Israel and anti-Zionist propaganda. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of A.S. #3

$_____.

My name is_____

I live at_____

In_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: CAMERA, P.O. Box 590381,
San Francisco, CA 94159-0381

This ad has been published and paid for by

CAMERA

Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America
P.O. Box 590381 San Francisco, CA 94159

CAMERA is a tax-deductible, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization, headquartered in Washington, DC. Its purpose is to combat media inaccuracies, through public education and publicity. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages. Our overhead is minimal. Almost all of our revenue pays for these messages.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®
Volume 20 Number 9, September 1987
20th Year
Copyright © *The American Spectator* 1987

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Andrew Ferguson
Editorial Intern: Kenneth Kleinfeld
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward

Assistant Publisher: Lou Ann Sabatier
Advertising Manager: John Funk

Production Manager: Denise M. Birkhold
Production Assistant: Michelle I. Emord
Business Assistant: David P. Shanahan
Circulation Manager: Kathleen L. Anderson
Subscription Manager: James M. Anastos
Circulation Assistant: Jennifer E. Howland
Assistant to the Publisher: Carol E. Schmidt
Staff Assistant: Cyril Midas
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

Senior Editors:
Richard Grenier,
Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe
Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell
New York Correspondent: William Tucker
National Correspondent: Victor Gold
New York Editor: Whit Stillman
Indiana Editor: Kent Owen
Movie Critic: Bruce Bawer
Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon
Chief Saloon Correspondent: Doug Bartholomew

Contributors:
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Richard Brookhiser, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, Michael Ledeen, Micah Morrison, Joe Mysak, William H. Nolte, Franz M. Oppenheimer, John O'Sullivan, Jeremy Rabkin, Alan Reynolds, Joseph Shattan, Dave Shiflett, Andy Stark, Benjamin J. Stein, Terry Teachout

Legal Counsel:
Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

• • •

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $24; outside the United States, $28. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is $24. Vol. 20, No. 9. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

C O N T E N T S

Ollie North and the Fools on the Hill.....Brit Hume 14
How Senators Inouye, Rudman, Mitchell, Cohen, Trible et al. wound up with Mom's apple pie on their faces.

The Coming Conservative Crack-Up....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., with comments by Tom Bethell, Richard Brookhiser, Victor Gold, Daniel Henninger, Lewis E. Lehrman, Joseph Sobran, and Ernest van den Haag. 17
As the Administration loses steam, we ask: Was it foreordained? Will life sour still more for conservatives?

Can Buy Me Love: The Mooning of Conservative Washington .....Andrew Ferguson 20
Is the Unification Church conservative, or just rich?

It's Aesthetic When You Win.....David Evanier 24
A final conversation with Nathan Perlmutter.

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 8
Correspondence..... 9
Editorials/Napoleon and Reagan/Howdy Doody and Ollie.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 10
Capitol Ideas/In the Castro.....Tom Bethell 11
The Nation's Pulse/Nine for Baseball.....Victor Gold 27
Special Correspondence/Bush-Bashing.....Aram Bakshian, Jr. 29
Presswatch/Spikes and Inouyendoes.....Michael Ledeen 30
Eminentoes/Jude the Semi-Obscure.....Dave Shiflett 32
Among the Intellectualoids/Maharishi's Crash Landing.....William Mueller 35
The Talkies/Summer Fare.....Bruce Bawer 37
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 54

BOOK REVIEWS

America in the Looking Glass: A British Visitor's Summer Reading .....Maurice Cranston 39
Raising Kids in an X-Rated Society, by Tipper Gore.....Fred Barnes 42
More Die of Heartbreak, by Saul Bellow...Richard Brookhiser 43
A Conflict of Visions, by Thomas Sowell..Herbert Schlossberg 44
Republican Party Reptile, by P. J. O'Rourke.....Jack Shafer 45
T. E. Lawrence, by Michael Yardley.....H. W. Crocker III 47
Submarine Warfare, by John E. Moore and Richard Compton-Hall .....John Train 48
Benjamin Disraeli Letters: 1838-1841, edited by M. G. Wiebe, J. B. Conacher, John Matthews, and Mary S. Millar.....Franz M. Oppenheimer 50

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the WEALTH OF NATIONS

Upon publication in 1776, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was recognized as a landmark of human thought and became the point of departure for all subsequent economic science. The impact of Smith's revolutionary ideas on trade, profits and markets continues to this day.

Manhattan Institute Associates Program

Ideas are what our public life is all about and ideas that challenge conventional thinking is what the Manhattan Institute is about. The Manhattan Associates Program gives concerned citizens access to stimulating ideas of the most original thinkers in America today. Associates receive the Institute newsletter, along with a host of essays, transcripts, and periodic updates on intellectual, economic, and political trends.

A copy of *The Wealth of Nations*, in the University of Chicago deluxe bicentennial paperbound edition, will be sent free to new Manhattan Associates.

☐ I enclose $25 to enroll as a Manhattan Associate.

Name

Address

MANHATTAN INSTITUTE
Manhattan Institute For Policy Research
131 Spring Street, New York, New York 10012
Telephone (212) 219-0773

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.

Donald Rumsfeld
Nathan Perlmutter
Arthur Laffer
Alan Abelson
William Randolph Hearst, Jr.
Adin K. Woodward
Chester E. Finn, Jr.
Malcolm Muggeridge
Priscilla Buckley
Timothy J. Wheeler
Vincent Allen
Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn
Gertrude Himmelfarb
Roone Arledge
Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan
Jeff Greenfield
John Roche
Herbert London
M. Stanton Evans
Tom Winter
James J. Kilpatrick
Anne Armstrong
Robert Krieble
Dixy Lee Ray
Elliott Banfield

Peter Kolk

Hugh Kenner, Andrew W. Mellon Professor of Humanities at the Johns Hopkins University and author of *A Sinking Island* (forthcoming from Alfred A. Knopf).

Norman Podhoretz
Rita Kramer
Ralph J. Lemley
Henry Salvatori
William H. Brady, Jr.
Ernest van den Haag
Robert Lekachman
David Packard
John Carey
Allan Ryskind
Seth Lipsky
George Gilder
Leo Rosten
Midge Decter
Abe Rosenthal
David Meiselman
Antonio Martino
John Lofton
Elliott Abrams
Arch Puddington
Albert Shanker
Robert Nisbet
Morton Blackwell
Jean-Francois Revel
Michael Kinsley
George Shultz
Ernest Lefever
James Burnham
Col. Harry G. Summers, Jr.
Neal Kozodoy
Doris Grumbach
Patrick Buchanan
Thomas Sowell

The American Spectator invites *you* to join America's Opinion Leaders. Subscribe by calling 800/341-1522, weekdays 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. We will send you eight trial issues for only $16 and promise not to pass on your name to condo salesmen, Publishers Clearing House, or to the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador.

Paul Johnson
Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr.
Alan Reynolds
Jack Paar
Patrick Cosgrave
Edward Nowak
Fritz Maytag
Colin Welch
Clare Boothe Luce
Frank Mankiewicz
Fred Barnes
Frank Shakespeare
Edward Banfield
Victor Lasky
Kevin Curran
Eugene Rostow
William F. Buckley, Jr.
Robert Novak
Tom Parker
Tom Charles Huston
George Roche

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are Two Different Visions Tearing Our World Apart?

Thomas Sowell is at it again.

Over the last two decades he has taken on and demolished a mountain of myths in one area after another. Now he's turned in another blockbuster that breaks new ground with an originality of perspective and a boldness of style that will make everyone, left and right alike, sit up and take notice.

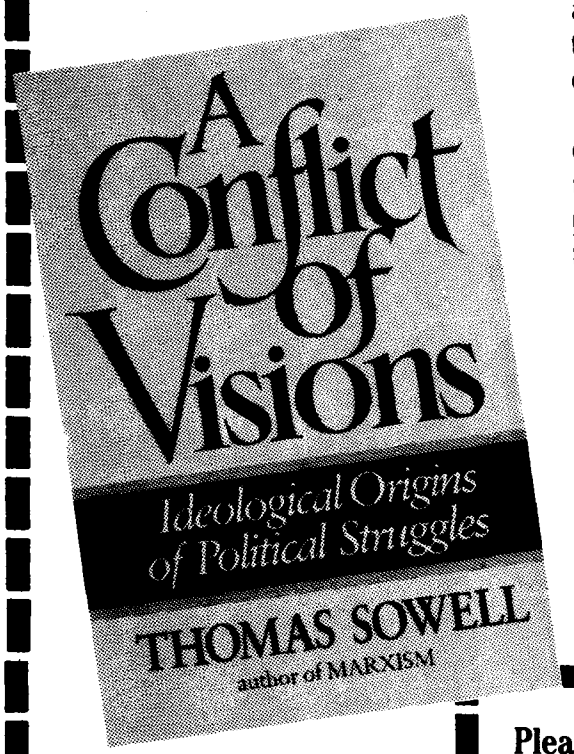
It's a book that will be hotly debated, examined, contested and turned inside-out. Because this time Sowell looks at political conflicts as they have raged for generations, and he has uncovered the remarkable fact that these conflicts have been dominated by two opposing visions that reflect radically different assumptions about the nature of man! On virtually every issue they line up on opposite sides, no matter how unrelated the issues. ***The very meaning of such words as "freedom," "equality," "rights" and "power" differs drastically from one vision to the next.***

So different are these two visions that often people from one camp cannot even understand what those from another are talking about. But that hasn't stopped them from threatening to tear apart societies and egging on the world to potential disaster.

Why? Because as Thomas Sowell points out, visions are powerful things. They underlie our ideologies and our political positions, and they may motivate us more than money, power or fame. People will kill for them and die for them. Indeed, *"We will do almost anything for our visions except think about them."*

The purpose of this book is to help us think about them.

- ***Why do concepts like "freedom," "equality," "rights," and "power" have such different meanings to different people?***
- ***Can these differences ever be resolved?***
- ***Why are failed visions in the natural sciences so much easier to abandon than in the social sciences?***
- ***What makes some people undergo radical conversions?***
- ***How does evidence influence vision?***
- ***Are visions stronger than self-interest?***
- ***How do those with one vision regard those with another?***



This readable and controversial book is bound to become a classic. Order your copy today!

Order TS 4492 (hardcover) Only $15.95

ORDER TOLL-FREE
1-800-238-2200
ext. 500

Charge your Visa or MasterCard
Continental U.S.
★ 24 hours a day ★
7 days a week

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If for any reason you are dissatisfied with any book, just return it within 30 days for a refund.

Please send me _____ copies of A CONFLICT OF VISIONS (TS 4492) at $15.95.
Send me these other Thomas Sowell titles:

- ☐ MARXISM (TS4120) $6.95
- ☐ ETHNIC AMERICA (TS0027) $9.95
- ☐ CIVIL RIGHTS: Rhetoric or Reality (TS8337)..... $5.95
- ☐ EDUCATION: Assumptions vs. History (TS0542) $8.95
- ☐ THE ECONOMICS AND POLITICS OF RACE (TS0406) $6.95

Postage & Handling $2.00

TOTAL .....

Send your order to:

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

Dept. AAT 532 Broadway,
New York, NY 10012

☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.

☐ Check or Money order ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name (Print) _____

Street _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

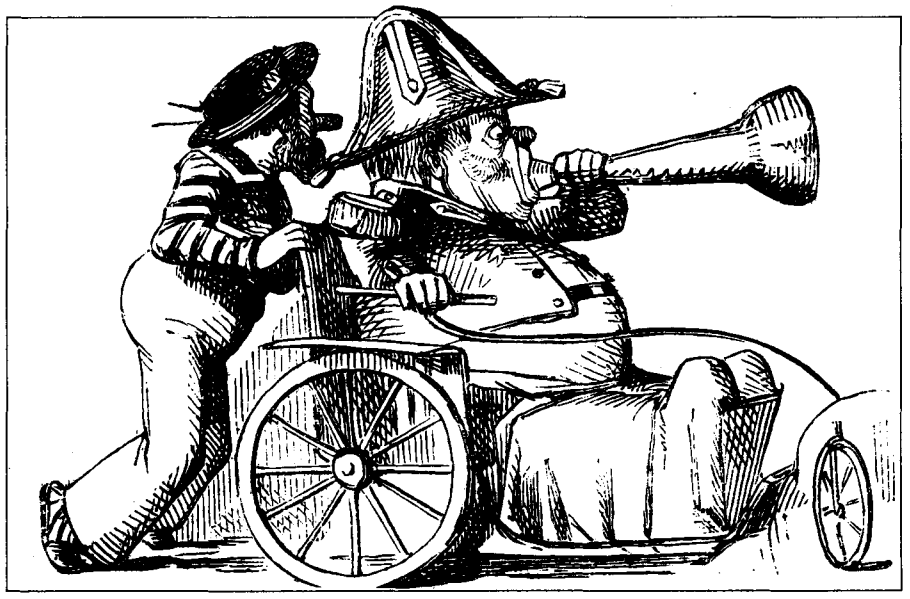
•July has now passed and still no confabulation of keepers of the English language has noted Senate Majority Leader Robert C. Byrd's masterpiece of May 29. Quoth the Hon. Byrd in the infallible *New York Times*, "This Senator is not going to stand supinely by in silence and quaking with fear and. . . ." The senator is college-educated. He has attended Beckley College, Concord College, Morris Harvey College, Marshall University, and American University. He also married Miss Erma Ora James, but that was an education of a different sort.

•The Democratic party's latest experiment in partisan politics proved to be catastrophic, not only for the Democratic party but also for several Republicans such as the vacuous Senator Paul Trible. Their televised investigation of the Reagan presidency might have benefited the Democrats handsomely had they only heard the lachrymose drones of Secretary of State George Shultz, but they also had to listen to Admiral John Poindexter and Lt. Col. Oliver North, both of whom know where Nicaragua is on a map; and then there was the cross examining by Senator Orrin Hatch and by Representative Henry Hyde to contrast against Representative Louis Stokes. Suddenly the ignorance, isolationism, and onanism threatening the Democratic party became clear to a gigantic national audience. Moreover, Admiral Poindexter and Colonel North began to reveal the absurd lengths to which an administration has to go to thwart Congress's politicization of foreign policy. Colonel North transformed himself into an All-American hero and revealed a mere Republican presidential candidate as a hero too. Before the astonished eyes of the Democrats he told of Vice President George Bush's readiness to overrule his Secret Service detail and meet with Salvadoran opponents of American policy, all of whom were armed and dangerous, to warn them of the Administration's passion for democracy. It was, said Colonel North, "one of the bravest things I've seen." And the Democrats could only watch and pray that the Bush campaign was not listening.

•The Reagan Revolution spreads to foreign parts. From New Delhi, India, comes word that the Calcutta Girls' School, a Methodist Church-run school, has expelled Miss Vidya Abraham, 7, for being left-handed. And from Buenos Aires, Argentina, it is reported that the corpse of former President Juan D. Peron has no hands at all. Both have been stolen by grave robbers who are seeking an $8 million ransom. On July 17 Mr. Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan arrived in New York City to solemnize the 49th anniversary of his historic nonstop solo flight. It was on July 17, 1938 that the fabled aviator took off from Brooklyn's Floyd Bennett Field to fly to California. Twenty-eight hours later he landed in Dublin, Ireland, the victim of a faulty compass, he insists. But that Guinness Stout pulled from a genuine Irish pump along the Liffey did wondrously irrigate the old esophagus, eh Wrong Way!

•Once again television's morbid influence has been demonstrated. In Pietersburg, South Africa, an unnamed fifty-year-old man got up to ask his wife, who had been watching television for four straight days, to change the channel; and what did he discover? At some point during those four days she had croaked. She had suffered a heart attack, probably in the first day of her TV meditation, for a neighbor who was assisting in the exacting task of channel-changing has testified that the wife looked "funny." In sports news the National League won the All-Star Game 2-0; and Lockheed Missiles and Space officials announced in Sunnyvale, Florida, that they had commenced an investigation into charges that an employee "stomped" two stray kittens to death. In Noordwijkerhoot, the Netherlands, the seventh world pole-sitting championship got under way but without Secretary of State George Shultz—a real loss, that. In his testimony before the Joint Investigative Committee Mr. Shultz had indicated that he has been pole-sitting ever since he became secretary of state. All that ever made him consider resigning were matters of personal perquisites, such as access to a government airplane when a Stanford alumni function was on. In San Francisco, Dr. Thomas F. Waddell, 49, died of AIDS. Dr. Waddell was a founder of the Gay "Olympics."

•In opening his campaign for the presidency, Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee struck a curious theme, orating that "the ancient practice of human sacrifice, once commonplace throughout the world, is now obsolete." Theretofore the Hon. Gore's especial issue was thought to be something about the ozone layer. Mr. Thomas Corlett, 58, a British civil servant, admitted in Southwark Crown Court that he had indeed strangled his wife but explained that he only did so after she had placed a "pot" of mustard by his dinner plate, creating havoc for him and his newspaper. Miss Linda Duke, a Los Angeles music-lover who attended a rock concert by Mr. David Lee Roth late last year, is suing the rock star for damaging her hearing during the aforementioned concert and rendering her an insomniac prone to dizzy spells and nose bleeds. She also has to wear earmuffs while vacuuming and is unable to use her hair dryer or participate in many of her other former indoor recreations. And President Reagan nominated Judge Robert Bork to replace retiring Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell, setting off a huge furor. If confirmed, Judge Bork would be the first bearded justice since Charles Evans Hughes.



•The Commerce Department announced that the economy grew at 2.6 percent in the second quarter. The Labor Department reported that unemployment declined two-tenths of a percentage point to its lowest point since 1979. And the national Centers for Disease Control reported a 23-percent increase in syphilis cases this year, reversing a five-year decline. The Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* reported that Mrs. Yuliya Vorobeyeva, who sustained a 380-volt electric shock in 1978, has now developed the capacity to see through clothing and even walls—making her, one would think, a coveted participant in the Soviet work force. The first popular music charts ever to appear in the Soviet Union were published, but back in America the Cold War hysteria continues. When some snoop discovered a vast system of tunnels beneath our Moscow embassy, the Reaganites raised the usual anti-Soviet charges. Any clear-sighted reader of the *Nation* could have told them that the system was obviously an air shelter being constructed for American diplomats by concerned Soviets, or an underground jazz club. Yet the unwholesome state of the Soviet environment remains problematic, certainly for tourism. Just ten weeks after a robust Mr. Karl Linnas was deported from the United States to the Soviet Union, the accused Nazi died of acute heart, kidney, and liver failure, despite the wizardry of Soviet medicine.

•In Vicksburg, Mississippi, Miss Toni Seawright became the first black to be crowned Miss Mississippi. Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, California are putting condoms in fortune cookies. And concern for safe sex has even reached Ireland where officials of the Dublin Zoo moved two hippopotamuses into a larger pool during those perilous days of conjugal embrace. According to the Gallup organization, 52 percent of the American public now favor nationwide AIDS testing. Bull

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gap, Tennessee received a state grant to build a museum to Mr. Archie Campbell of the television show "Hee Haw." And the youngest child of the most erudite family to inhabit the White House since the Hardings was dismissed from Brown University for academic insufficiency. Miss Amy Carter had been studying "Native American Literature, feminist frameworks, plant biology, and linguistics," the modern progressive's equivalent of yesteryear's Home Economics curriculum. Mr. Kris Kristofferson, tireless participant at benefit concerts, bravely faced an unforeseen public relations setback after a benefit concert for Vietnam Veterans when a cursory inspection of his garbage revealed the plaque that the veterans had given him. Mr. Kristofferson made it up to the vets by appearing in Matagalpa, Nicaragua with President Daniel Ortega on July 19 at festivities marking the eighth anniversary of the Sandinista Revolution. Finally, the renowned International Epicurean Circle of London has named haggis, Scotland's national dish, "the most horrible gastronomic and culinary disaster of the century," revealing that the Circle's gastronomes know not granola. *—RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Bad Report on Sam

I'd have thought there'd be no disagreement among your contributors and readers with the idea that Sam Donaldson is not only a braying ass but also and especially a lousy reporter. Apparently not so. Fred Barnes ruefully "admits" that Donaldson is a good reporter! ("Sam Missile," *TAS*, June 1987.)

Only this morning, when Reagan finished his announcement that we're going to keep the Persian Gulf open, we could hear Sam yelling, "A lot of people say you're going to get us into a shooting war, Mister President! Mister President! Are you going to get us into a shooting war?"

Typical Donaldson—an unanswerable accusation put in the form of an unanswerable question. That's the stuff that made Sam famous, all right. But if that's good journalism, the profession needs to be redefined. . . .

—Saul David
Van Nuys, California

Gunnar Myrdal

I strongly support an irreverent attitude towards politics and politicians, intellectuals and ideas. I hesitated, therefore, before deciding to comment on WP's observations on the death of Gunnar Myrdal ("The Continuing Crisis," *TAS*, July 1987). I concluded that Myrdal was too considerable a figure in terms of the basic values for which *The American Spectator* stands to leave it at that.

I am, perhaps, an appropriate person to comment because I was a target of Myrdal's views on Southeast Asia but also an assistant to him in the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe in Geneva in 1947-1949 and, subsequently, a friend.

Myrdal was, of course, many things: a first-rate economist; a social scientist with the courage to look at a society as a whole rather than through the narrow prism of a single academic discipline; an ardent advocate of social reform; and—rather surprisingly—a brilliant administrator who shocked United Nations headquarters by insisting on a smaller staff in Geneva than the table of organization called for.

Like all of us, he made mistakes: in judging the prospects for the postwar world economy; in assessing all the consequences of the welfare state; in his assessment of Asia, including (in my view) his judgment on the meaning of the war in Southeast Asia.

But three aspects of his stance transcend conventional political debate and deserve abiding respect. He had a clear-eyed, unsentimental, steady view of the Soviet Union. He never turned his back on Eastern Europe, as many Americans did, and never lost the hope that one day that region might re-establish its cultural, economic, and political ties to the rest of Europe. Moreover, he backed that hope by investing a precious decade of his working life. And, in *An American Dilemma*, writing of our most difficult and tragic problem, he memorably asserted his faith in the ultimate power of the American creed and foreshadowed the progress made in the past half century in race relations.

—W. W. Rostow
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

The Military vs. SDI

I would like to commend Senator Malcolm Wallop for his excellent piece, "Star Wars and the Military" (*TAS*, July 1987). For the first time that I am aware, the Senator brought into the open the dirty little secret of the Reagan Administration: the military's disdain for strategic defenses. While it sounds paradoxical that the military would oppose what is commonly assumed to be the SDI "goldmine," a lot of conservatives would do well to reconsider their dogmatic belief, so deeply imbedded that it need not even be articulated, that the military is "on our side."

It is merely a convenient rationale, for example, that the only strong Air Force advocate for SDI, Lt. Gen. Abrahamson, is having his promotion to full general held up by "liberals in the Senate." While liberals in the Senate may be the proximate cause of General Abrahamson's non-promotion, the fact remains that his elevation to four-star general was pushed by the Oval Office, *not* the Air Force hierarchy. What kind of signal will this send to younger Air Force officers about the effect that supporting SDI will have on their careers?

Senator Wallop correctly identifies the source of the problem as the McNamara-ization of the officer corps in the 1960s. Unfortunately for President Reagan's strategic modernization program, conservatives believed it was sufficient merely to tinker with the *structure* of the McNamara (and Harold Brown) Pentagon they inherited. They could not believe in their hearts that twenty years of McNamara-ization and MADvocacy would have infiltrated our military leadership as well. They should have believed the evidence of their senses, however, when the country observed the unedifying spectacle of General David Jones testifying to Congress on the blessings of SALT II and cancelling the B-1 program as a quid pro quo for his appointment by President Carter to be chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Consider these unpleasant facts if you believe, for example, that the Strategic Air Command remains the living legacy of Curtis LeMay: Richard Ellis, SAC commander in chief during the Carter Administration (and a supporter of Carter's non-defense program), now beavers away as a bureaucrat in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, where he is well known as a strong opponent of SDI. The current commander of SAC, General John Chain, apparently qualified himself for strategic targeting in his last assignment: the State Department!

However much conservatives may grind their teeth at the pronouncements of the retired military personnel at the left-wing Center for Defense Information, the fact remains: there would be no Center for Defense Information if the military did not provide a rich harvest of generals and admirals with left-wing views to act as front men for the more sinister elements controlling the organization. One such catch for the Center was Admiral Noel Gaylor; it is astonishing that anyone would be surprised by his post-Navy career choice, considering that Gaylor, a CincPac in the 1970s, has stated that he would have refused to authorize a nuclear weapons release in case of war.

Some day, the record will be declassified and conservatives will learn with dismay what the *real* position of the Joint Chiefs of Staff was when they

(continued on page 51)

(Jacques Barzun found and translated for us the following letter, which is said to be going the rounds in France.)

Dear President of the Republic:

I've just paid all my taxes—hence all I have on is my underwear. Let me explain. France has a problem; it is this: we number 55 million inhabitants. Of these 27 million are children. This leaves 28 million available for work. There are 7 million retired people. So the work force is down to 21 million.

Out of this remainder you must take 2 million unemployed. Left to do the work: 19 million.

There are 6 million students, which leaves for work 13 million.

Three million are in the armed forces, leaving for work 10 million.

Four million are in the civil service, which leaves for work 6 million.

One million are in jail (or ought to be), leaving for work 5 million.

Two million are sick, especially on Monday mornings. For work: 3 million.

Five hundred thousand in the church and 500,000 pregnant women gives you for work 2 million.

One million are at various ball games or casualties of the assembly line (mostly the same people). Working population: 1 million. 999,918 are in self-service gas stations which leaves for work 82 persons.

I find that there are 80 cabinet positions, which leaves for work two people, namely you Mr. President, and me. I am therefore asking you most earnestly to get to work, because I'm sick and tired of keeping France going all by myself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

NAPOLEON AND REAGAN

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

In Paris last June I stopped by Napoleon's tomb, a rather large tomb for a homunculus, and peered down on the Emperor from precisely the spot where the conquering Germans stood in June of 1940—they to have their moment of grandiosity, I to glimpse how William F. Buckley, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Henry Kissinger might choose to be interred. Notwithstanding the vast marmoreal splendors of the place, the thought crept upon me that even a military genius can lose his throne when he shows the flag with no clear thought of the consequences. Napoleon brought French flags into chill Russia; the United States now brings its flags into steamy Araby. In neither instance have the consequences been squarely faced, and in both instances the consequences appear perilous.

Napoleon entered Russia in 1812 full of brag and bounce but with insufficient transport to feed his army's horses. Doing so, given the contemporary state of transportation, was probably impossible. Not only had the Emperor given insufficient thought to matters of supply, he had also given insufficient thought to his military and diplomatic objectives, and that was his most damaging oversight. He had beaten the world's greatest powers, including the Russians, in numerous European battles; but he had not weighed the consequences of fighting so far from Paris as Smolensk, Borodino, and Moscow. His superb army repeatedly defeated the Russians, but as was true of the Swedes before and would be true of the Germans later he could not extricate himself from hostilities nor could he continue them. Six months after invading Russia with a half million men, only 5,000 of his troops returned home in organized units.

That the French have included the battle for Moscow among Napoleon's victories engraved at the base of his tomb is still more evidence of mankind's tendency to beautify its past. Napoleon did indeed take Moscow, but at a price that led speedily to the defeat of the world's preeminent military power and to his banishment. He overlooked the fact that one does not commit military force without militarily useful objectives and the resolve to take those objectives.

In committing the Navy to the Persian Gulf, the Reagan Administration has acted hastily and thoughtlessly. If there are any military objectives there that will serve American diplomatic purposes, recent history has demonstrated that our political establishment lacks the resolve to capture them. Even the thought of doing so is beyond our political establishment. American influence in the Middle East has been ebbing ever since we allowed our Marines to be murdered with impunity in 1983. American influence will not increase if the Navy comes under fire from any of the congeries of hostile forces supported by shadowy authorities in the Middle East and is unable to respond with mortal blows.

Supposedly the Navy is escorting Kuwaiti tankers in the Persian Gulf so that the Kuwaitis will not have to invite in Soviet bodyguards. If the Kuwaitis do not recognize the danger of relying on Soviet defenders they are ignoramuses, and one can only protect ignoramuses from themselves for so long. Of course, the Kuwaitis do recognize the danger of a Soviet protection agency. That is why they went to such lengths to snooker the United States into protecting their shipping from the Iranians. Yet in the event of an Iranian attack, will our Navy be allowed to bomb Iran, or will it be ordered to participate in a wretched give and take with the puny Iranian naval units harassing it?

And if the Iranians and their agents renew a campaign of international terror against us, will our political establishment have the resolve to retaliate? Perhaps once or twice, but will we continue to bomb Iran with all the lunatics in the world demonstrating against us and only an occasional statesman such as Mrs. Thatcher standing by us? I doubt it. Congress would come alive with gimcrack theorists hoping to gain fame from appeasing the assassins.

The Persian Gulf is of vital strategic importance to us, but it is of even greater importance to Europe, Japan, and to moderate Arabs in the region. Let those prosperous nations establish an international force to patrol the Gulf, and let us attend to other areas of vital interest to us, for instance Central America. There our friends are at least willing to shoulder a rifle in their own defense. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

HOWDY DOODY AND OLLIE

On the occasion of Lt. Col. Oliver North's first appearance before them, what did the Machiavels on the joint congressional committee truly intend by having their chief counsel, John W. Nields, Jr., made up by the late Howdy Doody's make-up artist? His hair was a perfect strawberry. His ears and nose were the very image of the famed puppet, though I perceived no freckles on Chief Counsel Doody's face. He should have had freckles. I believe that the Machiavels' intention was to impress all yuppies in the television audience that there was once a wholesome time when soldiers possessed of no foreign policy experience and only vague authority were incapable of representing the National Security Council on secret missions abroad.

That explains Chief Counsel Doody's pontification at the outset of Colonel North's questioning, wherein to the amazement of some he declaimed that "it is a principal purpose of these hearings to replace secrecy and deception with disclosure and truth." It explains his charge that members of the Administration have been lying to the American people. And it explains his eager presumption that he, his colleague Mr. Arthur Liman, and the investigative panel speak for the American people.

A deep gulch separated the point of view of the two gladiators early in their epic battle. Both claimed to serve God and country. Mr. Doody believed he spoke for national virtue. Mr. North spoke for national security. Replying to the chief counsel's charge that he lied to the American people, Mr. North insisted that he was not trying to deceive them but their enemies abroad, some of whom were holding Americans hostage and torturing one to death, others of whom were establishing a second Cuba in Central America.

For over three decades televised congressional hearings have evolved. They began with investigations of those who were accused of internal subversion. Soon the televised investigations were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

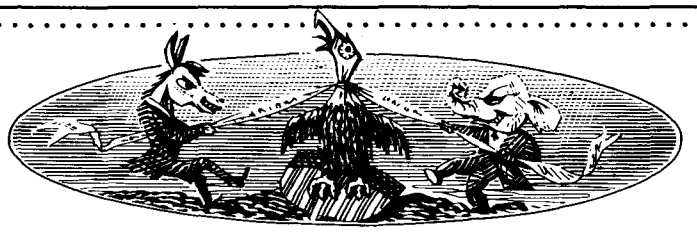
scrutinizing organized crime. By the 1970s televised congressional hearings were looking into the Nixon Administration's attempts to cover up the Watergate break-in and to spy on political opponents. Now television has broadcast a congressional investigation of government officials who resorted to secret diplomacy to effect the Reagan foreign policy and to return American hostages by means publicly disdained by the President. In North's case he freely admitted that he "dissembled" to foreign governments and to some of his own associates (1) to align the United States with moderate Iranians, (2) safely to retrieve Americans being held hostage abroad, and (3) to get supplies to an anti-Communist army in Central America during a time that army was being sorely pressed and Congress was vacillating on how to treat it.

The goal of earlier investigators was to thwart subversives, mobsters, and corrupt government officials. Is the present goal to thwart friendly relations with a moderate Iran, the release of hostages, and democracy in Central America? Of course it is not. Those Americans who are enthusiastic about these hearings and applaud their gifted inquisitors assert that Mr. North broke laws regulating American diplomacy. Their claim is that ours is a Nation of Laws and that the Reagan Administration has done violence to the Rule of Law. I would take their pieties more seriously if they were not the same people who over the past couple of decades warmly advocated civil disobedience, which is to say selective adherence to the law. Some of the disobedience has been for noble goals such as civil rights, but some has been for goals of the utmost frivolity, such as legalized marijuana.

Many Americans have sniffed out the hypocrisy of these proceedings. Now they are noting the imprudence. After all, these inquisitors are, in their grandiosity, demanding that Mr. North compromise the names of nations that out of shared interests with the United States have secretly assisted us. These hypocritical proceedings have endangered the lives of friends abroad and our influence in the world.

But will they return America to an age of innocence? Come, come. The Congress that is now inflamed over Ollie North's deceptions has in recent years had more of its members indicted or convicted of criminal offenses than any other organization in the country, with the possible exception of a few luckless Mafia families. The only serious issue in these hearings is the conduct of a particularly reckless kind of partisan politics, away from the ballot box and on TV for all our enemies to see. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



IN THE CASTRO

by Tom Bethell

"Use condoms," say the ads on San Francisco's buses. The AIDS hotline number is appended. Sometimes you see a poster of Pope John Paul II releasing a dove from the balcony of St. Peter's: "The Holy Father is Coming, September 17-18, 1987." You also see bumper stickers showing a circled Pope with a diagonal bar, captioned Papal Free Zone.

The Hemlock Society advertises for members on the bulletin board of the First Unitarian Church on Franklin Street, as do Womyn's Spirituality Circle (witches, as they used to be called) and PASSAGEways (Places for Adult Survivors of Sexual Assault to Grow and Evolve Safely). There was also a flier promoting an expansion of rent control in San Francisco (vacancy control is an important issue in the mayor's race now underway).

Again there was a circled picture of the Pope, with a diagonal bar across his face: HALT DOGMA.

A news clipping pinned to the board quoted the Unitarian Universalist Association as saying that the Vatican's statement on homosexuality (calling it an intrinsic moral evil) is "laced with archaic religious assumptions and astonishing arrogance," and furthermore "threatens homosexuals' lifestyles." F. Jay Deacon of the Unitarians' national office of Lesbian and Gay Concerns said the Vatican's linkage of homosexuality and AIDS was "mischievous and arrogant."

About 3500 AIDS cases have been diagnosed in San Francisco, with almost 2100 deaths. About 97 percent of the cases involve homosexual or bisexual men. In June, ninety-six new cases of AIDS were diagnosed, ninety-five of them homosexual men, six of whom also used intravenous drugs. "The remaining case involved a boy of elementary school age who contracted the disease from a blood transfusion in 1982," according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Estimates vary, but there are perhaps 75,000 homosexual men in San Francisco—one-tenth of the city's population. According to a commonly cited estimate, half of them are infected with the human immunodeficiency virus that causes AIDS. People in San Francisco with AIDS can't be fired for that reason, nor can they be denied or evicted from housing simply because of an AIDS diagnosis. Insurance companies in California are not allowed access to results of the AIDS antibody test, and there was even a case in Los Angeles when an administrative law judge ruled that AIDS was a job-related illness and awarded worker's compensation payments to a construction worker who acquired AIDS, from prostitutes in Zaire (he said).

It was only in May that the last gay bathhouse in San Francisco was closed, and that after much grumbling and charges of official harassment. In the late 1970s there were thirty such establishments—consisting of dimly lit rooms designed for anonymous homosexual encounters. The lawyer for the recently closed bathhouse said that the two owners plan to retire, believing that they succeeded in providing "a service to their community." But they suspect also that "the future for gay bathhouses at the moment is not bright."

Gay activist Randy Stallings said that he would always remember the just-closed 21st Street Baths, with its subdued lighting, its jacuzzi, its theater with "adult" movies, and its great big shower room. It was clean, he said, "very, very clean."

Everyone says that the Castro district, gay mecca, is much more subdued than it was at its heyday in the late seventies. Today you see slim, prematurely aged, grayish unshaven men leaning on canes as they come creeping down the streets. But the gay bars on Castro Street still seem to have a good many customers, even in mid-afternoon, and on weekends they're packed. The *Bay Area Reporter*, a weekly paper catering to the homosexual community, still comes out with pages of classifieds, many of them unprintable, and numerous display ads of nearly nude men, often on the telephone. ("Tired of the same unbelievable *fantasies*? You've never had a sex call this *hot, nasty* and *sexy*. . . . Message changes with each call.")

Turn back a few pages and you come to DEATHS—perhaps ten or fifteen obituaries every week. "Due to an unfortunately large number of obituaries," the paper explains, "*Bay Area Reporter* has been forced to change its obituary policy. We must now restrict obituaries to 200 words. And please, no poetry." Many of these obituaries are written by a "lover," who may of course have transmitted the AIDS virus to the deceased.

About 200,000 San Franciscans turned out for the annual Gay Pride Parade down Market Street in late June. "Whips were everywhere," according to the *Bay Area Reporter*. "A stand-in for Pope John Paul II rode in a pope-mobile pulled by the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. 'His Holiness' was garbed in splendid pontifical robes and carried a whip with which he threatened the sisters when they looked like they were beginning to get lax in their duties."

It seems that politicians, whether elected or aspiring, cannot afford to miss this event. Everyone from the sheriff to the district attorney turned out for the parade. In the current mayoral race (Dianne Feinstein is not

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

running for re-election), a surprising issue emerged between the two leading contenders (Assemblyman Art Agnos and Supervisor John Molinari) when Agnos carelessly said that he "didn't have time" to campaign in the "leather bars." This remark, said the *Bay Area Reporter*, was "interpreted as an attack on Molinari." Not that Agnos is anti-gay—far from it. Despite AIDS, any candidate perceived as being in the slightest degree "homophobic" is doomed in the city of St. Francis.

Only one mayoral candidate (Cesar Ascarrunz) has had the temerity to risk gay wrath, and he's a political newcomer. "He said 'some of my best friends are gay but I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one'—that kind of nonsense," said Gilbert Block, who plays "Sister Sadie Sadie the Rabbi Lady" in the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. "If he gets more than one percent of the vote we'll all be *very* surprised." Block and his friend Gilbert Baker (Sister Chanel 2001) applied for and received a license to do business as the "Official San Francisco 1987 Papal Welcoming Committee," complying with the law by publishing their intentions in a local paper. An admiring profile of Block was published in a recent issue of the leftist *National Catholic Reporter.*

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence (about twenty strong) are planning various activities and street theater for the Pope's visit, but Sister Boom Boom (real name Jack Fertig), who gained notoriety at the time of the 1984 Democratic Convention, will not be with the group. He told me that he gave up alcohol and drugs in September, 1985, quit the Sisters, and since then has started to go to church (Catholic) "seriously." (Contrary to rumor, he did not get married.) He dismisses the Sisters as for the most part "alcoholics and drug addicts."

There could be no better demonstration of political power and social acceptability of homosexuals than the recent tribute to Dr. Tom Waddell, the founder of the Gay Olympics (now called the Gay Games, in the wake of a Supreme Court copyright ruling). Dr. Waddell recently died of AIDS, aged 49, leaving a wife and a three-year-old daughter. He was then eulogized in the Rotunda of City Hall in terms that brought to mind (and consciously evoked) the praise heaped on Robert F. Kennedy after his death. About 400 "family, friends and extended family" gathered to honor Waddell "for his heroic life and the legacy of inspiration it has left them," according to the *San Francisco Examiner.*

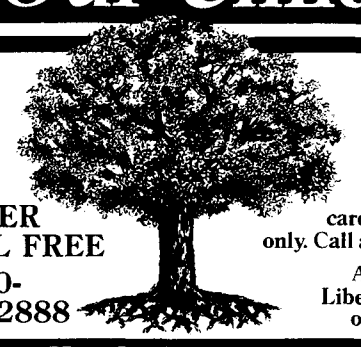
Remarkably enough, this tribute was organized by the city's Department of Public Health, for which Waddell worked as chief physician until he came down with AIDS himself. I joined the crowd of 400, and as I did so the taboo, unprintable-in-San Francisco, unmentionable thought came to mind unbidden: Had Waddell, public health official, transmitted AIDS to others?

There were mauve cummerbunds, women in men's clothing (blazers and ties), three U.S. naval officers in whites and medals, a good many young men with floppy mustaches, shiny pated boardroom types in T-shirts and blue jeans, and a solemn row of eulogizers awaiting their turn at the podium on the marble staircase. Gay "rainbow" flags were on display. A pianist played "Look for the Silver Lining," and there was the customary sign-language accompaniment.

We heard from Health Commissioner James Foster, who said that Waddell wanted to heal the diseases not only of the body but also of the soul—diseases that "divide gay from straight, men from women . . . walls of oppression . . . we in public health are grateful. . . ."

We heard from the Director of the Health Department, who told us that

For Our Children

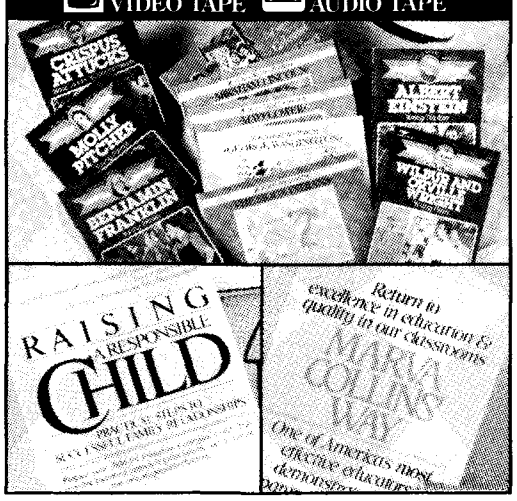


ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-345-2888

Credit card orders only. Call anytime

Ask for a LibertyTree operator.

KEY TO PRODUCTS
COLLECTIBLE · BOOK · GAME · VIDEO TAPE · AUDIO TAPE



QUANTITY **THE CHILDHOOD OF FAMOUS AMERICANS Series**
These lively and inspiring biographies of American heroes sweep children right into history. Ages 7 to 12.

#2030 **Set I: Great Patriots**
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: Young Leader • MOLLY PITCHER: Young Patriot • DAVY CROCKETT: Young Rifleman • CRISPUS ATTACKS: Black Leader of Colonial Patriots • PAUL REVERE: Boston Patriot
#2030 192 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$22.95**

#2031 **Set II: Great Innovators**
THOMAS EDISON: Young Inventor • CLARA BARTON: Founder of the American Red Cross • ALBERT EINSTEIN: Young Thinker • WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT: Young Fliers • HENRY FORD: Young Man with Ideas
#2031 192 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$22.95**

#2032 **IF YOU LIVED THEN Series**
These exciting books transplant the young reader into great historical periods to experience the lives and hopes of the people who lived them. Ages 5 to 12.
IF YOU SAILED ON THE MAYFLOWER • IF YOU GREW UP WITH GEORGE WASHINGTON • IF YOU LIVED WITH THE SIOUX INDIANS • IF YOU LIVED IN COLONIAL TIMES • IF YOU GREW UP WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN
#2032 80 pages/book, 5 paperbacks, **$14.95**

#8012 **RAISING A RESPONSIBLE CHILD**
by Dr. Don Dinkmeyer and Dr. Gary D. McKay
Here's how to prepare your child for tomorrow's complex world. This superb book gives you the keys to raising courageous, humane, and responsible children.
#8012 256 pages, paperback, **$8.95**

QUANTITY **HOW TO TUTOR**
by Samuel L. Blumenfeld
#8060 Here is the complete, step-by-step instructional program for teaching children the three R's. *"Precise and to the point"—AMERICAN SCHOOL BOARD JOURNAL*
#8060 298 pp., paperback **$9.95**

#2044 **DOCUMENTS OF LIBERTY POSTERS**
Exact copies on beautiful antique-like parchment, suitable for framing: the Declaration of Independence, Constitution, Bill of Rights, and Gettysburg Address.
#2044 4 docs., **$8.95**

QUANTITY **HEROES OF AMERICA**
by Ingri and Edgar P. D'Aulaire
#2059 #2060 #2061 #2062 These beautifully illustrated classics are the absorbing stories of children growing up to become heroes of America's early history. Ages 4 to 10.
Columbus
#2059 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
George Washington
#2060 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
Benjamin Franklin
#2061 48 pp., paperback, **$9.95**
Pocahontas
#2062 48 pp., hardcover, **$12.95**

#1264 **THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION Series,**
by Jean Fritz
These books bring revolutionary America to life for children. Ages 5 to 12.
Children's Choice Award.
AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED, PAUL REVERE? · WHY DON'T YOU GET A HORSE, SAM ADAMS? · WHERE WAS PATRICK HENRY ON THE 29TH OF MAY? · CAN'T YOU MAKE THEM BEHAVE, KING GEORGE? · WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BEN FRANKLIN? · WILL YOU SIGN HERE, JOHN HANCOCK?
#1264 48 pp/bk, 6 pbs **$39.95**

#2064 **MY FRIEND LIBERTY**
by Oscar-winner Jimmy Picker
This delightful clay animation stars the Statue of Liberty herself and will both thrill and educate children. Ages 3 and up.
#2064 30 min, VHS, **$24.95**

#8030 **MARVA COLLINS' WAY**
by Marva Collins
The famous educational innovator reveals the secrets of her miraculous teaching methods and private school practices, where problem students become top achievers.
#8030 237 pages, paperback, **$8.95**

#2043 **LIBERTY BELL**
Exact, ringing brass replica of the oldest symbol of liberty in America.
#2043 3 1/2 inches high, **$7.95**

LibertyTree Network

☐ Please rush me your free catalog of books, audio tapes, video tapes, games, and collectibles.

Method of Payment (Add $2.50 U.S. Mail/$4.00 UPS shipping):
(Calif. residents please add appropriate sales tax: 6-7½%)

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Am. Express

Card No._____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Zip_____

MAIL TO: LibertyTree Network 6600 Silacci Way, Dept. A4, Gilroy, CA 95020

FREE WITH $25 MIN. ORDER
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE & U.S. CONSTITUTION
Special Georgetown U Bound Edition

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tom was a caring person, and from the mannish Mary Dunlap, Esq., lead counsel, San Francisco Arts and Athletics, who spoke bitterly of "this disease which picks on our leadership and our fellowship in the most insidious way," and we heard from the widow, Sara Lewinstein, herself an athlete who had met Waddell at the first Gay Games. Wearing tailored jeans and dressy high-top Adidas, she told us that "the actual vows of the marriage ceremony didn't mean anything to us." She and Tom had lived apart. "There are men and women who want to have a child, and their sexuality has nothing to do with it," she said.

Finally we heard from the Associate Director of Health, Dr. Tom Peters, who expressed his deepest appreciation "to the many members of Tom's extended family. . . . You have provided us with a model for years to come, as we train new health care providers. We at the Health Department will always remember you, Tom."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the Lesbian and Gay Chorus," someone said, and they came solemnly down the stairs in white shirts and black bow ties while the piano played "Hand in Hand."

I attended this ceremony with a friend. "Women in drag sitting in the rotunda of City Hall," she said as we left, "memorializing a man who died of a venereal disease, and nobody seemed to think it was odd."

"Tears, smiles, and a few moments that approached exaltation were intermingled in the resonant Rotunda," said the man from the *Examiner.*

The Papal Visit Task Force fundraiser was organized by gay rights attorney John Wahl, who has been mobilizing a coalition "to express the united outrage of Californians at the Pope's public condemnation of gay liberation, women's right to choice, and liberation theology in Third World countries."

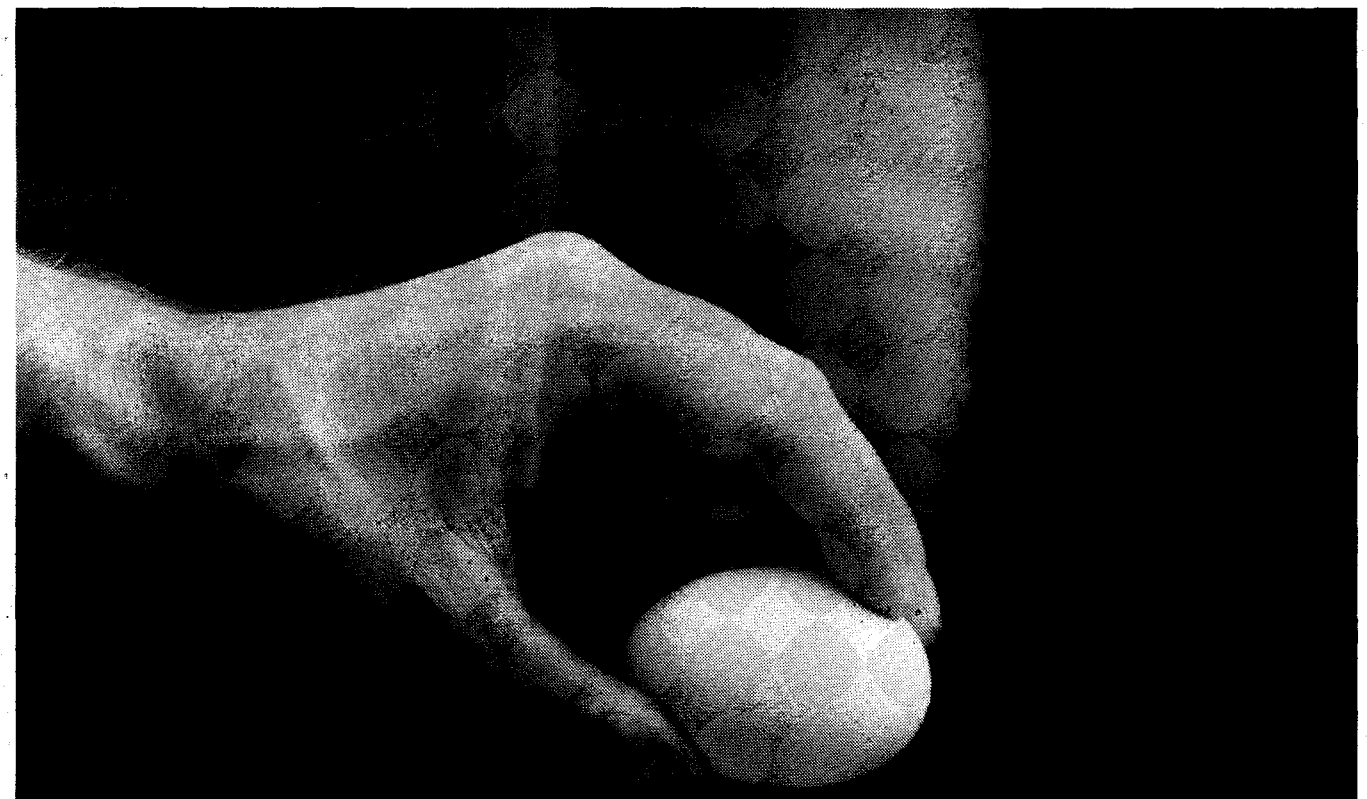
It was held one Sunday afternoon at the Langtry Inn, an 1894 Queen Anne Victorian guest house for women travelers partly owned by Ginny Foat, former California president of the National Organization of Women. She was acquitted of murder charges in 1983. Ms. Foat was on hand, wearing an I. Magnin blazer, as was Gilbert Block, in civvies. Foat said she was a practicing Catholic but was disappointed that the Pope was not a combination of Gandhi and Martin Luther King, "not a compassionate man."

"That man is coming here in September," said Wahl, 53, who was attorney to slain San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk (shot in 1978 by Dan White, a "closeted gay man," according to Wahl). "And he wants to walk our streets like a gentle grandfather, patting the heads of supplicants. Is that what you're going to do?"

The audience in the chintz and floral-patterned Lillie Langtry drawing room murmured no, no, no.

"That's not what I'm going to do," Wahl went on. "That's not what thousands of people are going to do. We're going to tell that man and every other so-called religious leader that says that kind of thing, that is guilty of that kind of lie, that kind of inflammatory rhetoric, we're going to say to him or her . . . go home, go back to bed, go back and get psychoanalyzed, get some therapy, you're sick, you're impeding the progress of humankind in advancing and growing up."

Back in the Castro district, I spoke to a Catholic priest who was coming out of Most Holy Redeemer Church and who visits dying AIDS patients in the Coming Home Hospice opposite the church. "The Pope is in for a big surprise when he gets here," said Father John. "People are hurting and he comes out with statements that are harsh and judgmental. The church is not a very loving place." He said the Pope should "stay home and send us a videotape." □



MAKING OMELETS WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS

It's impossible. But many things once thought impossible have become routine through technological advance. For example, a great amount of progress is being made in new technologies to burn coal cleanly.

Since 1973, air pollution resulting from coal combustion has fallen considerably, even as America has turned increasingly to coal for electric power and other important energy needs. However, existing clean coal technologies—stack gas scrubbing and coal washing—are limited in their ability to meet future clean air requirements, because of cost and applicability. *Emerging new coal-use techniques will expand the number of options available to coal users—current and future.*

Clean coal technology is hundreds of advances in science and engineering along with the creativity to put them together into workable, affordable systems. Clean coal technology will allow America to use more coal in the future. Cleanly and economically.

Today, there are advanced coal utilization schemes of several kinds. Some will allow older coal-fired boilers to be rebuilt as cleaner, more efficient units. Other advances apply to coal-fired units that will be built in the future. Clean coal technology is more than a concept. Most of these new technologies already have been proved in laboratories and in pilot plants. *Now they are proving themselves in full-scale demonstration programs, the last step toward full commercialization.*

Commercial demonstration projects are moving at an exciting pace. American industry is investing large sums of money. In many cases, state and federal funds supplement this effort. Not all clean coal projects will succeed. But many will. And these will form the basis for our next generation of coal-fired power plants and industrial boilers, both new units and rebuilt older ones.

This investment of money and time is a sound one. The payoff in future environmental quality and economic vitality is great. Consolidation Coal is very proud of its involvement in these coal use technologies for the future. To learn more about this subject, write for our free booklet, "A Clean Coal Technology Primer." It won't help you make omelets, but it will tell you about some new ideas that are being hatched.

CONSOL

CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
Consol Plaza
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15241

CC-2294

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brit Hume

OLLIE NORTH AND THE FOOLS ON THE HILL

How Senators Inouye, Rudman, Mitchell, Cohen, Trible et al. wound up with Mom's apple pie on their faces.

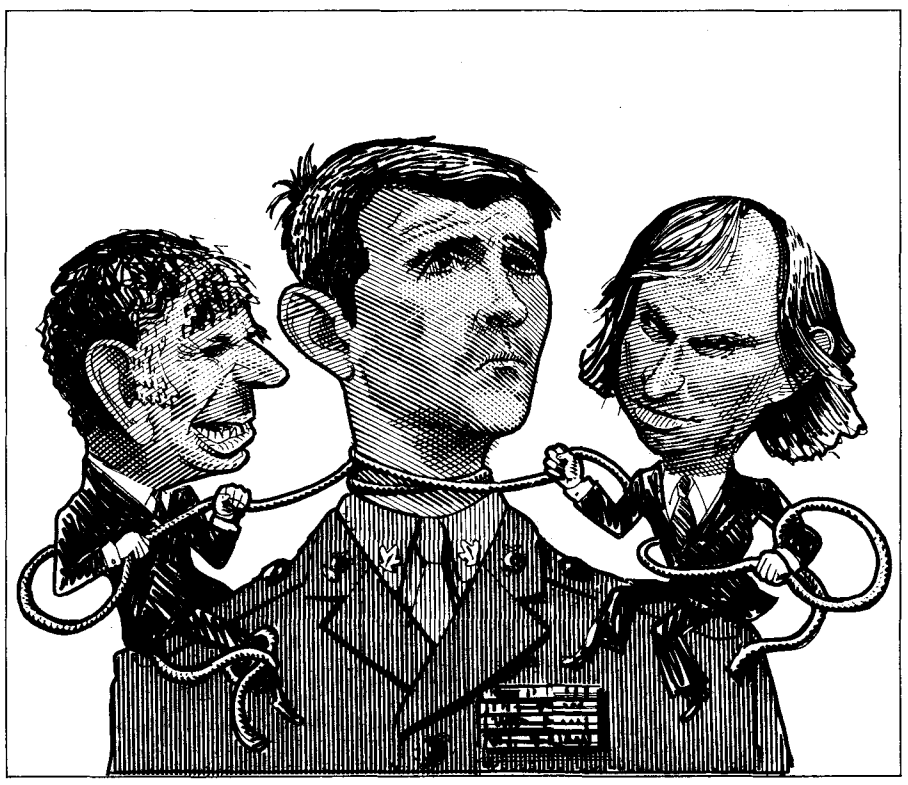
Before the end of the Iran-contra hearings, Republican Senator Warren Rudman of New Hampshire, the Sam Spade of Capitol Hill, had discerned two new constitutional rights: that of the American people to be wrong, and that of the President to create his own political disasters. He might have added a third: the right of congressional investigating committees to make fools of themselves.

This certainly seems to be what the public thought the Iran-contra committees had done after it had seen them and Lt. Col. Oliver North go at it for a week. A *Newsweek* poll found that a 48 percent plurality thought the committees were harassing the colonel. A larger *Los Angeles Times* poll found that only six percent thought the committees were being fair, and, perhaps most startling, that same survey showed people thought Congress more to blame than the President for the Iran-contra debacle. And all polls showed that majorities believed the colonel was telling the truth and that support for the contra cause was surging. Time may soften some of these judgments, even reverse them. But this is clearly not the outcome the committees had in mind, which is especially ironic considering that North gave the committees an extraordinarily revealing and unflattering portrait of goings on in the Reagan White House.

Some members, including Republican Dick Cheney of Wyoming and Democrat Thomas Foley of Washington, thought it was television that made the committees look so bad. Certainly television had a role in magnifying and dramatizing the spectacle and in providing North the vast audience to which he successfully played. But more careful analysis suggests the committees left themselves wide open for the black eye that Col. North and his astonishingly aggressive lawyer gave them. This, you will recall, was an investigation its leaders said was not about crimes, but about policy and accountability. It would, of course, answer the principal accountability question—what did the President know and when—as soon as possible. Senate Committee Vice Chairman Rudman said last winter it should only take a few months. Senate Committee Chairman Daniel Inouye said it would take longer; he had been through this before (in the Watergate case) and knew better. Republican Rudman also insisted Democrat Inouye was acting without partisanship. Some Republican senators thought they knew better; unlike Rudman, they had seen this sort of thing before, too.

Both Houses appointed investigating committees, but the Senate committee ended up leading the way and setting the tone for the hearings, largely because it got started earlier and was, supposedly, a non-partisan panel with Republican and Democratic staffers working together. With Rudman's enthusiastic support, the Senate committee chose Arthur Liman, a New York criminal lawyer with an enormous reputation and extensive background in analyzing complex financial schemes, to head its investigation. He was a perfect choice for the backstage work but a disastrous one for the public phase of the inquiry. With a caustic, sarcastic style of cross-examination and a heavy New York accent, he would prove to be the Howard Cosell of this case—the man the TV audience would love to hate.

Rudman and Liman emerged as the driving forces in the investigation. Rudman is a sharp former prosecutor who loved his previous job as New Hampshire's attorney general, not least because it allowed him to ride around with state troopers on border drug busts. Whatever political qualms Rudman might have had about his role were overcome by his fierce sense of probity and his police-detective instincts. Inouye seemed content to let him lead things, since Inouye is not known as a hard worker and Rudman's lead role gave the investigation a further imprint of non-partisanship.



And Rudman gave Inouye much more than that. Along the way, the chairman repeatedly made accusations about the President without evidence to back them up. For example, Inouye claimed in April that the President's diary would "cause embarrassment," because of unspecified remarks the President had made in it. But that "embarrassment" has yet to come to light. Then, on May 3, the eve of the hearings, Inouye said on "Meet the Press" that the President knew the White House staff was raising money to provide arms for the contras. Outside, he acknowledged there was no evidence of that. The next day, however, he said it again. The weekend after Oliver North's testimony began, he charged on "Face the Nation" that a North-to-Poindexter memo indicated the President had approved the use of Iran arms funds for covert projects other than supplying the contras. In fact, the memo outlined some proposed covert actions, but said nothing at all about how they were to be financed. Moreover, there was no indication on the face of the document that the President had appoved anything, only the word "Done" next to North's recommendation that the President be briefed. In each case, Inouye and Rudman were appearing together and Rudman tried to soften Inouye's accusations. But he didn't contradict them, and he didn't keep them off the evening news, either.

The committees could have stopped all of Inouye's, and everybody else's, speculations by summoning North and former national security adviser John Poindexter right away, granting them limited immunity from prosecution, and demanding to know what they had told the President about the contra

Brit Hume is national correspondent with ABC News, for which he covered the Iran-contra hearings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fund diversion. This would not have precluded their being recalled later, but it would also have taken most of the suspense out of the case by answering the question that had driven the congressional investigation from the start. Some Republicans urged this course, but there was little enthusiasm for it on the committees themselves. Some members didn't want either man, especially North, given immunity of any kind, ever. What's more, doing it early might have meant no television hearings, no opportunity for Democrats to embarrass the Administration so publicly, no chance for Republicans like Senator Paul Trible, worried about re-election, to gain the spotlight and display independence and distaste for seamy doings at the White House. And no opportunity for Republican Senator William Cohen of Maine to exhibit his intellect, rectitude, and extraordinary squeamishness about breaches of White House-congressional etiquette.

Fortunately, or so it seemed at the time, the committees had a better reason for refusing to call the key witnesses immediately: independent counsel Lawrence Walsh pleaded with them not to. It would, he said in hat-in-hand visits to the Hill, make his job nearly impossible by requiring him to prove that he had gotten none of his knowledge of possibly illegal activities from North's and Poindexter's congressional testimony. Some on the committees grumbled, but both times Walsh came to the Hill he came away with an agreement that Poindexter's and North's public testimony would be delayed.

Yet members who were keeping close track of the evidence the staff was gathering were increasingly convinced that this was not, at bottom, a criminal case. Rudman said publicly the best Walsh could hope for was an indictment based on a creative use of the conspiracy statutes, since most of the laws that seemed to have been broken were civil, not criminal. That belief, however, did not stop the committees from pursuing eagerly, and displaying conspicuously, whatever evidence of criminality they found. This was especially true in the case of two men: North and his principal collaborator, retired Air Force General Richard Secord, who was the committees' first public witness on May 5.

Secord proved to be a strong witness: confident, articulate, unashamed. But he described in detail a White House-run operation, funded from private and foreign monies and illicit arms sales proceeds, all of it done without notification, not to mention approval, of Congress. His testimony was just what you might think the committees wanted. But instead of thanking him for revealing so much, they went all out to discredit him for his insistence that he had done it all for patriotism, not profit. Now, Secord was testifying without immunity for what he might say, and as he noted more than once, there was "an independent counsel down the street trying to throw us in jail." You might think the committees would recognize that much of what Secord said about his motives was necessary to protect a possible criminal defense, and would treat it accordingly. But Arthur Liman gave perhaps his most scathing performance in attacking Secord's credibility. And one committee member said privately he had tried, in his own questioning of Secord, to help prosecutor Walsh by establishing that Secord was, in a legal sense, an agent of the U.S. government. This would make the Iran arms sales proceeds U.S. money and use of it for the contras, potentially, an illegal transfer of funds. The effort to discredit Secord continued long after he had gone. All evidence that he had, indeed, profited from the so-called "enterprise" was

Needed: A national energy debate

(The following is excerpted from a talk delivered by Allen E. Murray, chairman and chief executive officer, at Mobil's annual meeting in Seattle May 7.)

There have been many warnings of a U.S. oil crisis to come, including three recent reports by the Department of Energy, the National Petroleum Council, and the American Petroleum Institute. All three included a laundry list of steps the U.S. government could take to avert future shortages and gasoline lines. Some seem reasonable and necessary. Others, like an oil import fee, I consider counterproductive. But I'm not going to debate these possible solutions today.

Instead, I'd simply like to point out some aspects of the topic that are often overlooked. For one thing, the issue is worldwide, and not just a U.S. problem to be solved by U.S. measures. OPEC produces 40% of the Free World's oil every day and the facts of life are such that this nation will never again be able to do without imported oil, some of it from OPEC. The U.S. is not alone in this. Almost every Free World industrialized nation is in the same situation.

Second, I'd like to point out that what's really under discussion is worldwide availability of energy—not just oil. Any energy source will help us. For instance, natural gas can substitute for home heating oil. Nuclear can replace heavy industrial oil for generating electricity. The technology exists to convert coal to gasoline. Canadian gas, French nuclear plants and Wyoming coal can all make our oil outlook more secure.

Third, any rational discussion of our energy future requires a long range commitment. Energy is an enormous business, and it will take years to affect the direction in which we are going. Current proposals, such as the decontrol of natural gas, removal of the windfall profits tax and opening up more areas for exploration have merit—but they are only stopgap measures. While they should be done, they aren't long range solutions. Finally, solving any issue of this magnitude requires trade-offs and a clear agreement on national goals. When we object to the level of oil imports, have we thought through the alternatives? Are we willing to burn more coal? Should we have more nuclear plants? Should we use higher prices to force energy savings? What is it we really want?

These issues are going to affect our entire lives. They will affect our environment, our national security, our federal and local budgets, our trade balance and the quality of our lives for generations to come.

We need a national debate. A debate where all the alternatives are discussed. A debate where we must eventually agree—although it won't be easy—on where we want the United States to be twenty or fifty years from now. A debate that sets a framework for action.

Our government owes this to us. Stopgap—often politicized—measures are not enough.

How will Mobil be affected? Regardless of the options chosen, there will be plenty of opportunities ahead for enterprising, flexible, efficient multinational companies who can bring consumers all over the world the energy they want and need. This is, of course, the kind of company we already are. But sensible energy policies would make our work easier and more productive. They would also make everybody's economic future infinitely more secure.

Mobil®

©1987 Mobil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trumpeted. The tone of the hearings was established.

The obsession with disproving Secord's claims about his motives may have caused the committees to miss completely the importance of part of his testimony. He kept saying he needed to keep the $8 million that was found under his control in Swiss banks to pay debts, and because he never knew what he and his "enterprise" would be asked to do for the U.S. government next. He also explained that he hoped to return to government as chief of clandestine services for the CIA. The committees didn't believe what he said about the money and never heard what he said about his CIA ambitions because he was never asked about them; those came out in a "Nightline" interview with Ted Koppel. In fact, it seems highly likely Secord was trying to serve both Oliver North and CIA chief William Casey, who, it later developed, had recommended him to North in the first place. And North would later tell the committees that Casey envisioned Secord & Co. as a secret "off-the-shelf, stand-alone, self-sustaining, foreign entity" available to the Administration on a moment's notice to perform covert actions around the world. This caused a huge sensation on the committees (and in the media) when it came out in North's testimony. But it seems to have been nothing more than the "enterprise" that Secord had talked about, although the committees had thought it was simply a euphemism for Secord's pockets and those of his associates.

The obsession with profits affected, indeed infected, the committees' approach to North. Secord's partner, Albert Hakim, was questioned exhaustively about a $200,000 death benefit fund he planned to set aside for North's family, and which resulted in an aborted approach to North's wife. The committees spent hours with an ex-CIA man who installed a gate and security system at North's house at Secord's expense. The committees turned up phony bills and correspondence showing that North later tried to cover the whole thing up. And then there were the traveler's checks, just over $2,000 worth, cashed by North at various establishments in the Washington area. The money belonged to the contras, and it looked as if North had been ripping them off. In case anyone might miss the point, the committees had a blown-up table of the expenditures mounted on a huge slab of cardboard and placed on an easel in the Senate hearing room. North's purchase of snow tires brought this question from Rudman to contra leader Adolfo Calero: "When was the last time it snowed in Nicaragua?" It was a cheap shot, and Rudman would later say he "probably" wouldn't take it if he had it to do over. But everybody covering the hearing—myself included—used it. The committees, it seemed, were establishing that Oliver North, besides being a zealot, liar, and secret warrior, was also a petty crook.

When the committees finally got around to seeking North's testimony, armed with a subpoena and a grant of limited immunity, his lawyer, Brendan Sullivan, said no. Some committee members were outraged. But it quickly dawned on Inouye and Rudman that compelling North's testimony by contempt proceedings would take months, by which time he might be indicted; after that he might still refuse. This predicament was the price of the committees' solicitude for the independent counsel. So the committees had to deal, and over the loud protests of House Democrats led by the ornery Jack Brooks of Texas, North was allowed to appear without having gone through an exhaustive sworn deposition beforehand. (Committee leaders, by the way, would later claim that the issue of what the President knew about the diversion of Iran arms money to the contras was really not the only big issue, that the media and the White House had made it so. But they did insist on a chance to depose North privately in advance about one issue: what the President knew about the diversion of Iran arms money to the contras.)

It is hardly surprising that North's July 6 appearance in the fabled Senate Caucus room had the confrontational aura of a high-noon gunfight. But not exactly an even one. Here were twenty-six members of Congress, attended by countless staff, seated on a two-tier, red-draped dais to watch their hired inquisitors take on a youthful Marine Lieutenant Colonel seated below, with only his bespectacled lawyer at his side. North wanted to make an opening statement. Inouye, his deep, stern voice resounding, invoked an obscure Senate rule, honored almost exclusively in the breach, that committee witnesses must submit opening statements forty-eight hours in advance. North, he said, was again trying to place himself "above the law" by seeking a waiver of the rule. Request denied. North could make his statement two days—forty-eight hours—later.

The rest, of course, is history. The bespectacled lawyer turned out to be a tiger unleashed who soon intimidated the committee and its lawyers to the point where they dared not interrupt his client's answers, no matter how far he strayed from the point. North proved an overpowering witness who admitted doing only one thing wrong: a "colossal" error in judgment in trying to cover up accepting the gate and security system. He denied all other allegations of personal chiseling with a force and conviction so strong that he got virtually no questions from the members about them. He defended even his most brazen lies as a necessary choice between "lies and lives." He never needed the opening statement he would read two days later. It compared the proceedings to a baseball game in which one team made all the rules and umpired all disputes. It was intended, of course, to convince the public that the committees had been unfair to him. As the polls, the stacks of telegrams, the bouquets of flowers, the outpouring of mail to Congress all showed, the public already thought so. □

An almost unbelievable offer—but there is a reason!

New advanced model, with 7-melody alarm!

The XL-29 Watch: Why would we "sell" it for only $12.95?*

But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!

• *The XL-29, steered by a superb Japanese chip, is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It will last for at least 18 months; then you can replace it yourself. The XL-29 is the most comprehensive timepiece: it does "everything."*

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. You have seen our ads for quality watches, optics, lamps, and electronic equipment on TV and in this and most other national newspapers and magazines. In order to make our operation ever more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 new names per month. The best way to do that is to make an almost irresistible offer of quality merchandise—or, as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse."

The *XL-29 Watch*

Because of our large buying power and agents all over the world, we have unlimited access to merchandise. And after scouring all sources we decided that the *XL-29 Watch* would be such an irresistible offer, especially if we could "sell" it at a give-away price. The *XL-29* is a brand-new advanced model. It has never been featured before. But the predecessor model (*XL-27*, with lesser features) was listed in our last catalog at $39.95. At our special-offer list-building price of $12.95, the *XL-29* must be considered a "steal".

The *XL-29* is a watch that does *everything*.

- It has seven time/date functions: hours, minutes, seconds, month, date, day, year.
- Daily and *weekly* alarm (want to get waked up weekdays at 6:30, and not at all on weekends? The *XL-29* does it.)
- Choose from seven different melodies to wake you!
- Hourly time signal that you can turn off, if you wish — a wonderful way to schedule your day.
- 12 or 24 hour modes, and a.m. or p.m. selection.
- Alarm test capability.
- Full chronograph with lap timer function and 1st and 2nd place winners.
- Full-function calculator performs all "standard" operations. But it also has 4-key memory, performs chain calculations and computations with constants and powers.

The watch, in its black composite case, is very sharp looking, featherlight, and ultra-thin.

The *XL-29* is made to the highest quality standards and each watch is individually inspected for flawless performance in all functions. We warrant these watches for quality, material, and workmanship for one full year (battery is excepted — you can easily change it yourself, after 18 months or so).

Here is the deal. Take advantage of it!

The *XL-29* Watch, made to sell for $39.95, cannot be bought in stores. It's available only through us. And with this special offer, you may order this outstanding watch for just $12.95.

Because this *is* a list-building promotion, we must limit this offer to a *maximum of three (3) watches per household.* You may, however, *request up to six (6) watches maximum, if you mail your order within 30 days of the publication of this ad.* (No exceptions, please!) ***And here is the astonishing deal: Buy two (2) XL-29 Watches for just $25.90 and we'll send you a third with our compliments, absolutely FREE! (Buy four (4) and you get two (2) free ones.)*** With this offer, only mail orders, accompanied by check or money order (no chargecards, no phone orders!) can be accepted.

Take advantage of this incredible buy—this totally unprecedented offer—while it is available. Write your name and address on a sheet of paper, and also write "**Code E200.**" Tell us how many watches you want and include your check or money order. Add $2.95 postage/insurance for the first watch and $5.90 for two to six watches. Add sales tax for California delivery. Mail to:

since 1967
haverhills

List Building Division, Dept. XL-29
131 Townsend Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., with comments by Tom Bethell, Richard Brookhiser, Victor Gold, Daniel Henninger, Lewis E. Lehrman, Joseph Sobran, and Ernest van den Haag

THE COMING CONSERVATIVE CRACK-UP

As the Administration loses steam, we ask: Was it foreordained? Will life sour still more for conservatives?

In a hair-raising essay on Ronald Reagan, Professor Garry Wills heaved off what was the Liberals' stock perception of the Reagan Administration four months into its present trials. That the perception was widely accepted cannot be doubted: *Time* magazine had commissioned Dr. Wills. According to him, "Ronald Reagan did not build a structure; he cast a spell. There was no Reagan revolution, just a Reagan bedazzlement. The magic is going off almost as mysteriously as the spell was woven in the first place." After this infantile prelude, Dr. Wills discoursed on the political phenomenon of Ronald Reagan for two full pages, mentioning the Nuremberg rallies three times! Always, however, he returns to his belief that the Fortieth President beguiled us with magic. Yes, it has come to this: the Liberals attribute their arch enemy's political triumph to savorings of the marvelous. Well, I do not want to incur Dr. Wills's displeasure, but there is no such thing as magic.

Nonetheless, I am not surprised by his resort to superstition. Throughout Reagan's Administration its opponents have steadfastly refused to acknowledge the forces that thrust them out into the cold. In ignoring the reality of a conservative political ascendancy they have also left the conservatives unexamined, their weaknesses unreported. For all the years of the Reagan presidency, the Liberals and those who repair to them for wisdom have been giving false testimony as to the failings of the left and the right. Consequently the political future, which will be decided on election day 1988, is murkier than need be. For a hint into that future we must understand the recent past.

The real explanation for the political reign that began to falter so badly last November reposes in the fact that by 1980 the Liberals had played out their hand. They had no plausible policies left to perpetrate on the American people. Anon, they radicalized themselves beyond the wildest dreams of Franklin Roosevelt or John F. Kennedy. The Liberal coalition in the late 1970s had cracked up into a riot of enthusiasts thumping for feminism, income redistribution, neo-isolationism, small-is-beautiful economics, minority preoccupations and other manias, all existing in very uneasy alliance. Historian Kenneth Lynn has pointed out that the Liberal political model that in the early 1960s was expected to bring peace abroad, tranquillity and justice at home, and pandemic compliments to its progressive statesmen came to ruin in an endless Southeast Asian war, proliferating grievances from students and minorities at home, and a sick economy. The Liberal model had taken America as far as it could. Many Liberals, unappeased by this progress, took up radical causes and dreamed of a New Age.

Jimmy Carter's presidency revealed the futility of New Age Liberalism. He adopted its foreign policy and many of its domestic bugaboos. The foreign policy of George McGovern and the domestic aspirations of Ralph Nader and *Ms.* magazine set his agenda. Consequently, Jimmy Carter, who is admittedly a very bright fellow, will probably go down as the worst President of this century.

Thrust Dr. Wills from your mind and recall the Carter revels. Jimmy Carter presided over a foreign policy that, notwithstanding all the poetry about superior American values, was actually returning America to isolationism. By 1980 inflation had raced to 12.4 percent, the prime rate was at 15.2 percent, productivity was rising not at all and in some instances falling. Unemployment was at 7.1 percent. The average American had been appreciably impoverished by rising taxes and eroding purchasing power. Nicaragua and Iran had fallen to anti-American regimes. The Soviets were taking SALT I *cum grano salis* and sending forth a vast array of missiles to unbalance the nuclear equation, particularly in Europe. Finally, the Soviets, loyally assisted by Fidel Castro, were rapidly endangering American security interests in the Third World and even along our coast.

Those who speak of the Reagan magic ignore all this. They ignore that in 1980 Americans rejected New Age Liberalism. A standard rule of American politics is that elections are for the incumbent to lose, not for the challenger to win. The electorate rejected a Liberal Administration in 1980, accepting Ronald Reagan's conservatives warily. Nonetheless, now the conservatives' hour was at hand. Had they arrived in the White House any earlier, bellicose minorities still holding to Liberalism's old beliefs and bugaboos would have mired them in controversy, but by the late 1970s New Age Liberals were in disarray. Some, like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., were fleeing from Jimmy. Others were dreaming up still wilder pipe dreams. The American voters washed their hands of all of them. Magic was not needed.

In came the conservatives with an agile political leader and a handful of timely ideas. America was ready for military rebuilding, tax cuts, deregulation, a slow-down in the government's growth-rate, and the projection beyond our borders of power rather than mere pious bulls. Contrary to Dr. Wills, the Reagan Administration did build a structure. With adequate staff work, a keen sense of timing, artful compromises, and an ability to focus on most of the urgent problems of the hour, President Reagan implemented most of his prized policies by 1986.

Then came failure, not the failure of his magic but the failure of Ronald Reagan's conservatives. The Liberals' failure was in their weakness for the wild thrills of radicalism. The conservatives, too, had a weakness that they did not overcome.

Ronald Reagan's rise is explained by Liberalism's crack-up. His present problems are explained by conservatism's subtle weakness. The weaknesses of both New Age Liberals and conservatives are notable, for both groups have enormous influence on presidential politics. The Democrats may lose the 1988 election if their New Age Liberals force the Democratic candidate to carry all the weird ideological baggage that they have acquired in recent years. The Republicans may lose if their candidate is devoid of conservative ideas. Yet within the Republican party the conservatives have become so impotent that it is likely the Republican candidate will get through his convention uncontaminated by their good ideas.

The conservatives' weakness is not radicalism or extremism but parochialism. The ordinary conservative looks within himself and purrs. The ordinary New Age Liberal lets out a roar, organizes ad hoc committees, fires off letters to the editor. He is political, outgoing, and, by my lights, a public nuisance. The conservative rarely reaches out. He is only sporadically political. Often he is hardly social. Conservatives, alas, are narrow.

I have been among them for years. Each has one or two solutions to the Republic's problems: Supply-side Economics! Traditional Family Values! The Eternal Verities! Economic Education! Beyond their one or two wonder cures they lose interest. Moreover, they can see only one or two ways to get

---

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is editor-in-chief of The American Spectator, *a syndicated columnist, and author, most recently, of* The Liberal Crack-Up. *A shorter version of this essay appeared earlier this year in the* Wall Street Journal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these solutions across to their fellow Americans: Seminars! Position Papers! Political Action!

Owing to their parochialism they have never quite succeeded in creating a political community comparable to the Liberals' community, and they have no idea of a cultural community. In America New Age Liberalism is our culture. There is no alternative. From the fantasy of *Hair* to the fantasy of *Platoon*, New Age Liberalism has served up its sentimental pifflings and all Americans either savor them or take their leave.

Conservatives simply do not take much interest in the world around them. They do not even take an interest in each other's work; and so they rarely have acknowledged leaders in politics, journalism, the academy, or even business—and they are supposed to be the ideology of business. Today their political leader should, based on the issues and long service, be Congressman Jack Kemp. Yet his candidacy flounders; conservatives are timid about reaching out to Kemp and there is a curious guardedness about him. The conservatives' intellectuals have the most innovative suggestions for public policy, but for six years they have failed to engage Liberals or even hold a significant place in public forums. With a few exceptions such as the Heritage Foundation, the conservatives in their parochialism keep to themselves. Many conservatives in Washington take pride in existing apart much as black activists pride themselves in remaining out of the mainstream. Since I brought *The American Spectator* to Washington two years ago, the most oft-repeated witticisms directed at me by conservative friends have been variations on the theme that in Washington I shall be "corrupted." But New Age Liberalism is not immoral. It is infantile, and I have no yearning for a second childhood.

Conservatives are forever complaining about how they are barred from media and the universities. There is truth to their charge, but despite their wizardry at raising funds there is little evidence that the businessmen among them have ever attempted to purchase publications or broadcast media. Liberals gobble them up. When *U.S. News & World Report* went on the block it was bought by a Liberal. Liberal businessmen buy and support publications all the time. Not so conservatives. Most would rather retire from the fray and whine about Bias In The Media! The consequence of this piece of narrowness is far reaching. It denies conservatives a place not only in the national debate on issues but also in shaping culture and in creating a political community.

Thus after the political victory of Ronald Reagan has come the conservative failure. The conservatives were not resourceful enough to insulate their President against dissolving into sentimental appeasement toward his Iranian foes. In six years of presidential power the conservatives never significantly affected the climate of American ideas. They respond to Liberal sallies, they never leave their name on a desirable issue. Proof that the conservatives have failed to establish a political community, which is to say a hierarchy of influential organizations and leaders, came in 1985, when in pursuit of public support of the White House's Central American policy Lt. Col. Oliver North could bypass all conservative leaders and turn to charlatans such as Mr. Carl "Spitz" Channell, a man who rose without a trace. More proof came in 1987 when a beleaguered President had to turn to Howard Baker, an admirable fellow but no self-conscious conservative.

Owing to their parochialism conservatives have never quite succeeded in creating a political community comparable to the Liberals' community, and they have no idea of a cultural community.

Throughout the Reagan years the conservatives have been off pursuing their one way to save the Republic: The Seminar! The Commemorative Banquet! Fund Raising! The narrowness of America's conservatives is a mystery. I have seen it retard fuddy-duddies like Russell Kirk and the libertarians, who can become violent at the first departure from orthodoxy. But it also overcomes conservatism's new recruits, the neoconservatives who gave up on Liberalism when its utopianism became intolerable. The neoconservatives too adopt one way to save the world: The Quarterly Journal! The News Letter! Anti-Communism! Economic Growth!

The result is a conservatism composed of conservatives who do not integrate their narrow values into the broad range of human experience. Their views are sound enough but each is only one recipe on life's menu. Coq au vin is delicious and good for you, but man cannot live by squiffed chicken alone. Too often conservatives have insisted that only their favorite dish leads to good health. In this they are as bizarre as vegetarians and as unwholesome.

The conservatives have not adapted to an era that is moving beyond the problems of the early 1980s. They have not even thought of maintaining enduring institutions comparable to those of the Liberals. There is something decidedly shaky and ephemeral about all their think tanks, their magazines, their activist groups. The conservatives of Great Britain have institutions that have been around for decades. The British media have the diversity of a robust left and right. America has a one-party media, and conservatives have done little to change it.

We are now more than six years into the Reagan Revolution. They have been years of achievement, but only in terms of a few salutary policies. Otherwise the conservatives have lost their heft. They could not overcome their parochialism and coalesce into a political community. If they do not do so soon I can see a book on the subject. Call it *The Conservative Crack-Up.* □

TOM BETHELL

There is a serious problem with foreign policy. Conservatives think that because Communism is a menace, the appropriate response is to block it with military armor, troops stationed abroad, bases dotted about the globe, and anachronistic talk of sea lanes, choke points, strategic minerals, and warm water ports.

Conservatives have largely succeeded in imposing this policy on the nation because the visible alternative to it comes from the left, now in control of the Democratic party. In this alternative view, Communism is regarded more as a promise than a threat.

As a result, conservatives have been permitted to saddle the country with a kind of policy board game called "Sea Lane" ("choke points" trump "strategic minerals," and so on). Its underlying rules really date from the eighteenth century when buccaneers ran up the Jolly Roger and seized ships on the high seas.

As the liberals sometimes say, Communism really is an "indigenous" phenomenon. Trying to blockade it with warships is like trying to ward off a virus with a suit of armor. In fact, it is democracy that confers immunity on a country exposed to this virus; and as the world becomes increasingly democratic the U.S. must respond by withdrawing its hardware and its destructive dollars from around the globe. This is not weakness nor isolationism but necessary adjustment to a changing world. The young democracies will become stronger if they are not forced to hobble about on American crutches.

The notion of U.S. "leadership" is also outmoded. Nations that are self-governing don't need to be U.S.-led. Conservatives painfully learned to purge themselves of elitist domestic-policy views. Now they must do the same in foreign policy.

Accordingly the U.S. should remove its troops from Western Europe and from South Korea (now easily able to defend itself against Kim Il Sung's slaves). The U.S. should also start talking about closing its bases in the Philippines. We should remind the Japanese that World War II now really is over and that how much they spend on defense is their decision to make and should not be influenced by constitutional provisions imposed by U.S. victors in 1945.

Aid to anti-Communist groups, such as the contras, is a U.S. political decision. The lesson of the Reagan years is that Congress *will* support such payments, but only if the President has the courage to take his case to the American people (via the news media) and lobby for it. Reagan didn't get around to doing this until 1986. Republicans must learn to believe that their policies can be popular if advocated publicly, but look terrible if implemented covertly. Perhaps after Iran-contra they will finally learn this. All covert operations should cease forthwith.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Are we, too, headed for a crack-up?

Politically, it may seem so. The Senate has finally slipped away from the Republican party. Worse, the political agenda has slipped away from us. Instead of engaging the nation in a debate on the security of Central America, or of our nuclear defenses, conservatives find themselves sniping at the Boland Amendments and the impending INF pact.

But doldrums aren't Gotterdammerung. We will regain the initiative the same way we gained it in the first place—by telling Americans that we have what they need. Besides, it's not as if we're up against Franklin Roosevelt. When the Democrats come forward a year from now with a dwarf at the top of the ticket, and a man at the bottom whose only qualifications are that he is (a) black and (b) not Jesse Jackson, things will look up.

Culturally, the situation is more serious. Conservatives are no better integrated into what might be called the cultural second echelon—the lower arts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the higher journalism—than they were ten years ago, or twenty. This is important because, however much the political or social climate turns against them, liberals are able to retreat to this stratum for incubation, thence to re-emerge, when the weather patterns change again, like seventeen-year locusts.

Some reorientation may be in order. Conservatives have spent a lot of sweat constructing forums for their own ideas and breeding grounds for their own talent. They acted on the quite reasonable assumption that liberals would not help in this enterprise. But they may have lost sight of the goal—which should be, not to maintain a permanent set of parallel institutions, but to march through the institutions which exist.

What we ultimately want on campuses is not a hundred-and-first alternative newspaper, but a situation in which a conservatively inclined kid heels the *Harvard Crimson*—with the attitude that, if he is good and he works hard, he may become editor in chief. What we ultimately want for that kid when he graduates is not a one-way ticket to Powertown—but the opportunity, and the encouragement, to go to Washington, or New York, or Los Angeles, or the academy—wherever ideas are minted and marketed. Along these lines, the best news I've heard recently was that one of my acquaintances has gone to *U.S. News & World Report*, and another to the *New York Daily News*. The best news of all will be when such career moves aren't newsworthy.

It ought to be doable. We've been around a while. There are enough of us, and there is a vacuum: The ideas which keep liberal culture going, suffering and sex—who got screwed, and who gets laid—have gotten a little tedious. Don't you think?

Richard Brookhiser is managing editor of National Review.

VICTOR GOLD

Behold America's liberals. Eight years removed from the White House and they still can't get their act together for the 1988 presidential race. Conservatives celebrate this latest manifestation of the liberal crack-up, but the ugly American truth is that despite four Republican victories in the last five presidential elections, the heralded conservative "revolution" has been a one-dimensional thing—a political current running against a cultural tide that continues to move the country leftward.

A myth commonly shared by self-congratulating conservatives and self-denigrating liberals is that we live in the age of Reaganism, a rightward reaction to the New Deal, New Frontier, and Great Society. We follow the election returns, see the liberal agenda rejected—at least, on the presidential level—and conclude the tide has turned. But the leading social indicators—education, the arts, the media—argue otherwise. They remain preponderantly liberal, purveying a cultural *Zeitgeist* that brings even a conservative President to pay obeisance to liberal sacred cows and shibboleths.

The image of Ronald Reagan in the White House driveway, clasping hands in a mindlessly liberal publicity exercise, stays with me. Nor can I forget that when this conservative President became vulnerable during the last years of his Administration, he opted to pacify the liberal gods by naming as his chief of staff a "moderate" Republican; which is to say, one attuned to the cultural Spirit of the Times. Not to forget the *Post* and the three major television networks.

What "Hands Across America" doesn't tell us, Howard Baker as Ronald Reagan's major domo in the White House does: that conservatives may win political battles but liberals are still winning the cultural war, in the end dictating the true national agenda. Ronald Reagan's America? Stop kidding yourselves, conservatives. It all belongs to Ted Koppel.

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s new National Correspondent.*

DANIEL HENNINGER

One hallmark of the two-term presidency of a popular conservative has been the persistent unhappiness of conservatives in the midst of success. The evidence of success is abundant.

Since 1980, the governments of the United States, Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, India, Australia, and New Zealand have incorporated degrees and aspects of Reaganomics into their public policies. Generally speaking, all have come to believe that the private economy creates national wealth, that deregulation and denationalization enlarge the private economy, and that tax policy and growth are related. Prior to 1980, political truth was thought to be the direct opposite of these propositions. The world has changed. Incrementally it will be a better place because of the conservative presidency, and surely this is one purpose of politics. But conservatives are unhappy, mostly with each other.

At dinner parties, conservatives agree on the conservative President's failings, but once past the failing President agreement ends. A Bushite presidency is "unacceptable." Bob Dole isn't a conservative and Jack Kemp's position on Social Security and the welfare state is troubling. Neoconservatives don't trust the New Right, and the New Right launches surgical strikes against the neocons. Howard Phillips has the highest standards since Cato the Younger. Black conservatives badmouth each other in private. Certain supply-siders can't be invited to the same party. AIDS testing has replaced abortion as the ultimate conservative single-issue litmus test.

A piece of advice for conservatives as they prepare for the possible election of a second conservative President: If you wish to live in a country where people really stand on principle, move to Italy. Italy has eleven political parties, though of course there aren't eleven significantly different theories of how to run Italy or anywhere else.

In the United States, we manage to divide the world and all its problems into two major problems. After dominating the political agenda for many years, one of the two American parties became so prideful and self-righteous that it began demanding full internal loyalty and public support for each of its discrete parts. A conservative connected these dotty people into a group portrait called the San Francisco Democrats, and the party's presidential hopes collapsed. Not having the White House isn't fun. Ask a Democrat.

This is not meant as an appeal to "pragmatism," a code word for selling out the best part of one's position. Sharp debate and discussion are important. The ideas with which Ronald Reagan separated his party from its dispiriting past policies emerged from years of political argument. But conservatives should remain aware of the danger inherent in their politics. Conservative factions tend to insist on the rightness and primacy of their opinions. They are principled. It remains to be seen, however, whether conservatives are ready to offer themselves to 79 million voters as a coherent movement or as principally a lot of opinionated people.

Daniel Henninger is chief editorial writer of the Wall Street Journal.

LEWIS E. LEHRMAN

There can be no Conservative New Age in the absence of a Conservative Party of Principle. Just as the American Whigs of the 1840s foundered on the narrow commercialism of tariffs, central banking, and internal improvements, so, too, do the Republicans of the 1980s founder after the success of tax rate reductions. As Abraham Lincoln rebuilt the shattered remnants of commercial Whiggery upon the unshakeable ground of first American principles—"free men, free labor, free soil"—so, too, must the modern Republican party be restored upon the very first American principle which the party has all but forgotten—"that all men are created equal"—at home and abroad; and that *all* are "endowed by their Creator with" the inalienable right to life, the inalienable right to liberty, the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness—at home, and abroad.

The first American principle must now become the practice of party leadership: and such leadership must begin by elevating, to primacy in the party platform, the first of the enumerated inalienable rights set forth in the Declaration and in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution—the inalienable right-to-life. For liberty was made for life; not life for liberty.

In the end, all else will be unavailing for the mercantile Republican party. For no lasting American party of principle can today be established upon the ground of narrow self-interest, no matter how economically plausible. From Democrats and Republicans, any argument to the contrary must itself betray the fundamental American proposition as set forth in the Declaration of Independence—the animating spirit of our laws.

Lewis E. Lehrman is founder of the Lehrman Institute, a public policy forum.

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Give Garry Wills his due. He's only saying what Tom Bethell has said in these very pages. Conservatives have been the biggest believers in the Reagan magic.

Reagan gave conservatism a beachhead in Washington, but he didn't follow through. For a few rounds he was dazzling; then, when he seemed about to score a knockout, he ran out of gas and spent the better part of a year trying to rope-a-dope his way through the Iran-contra mess.

From early in his first term it became clear that the Administration was being stage-managed by those notorious "people around the President." (Remember our war cry: "Let Reagan be Reagan!") As he waved to the crowds and cameras, the real regime seemed to carry on—and change hands—independently of him. We got Baker I, Regan, Baker II. And Nancy: she wanted him to go down as a "peace" President, so we got sporadic jerks toward arms control. Underlings arranged secret initiatives—secret not only from Congress but from the President himself—so as to provide him with "plausible deniability." And boy, was it plausible.

No wonder conservatism got little real traction. Genuine Reaganites, both within and without the Administration, have been continually frustrated by White House staffers whose instinct

(continued on page 51)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrew Ferguson

CAN BUY ME LOVE: THE MOONING OF CONSERVATIVE WASHINGTON

Is the Unification Church conservative, or just rich?

There are many ways to reach Washington, D.C. There are highways, minor roads in the city, small towns to go through, avenues and lanes—many ways, roads through which you can reach the destination. If anyone discovers a shortcut to Washington, D.C., many people will seek it.

—The Rev. Sun Myung Moon

No incident better illustrates the newborn respectability of the Unification Church—a.k.a. the Moonies—within the conservative movement than the recent resignations at the *Washington Times*. When William Cheshire, the *Times*'s editorial page editor, and four members of his immediate staff walked out on April 14, charging the newspaper's owners with editorial interference, there was some fear among conservatives—and some delight among liberals—that the resignations would cripple Washington's conservative newspaper in its ongoing quest for respectability.

Of course, at any other newspaper, Cheshire's charges would be merely silly. It is a given in journalism that owners direct—indeed, have an obligation to direct—the editorial policy of their newspapers. But the *Washington Times* is not any other newspaper. Since its founding in 1982, the employees have worked under an "iron-clad" agreement from their employers that they would have total editorial independence, free from even the appearance of control. It's been generally assumed that the paper's credibility rested on the agreement, because the owners of the paper are high-ranking officials of the Unification Church—popularly known, until recently anyway, as a cult.

For this reason the paper's editors responded with great force to Cheshire's allegations. After making similar charges of editorial interference, the *Times*'s first editor, James Whelan, had resigned in 1984, declaring, in high melodrama, that he had "blood on his hands" for conferring respectability on the Moonies by running their paper for them. The *Times*'s present editor, Arnaud de Borchgrave, a well-respected veteran journalist, was unequivocal in asserting that the autonomy agreement had not lost its integrity: "There has never been a hint of a whisper of a suggestion of editorial control from the owners. The minute there is is the minute I resign." Every current *Times* staffer that I spoke with echoed de Borchgrave's statement.

The relative merits of the byzantine charges and counter-charges arising from the Cheshire incident are not at issue here. For the most interesting thing about the ruckus and the unambiguous denials from the *Times*'s editors is that the editors needn't have bothered. As the controversy quickly faded, many conservatives were taking the line, *sotto voce*, that even if Cheshire's charges were true and the church was exerting control over the paper's content—well, what of it? "After all," one conservative activist said to me, off the record (it is difficult, I soon discovered, to get conservatives to talk on the record about the Unification Church), "aren't the Moonies pouring $30 million a year into the *Times*? [The most quoted figure is $35 million.] If you pay the piper, you get to call the tune."

One prominent conservative who will go on the record is Paul Weyrich, president of the Free Congress Foundation. "It's always been my position," he said, "that if they own the newspaper then they should be allowed to set the editorial policy of that paper. Most people I talk to seem to feel that way. Now, the people on the inside of the paper of course are concerned with what might happen if the paper ceased operation. They'll have to go get other jobs in journalism, and I think they see [the autonomy agreement] as a sort of insurance policy for their future. But people on the outside that I know just assume that whoever owns the paper can determine its editorial policy."

The intent of the agreement, of course, and the reason *Times* staffers insist on its inviolability, is to insure that the *Washington Times* is taken seriously as an alternative voice in Washington, as a legitimate source of news, and not as a propaganda sheet for "a church that's somewhat unpopular," as Wesley Pruden, the *Times*'s managing editor, put it. And the paper *is* taken seriously in Washington, and not solely by conservatives. What's more, the weekly *Insight* magazine, a *Times* subsidiary, has become, under the stewardship of John Podhoretz (the former executive editor for news, who recently left to join *U.S. News & World Report*), one of the most consistently enjoyable and informative reads in journalism.

But the crucial point is that for many conservatives a close association with the church is no longer considered distasteful, or something to be wary of. And to the extent the church's involvement in the conservative cause provokes discomfort, it does so largely for reasons of P.R. "The Unification Church has settled itself into the landscape of Washington as a good influence," said William Rusher, publisher of *National Review* and a member of the *Times* editorial advisory board. The conclusion: among Washington's conservative movement, the Moonies are legit.

It was not always thus, of course, and for most Americans who concern themselves with such things, the Unification Church probably still connotes the bizarre mind-controlling, kidnapping cult it was taken to be in the seventies. A glance at the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* from those years

---

Andrew Ferguson is assistant managing editor of The American Spectator. *Research for this article was undertaken with the assistance of Kenneth Kleinfeld, Wayne Barber, and the Cult Awareness Network of Chicago, Illinois.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reveals lots of titles like *Glamour* magazine's "I Was a Robot for Sun Myung Moon." The newsmagazines, too, had a good time with the church during its first fifteen minutes of fame, featuring mesmerizing pictures of Moon wrapped in imperial finery alongside quotes from brainwashed kids and agonized parents.

Weyrich for one dismisses the old image: "What's spread around about a lot of people can't be believed," he said. "You can't just take it at face value." And indeed the popular press, with its customary disregard for complexity, probably over-diabolized Moon and his church. About the famous charges of holding kids against their will, for example, one ex-Moonie told me, "It's true that there was no coercion in the usual sense. We could always leave if we wanted to—eventually, most people do drift away. We weren't under lock and key. But you're living in a kind of socialistic environment, in a house with a dozen different people, and the social pressures that can be brought to bear are intense. The media was on the right track, but it oversimplified."

There was also, however, a good deal of truth to the common perceptions, and a good many former members look back with horror at their involvement with the Moonies. (I have yet to talk to a former Moonie who speaks wistfully of his life in the church.) Randy Braindyberry, a counselor in the Midwest who left the church in 1979 after serving as state leader in Hawaii and Utah (many church members lead peripatetic lives), recalls attending a Moonie demonstration in Washington in 1976 at which, he says, blood samples from 2100 church members were set afire in a vat on the grounds of the Washington Monument, after nightfall. (Other ex-Moonies corroborate his story.) The ritual was meant as "a sacrifice for Father Moon's success in America." (It worked!)

"When I was working for the church," Braindyberry said, "I thought that everything I was doing was purely for God. But the whole thing is based on deception. I have no problem with honest propagandizing and honest self-promotion. But I've seen kids take years to recover from their involvement with the Moonies. I've seen the psychotic breakdowns. They want you to think of them as just another church, but that doesn't happen with mainstream churches—that sort of massive residual psychological damage."

Much of the ammunition for past and present critics of the church has been drawn from *Master Speaks*, transcripts of speeches Moon gave in the early- to mid-seventies to his disciples in closed sessions. The collection was smuggled out of the church in the late seventies by Steve Hassan, a former high-ranking church official who is now a psychotherapist in Boston specializing in treating young people "who have been involved in totalistic cults like the Moonies." Many of the speeches were translated by Bo Hi Pak, the president of the World Media Association, one of the more prominent church-sponsored groups in Washington, and of News World Communications, the parent company of the *Washington Times*. (Pak declined to be interviewed for this story.)

Master Speaks offers the most complete picture available of thinking within the church. A common complaint among even the church's boosters is that church members evince a kind of caginess in discussing their beliefs in detail, particularly as they relate to politics. "I've talked with leaders of the church [about their beliefs] and haven't been able to get satisfactory answers," says Weyrich. "As a Christian I can tell you exactly what I believe—about the Trinity, the Incarnation, and so on. But with them, they'll just say, well, we're in favor of fighting the good fight against people who should be fought. They never quite spell things out."

"One day, when America follows Rev. Moon's way of life and salvation, the whole world will come to unite with them. Father would like America to be the model. There will never be another opportunity such as the coming years of 1987 and 1988."

A central theme that emerges from *Master Speaks* is the consanguinity of Unification theology and the church's political agenda; the acquisition of political power as a theological imperative is a subject that hovers in the background when it is not addressed directly. It is this essential element that separates the Unification Church from Mormonism and Christian Science, with which many conservatives try to compare it. A sample:

> In the Medieval Ages, they had to separate the cities-statesmanship from the religious field—because people were corrupted at that time. But when it comes to our age, we must have an automatic theocracy to rule the world. So we cannot separate the political field from the religious world. Democracy was born out of corruption in the religious field, and at that time the religious people ruled the world—like the Pope does. Then, we come to the conclusion that God has to rule the world, and God-loving people have to rule the world—and that is logical. We have to purge the corrupted politicians, and the sons of God must rule the world . . . [May 17, 1973]
>
> The time will come, without my seeking it, that my words will almost serve as law. If I ask a certain thing, it will be done. If I don't want something, it will not be done. If I recommend a certain ambassador for a certain country and then visit that country and that ambassador's office, he will greet me with the red carpet treatment. [March 24, 1974]
>
> You know there are roughly two major ideologies, Democracy and Communism, but our resolution or our determination will be different from what they, under either Communism or Democracy, have had. . . . [March 1, 1973]
>
> As it now stands—both in the Democratic and Communist worlds—their ideologies are based upon their respective philosophies. Our way to work through those worlds is to develop our own ideology, or own thought, by analyzing those two ideologies—by criticizing. [January 30, 1973]
>
> We must purge your old concepts of the American Movement under the Divine Principle. You must eradicate habitual things in every-day life under Democracy. Democracy not being the final goal under the providence of God, we must set up a new tradition transcendent of Democracy or any "ism" or ideology, and ours will be of higher dimension than any other ideologies existing in the world. [March 1, 1973]
>
> In the long run, after awhile, we will be able to engraft all the people overnight. We will have restored the nations and influenced the entire political world. At that point we will be able to amend laws, articles of constitutions, if we wish to do so. Does it sound easy or not? Again, I must say that if we have the nation fully restored, from that nation we can influence all the nations of the world on the political base. If we can make amendments on one of the articles of the constitution, we can do it overnight. [January 21, 1973]
>
> The world is really our stage. We are going to be the ones who restore and bring hope to every corner of the world. The money is there, and I will earn that money. I will reap the harvest. And you will become soldiers, trained soldiers. [January 31, 1974]

This "restoration" is crucial to Unification theology, which asserts that the world has fallen away into the hands of Satan, whose present earthly manifestation is Communism. Because American democracy today affords the greatest political and religious freedom, the Messiah will have to effect the restoration of the world through it. Then democracy—indeed all national distinctions—will be subsumed under an earthly kingdom ruled by the Messiah.

The Messiah, according to Moon's central religious writing, *The Divine Principle*, was born in Korea between 1917 and 1930. Moon, who (not coincidentally) was born in Chongju-Gun, Korea, in 1920, teaches that his work as the Messiah is necessary because the "First Coming" of Jesus was a flop; he was killed before he could accomplish his mission. This was revealed to Moon at the age of sixteen in a vision on Easter Sunday (Moon's family converted to Presbyterianism when he was ten).

More recently, two speeches Moon gave to followers (translated by Pak) on New Year's Eve and Day have been brought out of the church and made available through Family Action Information and Rescue, a London-based group made up of parents whose children are in cults. In form, content, and style (for example, Moon still refers to himself in the third person), they match the Moon revealed in *Master Speaks*.

> One day, when America follows Rev. Moon's way of life and salvation, the whole world will come to unite with them. Father would like America to be the model. There will never be another opportunity such as the coming years of 1987 and 1988.
>
> Only two years ago, Father was imprisoned by the American people who could not understand who Father truly is [Moon was sentenced to eighteen months in the federal prison at Danbury, Connecticut, after being convicted on a dubious charge of failing to report $162,000 in income in the early 1970s]. History will make the position of Rev. Moon clear and His enemies, the American population and government will bow down to Him. That is Father's tactic, the natural subjugation of the American Government and population. Rev. Moon is not boastful or proud. . . . One day, everyone will declare the true position of Rev. Moon. Father will be recognized in every field, academic, scientific, cultural, religious.
>
> Do you think Rev. Moon is dumb? How do you feel looking at Him, is He the king of wisdom or the king of fools? How about comparing Him to Pres. Reagan? Without knowing it, even Pres. Reagan is being guided by Father. Heavenly Father is now recruiting volunteers to become a sacrifice over the next few years. What shall it be for you, will you say yes or no?
>
> Already Father has great influence in Japan and within a few years the same will happen here in America. The time will come when even a presidential candidate will need Father's endorsement in order to succeed.
>
> We shall work to become an influential body in America. We cannot trust the republican or democratic party, they will become the prey of communism. . . . When the 65% of the American population who all belong to minority groups come together, they will come to form the majority. The other 35% of the population who are holding the position of power were the ones who put Father into prison. The final

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

showdown has yet to come and we will show in the end who was right and wrong, who was on the side of justice. Justice cannot be suppressed.

There are many angles and facets to Unification theology and hence its political "program," but the item that conservatives have seized on—and the church has publicly emphasized—to the exclusion of all others is anti-Communism. There is little else in Unificationism that American conservatives would find compelling. Given the theocratic nature of its philosophy, for example, church members are precluded from being democrats, except preliminarily. And what attention is paid to economics results in a vague kind of socialism. "There will have to come ultimately a socialistic society centering on God," says *The Divine Principle*. In *Master Speaks*, January 2, 1974, Moon says: "This system [i.e., a proposal to allow church members to buy only from Moon-approved manufacturers] should prevail so overwhelmingly, that even in Japan and Germany the people will not buy products from their own country, but will buy according to centralized instructions. What kind of system of thought or economy can function to give those centralized instructions? Religion is the only system of thought or economy that can do that. So in future, this system of thought or system of economy will have a close relationship with religious organizations. Our master is going to prepare for this system of economy."

There is likewise little basis for considering the Moonies "pro-family" in any conventional sense. When church teachings discuss the family it is as a religious entity in relation to the "True Parents"—Moon and his wife. There is also the matter of his famous mass weddings, for which Moon hand-picks the spouses, most of whom are virtual strangers to each other. After the wedding, the couple is separated for long periods before the marriage is consummated, and if they do eventually have children, it is only with Moon's approval. After that, said one former Moonie who became a father while in the church, "separating kids from the parents is an almost ritualistic practice, as though Moon's doing the will of God. How long the kids and the parents will be separated is determined by Moon or someone very close to Moon. And if you don't like it, well, you just have to tough it out."

So for conservatives only anti-Communism is left, notwithstanding that the goal of Unification anti-Communism is a non-democratic, transnational state. The church has developed a prodigious network of organizations whose ostensible aim is anti-Communism. (A current list of church-sponsored front groups—that is, public, activist arms of a secretive, gnostic group—shows more than one hundred active businesses and organizations, from News World Communications to day-care centers to travel agencies to jewelry stores.) Foremost among these, in the conservative movement, are CAUSA and the World Media Association.

The World Media Association, "an international consortium of individuals and organizations concerned with advancing a high standard of journalistic ethics . . . and [the] maintenance of freedom of expression," puts on lavish conferences each year and invites well-known figures to attend, offering them very large honoraria for appearing. Later this month, for example, the Association is holding the ninth World Media Conference in Seoul. Listed as panelists are Pat Buchanan, Congressmen Bob Dornan, Dan Burton, and Denny Smith, NBC's Douglas Kiker, and John Silber, president of Boston University. All of the 350 invited "publishers, editors, columnists, reporters, broadcasters, media scholars and government officials" are offered free airfare, hotel rooms, and meals. The Association also sends journalists on all-expense-paid "fact-finding" tours of regions around the world.[1]

The Association is similar to a sister organization, ICUS (the International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences), in that it attracts recognizable names to church-related activities, quickly giving the church a legitimacy it would otherwise find difficult to come by. "[Moon's] modus operandi has always been to establish a front group, get some legitimate names attached to it, then use those names to establish his own credibility," said Steve Hassan, the Boston psychologist.

There is little in Unificationism that American conservatives would find compelling.

"What these people don't realize," another ex-Moonie told me, "is that their names—especially the more famous ones—can carry a lot of weight, both in South Korea and over here in the organizations." Braindyberry agrees: "The names are used inside, too, to keep kids inside the church. They point to these names and they say, look, these people are with us. If we weren't on the up and up, why would these people be helping us?"

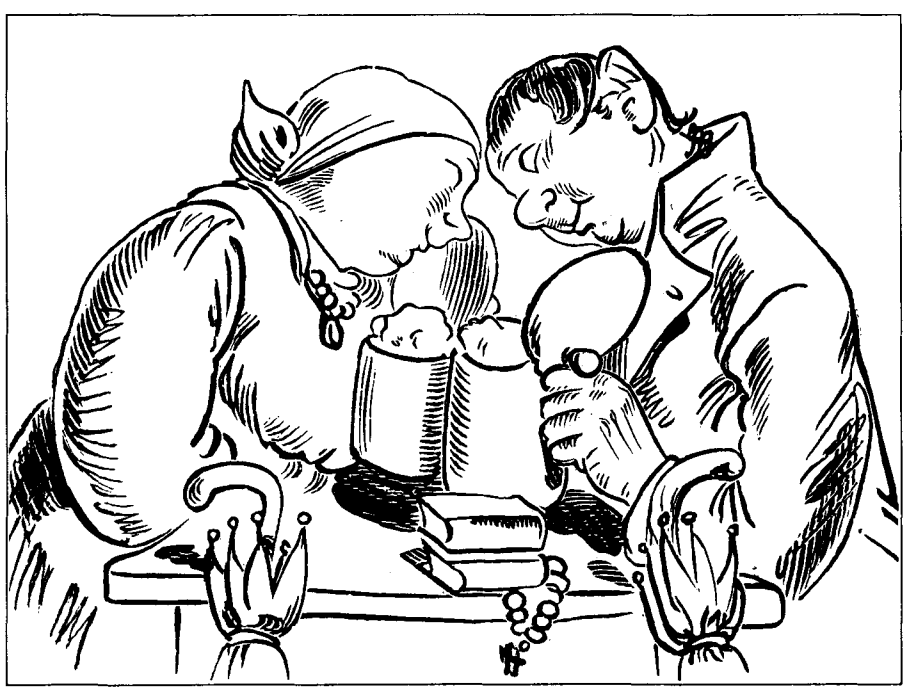
The invitations to the Seoul conference also encourage the participants to attend a three-day CAUSA International Seminar, "completely independent of the World Media Conference," being held in the same location immediately following the World Media Conference: "CAUSA has been kind enough to offer conference participants the opportunity to stay over at their expense in order to attend their seminar." CAUSA (Confederation of Associations for the Unity of the Societies of America) is an international organization devoted to preaching "Godism" to the uninitiated. "Godism" is a diluted version of Moon's theology, comprising unexceptionable (to the conservative) platitudes about the nature of Communism—all presented without reference to Moon's role in the metaphysical scheme. CAUSA is particularly active as a funnel for church money to conservative groups in North and South America. On October 8, 1986, for example, the London *Independent* reported that CAUSA was "making available tens or hundreds of thousands of dollars to support candidates who support their views" in Latin America. They have also financed trips and seminars for Central American journalists and government officials.

It is difficult to gauge the extent to which CAUSA has insinuated itself into conservative groups in Washington, although one conservative fundraiser did tell me—not for attribution—that "CAUSA has its fingers in a lot of pies in town. They've put lots more than many millions into these groups." Its most notable public contribution, of at least $500,000, was in 1984 to the Conservative Alliance, run by the founder of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, the late Terry Dolan. At the time, Dolan spoke to the *Wall Street Journal* about the church: "We're kindred spirits. . . . I much more value my relationship with them than I do with most conservatives," because they "don't have a hidden agenda."

Similar sentiments were expressed by another activist whose organization received a considerable sum from CAUSA and who agreed to talk only on condition that I not identify him or his organization. "They're the best in town as far as putting their money where their mouth is," he said. "When you start an organization like this, it's very difficult to raise money. There are a lot of 501(c)3's [non-profit organizations] out there and let's face it, there's not a whole lot of money. We put together a great advisory board, but the big-money guys, the high-dollar people, weren't showing up. We didn't have much of a track record, so that's not hard to understand."

Finally, he said, someone suggested he approach CAUSA. "We were very wary of it at first because it's the kind of thing that could ruin us—we'd heard all the stories about the Moonies. But we checked it out very thoroughly and found that there wasn't really any truth to it and so we agreed to take some start-up money which would diminish over time and get less and less as we went along. We did it on condition that they have no input into the way the program was run. [He did acknowledge that they had agreed to allow a CAUSA presentation to be given to their group.] And that's the way it worked out."

His dealings with CAUSA, he said, have given him a special insight into the church. "If anything," he said, "I think that conservatives are too wary of the Moonies. Sure, they're out to buy credibility and make a name for themselves, but remember too they're stridently,



[1]Among the journalists who have gone on World Media Association junkets are Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, *TAS*'s managing editor, and several regular contributors to this magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vigorously anti-Communist. We have a lot more in common with them than with most people in town, certainly more so than with the moderate or liberal groups."

CAUSA has also targeted state legislators, who are invited for out-of-town, all-expense-paid trips to CAUSA seminars. In 1985, for example, twenty-six Idaho legislators—all Republicans—traveled on CAUSA junkets. Afterwards, Rep. JoAn Wood, of Rigby, told the *Twin Falls Times-News*, "I have come away with a great deal of respect and I'm not willing to accept these charges [against the church]. . . . I'm quite sure the Unification Church would get more positive treatment after this."

Ralph Reed is co-founder of Students for America and the former executive director of College Republicans. While holding the latter post, he was approached by a church member who tried to get CR to team up with CARP (Collegiate Association for the Research of Principles, the church front-group most involved on college campuses) and CAUSA—"all to legitimize Moon," Reed said. He refused, and a spokesman for College Republicans confirms that today the organization doesn't accept money from any Unification Church groups.

"There's a syndrome in the [conservative] movement where you begin to think that anything you do to get money—to advance the cause—is okay," Reed said. "It's a sort of mission-oriented mentality that tells you that any enemy of my enemy is my friend. Well, that's not true. The KKK is anti-Communist, the neo-Nazis believe that Communism is the great evil of our time. Are they conservatives in any real sense?"

Reed says he thinks Moon has benefited greatly by "piggy-backing" the conservative movement, since now the church's organizations are largely accepted simply as mainstream conservative anti-Communist groups—groups with very deep pockets but, as Dolan said, "no hidden agenda." "Moon, I'm sure, has been successful beyond his wildest dreams," Reed said. "Even the people who aren't taking money from him won't criticize him."

If there's one point on which conservatives I spoke with agree in this matter, it's that Moon is—at the least—trying to achieve respectability with his various organizations and his vast sums of money (the source of which has never been wholly accounted for). One way to measure respectability is absence of criticism, and among Washington conservatives—who have, after all, been the main objects of his attention—he has succeeded to a remarkable degree. In researching this article, I heard any number of reasons why a potential source wouldn't criticize the church's goals or activities for the record. A few examples: "My daughter works for the *World and I* [News World's telephone book-sized monthly publication on the arts]," said one. "This might put her in an uncomfortable position." "CAUSA sponsored a very effective presentation at ____, and I really have no comment," said another. Click. "I've been on a number of invaluable fact-finding trips through the World Media Association," said yet another, "and I see no reason to repay their hospitality with voicing any reservations I may have about their beliefs or practices."

Beyond this, however, there's the already widespread and growing sentiment that for conservatives there's really nothing about the church that warrants criticism. One of the church's most unambiguous defenders among mainline conservatives is Rusher, who, in addition to his duties with *National Review* and the *Times* editorial advisory board, writes a nationally syndicated column carried in the *Times* "Commentary" section.

"The time for conservatives to check out strangers bearing gifts is at the beginning," he said. "And at the beginning I looked very carefully at the church, and tried to find something invidious or insidious in the movement. And I couldn't. My feeling is that just about everything about them is misunderstood."

The church's critics, Rusher contends, might be better off looking elsewhere for kooks—like in the mirror. "To tell you the truth," he says, "I find much more temperamental fanaticism in the church's opponents than I do among the Moonies—the way their eyes begin to flutter, and their teeth glint, and they slip into a sort of don't-try-to-tell-me attitude.

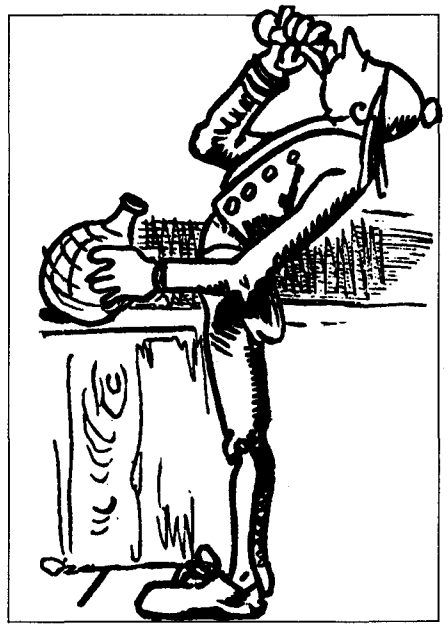
"The Moonies operate under a cloud of suspicion," Rusher added, "as some sort of obscure, exotic sect. But whether they're any worse than the Graham family [who own the *Washington Post*] is a matter of personal taste."

"Perfect!" said one former church member, now an active conservative, when I mentioned Rusher's comment to him. "What movement conservatives don't seem to understand," he said, "is that you can sit in a room and disagree about politics with Walter Mondale, let's say, but at least you'll share some of the same values—traditional Western values about the dignity of the person and the value of freedom. But to Moon and his followers, these are utterly alien concepts. His anti-Communism is just a tiny part of what he's about—absolutely minuscule. And what there is of it isn't based on the idea of freedom. That sort of comment [about the Grahams] is very loose talk."

There's a lot of loose talk about the Unification Church among conservatives these days, as when Rusher, commenting on church recruitment, says, "Remember that this is a highly idealistic period in a young person's life. Some become brides of Christ, some join a monastery, some join the Peace Corps, some join the Communist Party, some join the Unification Church" (he added that he did not think that "the Catholic Church and the Unification Church are the same"); or when Arnaud de Borchgrave says, "When I go on TV and I'm asked about the 'Moonie paper,' I say, 'Do you refer to the *New York Times* as a Hymie paper?' " What's operating here, in this casual equivalence, is a sly slipping of standards, a creeping reluctance to make vital distinctions—to call a cult a cult, as it were—for the sake of a disreputable ally.

The crucial point is that for many conservatives a close association with the Unification Church is no longer considered distasteful, or something to be wary of.

That sort of slippage isn't a healthy sign in an intellectual and political movement. Not even the church's most vociferous critics suggest that Moon should be prevented from pushing himself and his cause—they are in fact one and the same—into respectability; the question is whether conservatives should lend their reputations to him as he proceeds. For under other circumstances the church would be anathema, roundly condemned as subversive of the very values conservatives have united to defend. Instead, Moon gave conservatives many reasons to ignore the unpleasantness and refrain from questioning his growing involvement—millions and millions of reasons, all (as the old joke has it) with little pictures of George Washington on them. And his new allies have obliged him with startling alacrity and a minimum of fuss. He and his church are now, by implication, a legitimate component of what for the time being is a legitimate political movement, a movement upon which, it is safe to say, the survival of freedom depends. Meanwhile, Ralph Reed's objection, cited above, still stands. Is a methodically deceptive, anti-family, socialistic, utopian, theocratic one-worlder who thinks he's God a plausible ally, a *reliable* ally, in the conservative cause? And if he's acceptable to Washington conservatives, then who isn't?



• • •

Postscript: When this article was being prepared, the publisher of *TAS*, Ronald Burr, received a phone call from Larry Moffitt, a church-member and the executive director of the World Media Association. Moffitt told Burr he had heard that I was preparing an article on the *Washington Times* and the Unification Church, and that Burr should be advised that if any such article ran, the *Times* would "strike back and strike back severely." Moffitt later told me that he called Burr to avoid a "bloodletting among us conservatives with an election year approaching."

We've apparently already had a taste of the *Times*'s severity. On June 18, the *Times*'s "Inside the Beltway" column ran an item on an upcoming affair at the Cato Institute in honor of P. J. O'Rourke, the writer. The item quoted extensively a review I'd done, for the *Wall Street Journal*, of O'Rourke's latest book, and although the original item as written had attributed the quotes to me, in the paper's edition the next day my name had been deleted by higher editors. I have likewise learned that I have been banned from writing book reviews for the *Times*—all this before the piece was even written.

"This is in a way very intramural, and I apologize," wrote Wesley Pruden, the *Times*'s managing editor, in a column on the Cheshire resignations. I second Wes, but I do admit to being unnerved by a comment made to me by a former *Times* employee: "In the grand Stalinist tradition," he said, "you are now a non-person." Let the show trials begin! □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Evanier

IT'S AESTHETIC WHEN YOU WIN

A final conversation with Nathan Perlmutter.

. . . Funny, as my mind is smiling, what I feel I've accomplished. I married the prettiest girl, I made it to Marine infantry officer, wrote a few books and became director of the A.D.L.—my hill . . .

It's not the "contributions" I'm pleased with as much as just having done them. I take pleasure in simply having made it to the top, simply having written the books and articles, simply having passed the Parris Island and Quantico tests, simply being Ruthie's husband. Well, I never claimed to be an intellectual or a do-gooder.

—"Diary of a Cancer Patient"
by Nathan Perlmutter
New York Times Magazine
November 24, 1985

In June of this year, Nathan Perlmutter received the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian award, from President Reagan. He died of lung cancer on July 12. He was 64.

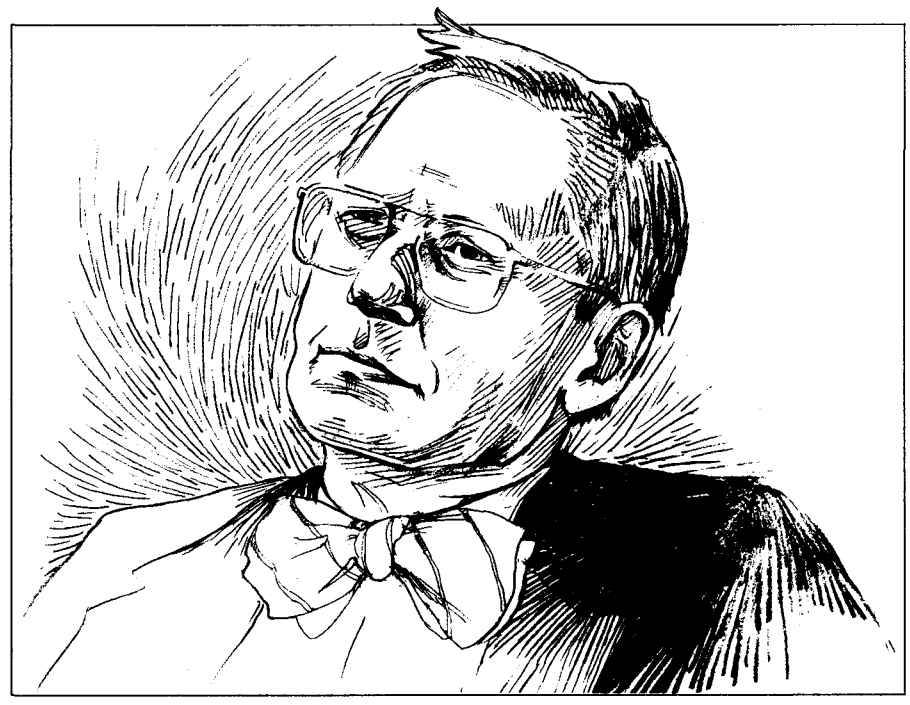
In the last week of June, I spent two afternoons interviewing him by his bedside for this piece.

Eight years ago, Perlmutter became national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. His office looked out on the United Nations, the birthplace of the "Zionism is Racism" resolution.

Since 1979, Perlmutter's personality and character shaped the ADL's recent role both in the Jewish world and in American life in a way that was distinct and singular. His focus was frequently on issues going beyond expected Jewish concerns. He spoke out—without reservation—about the pro-Soviet orientation of the African National Congress, the anti-Semitism of the Sandinistas, the remarkable affection that Jesse Jackson displayed for dictators of the left, and the central struggle of our time between the forces of Western democracy and the forces of Marxist totalitarianism. These positions derived from his unqualified love for American freedoms, which have proved so crucial for every group seeking safety and opportunity. The matter was simple: Jews had found a "safe harbor" in the U.S. Freedom was precious; it seemed so simple, Perlmutter might say, should we have to keep saying it? But we do.

Perlmutter's stands stimulated some on the left to label him and the ADL as "right wing." What he was in reality was consistent, tough, and wedded to the idea that had brought him and so many American Jews to the forefront of American life: that merit must be the standard by which all people are judged. Merit and equality are intertwined, and he refused to compromise in an area in which he was under intense fire. American Jews were painfully aware of the ways in which quotas were used to exclude them in the past, but Perlmutter, on this issue like so many others, spoke with a directness and passion unmatched in the Jewish community.

Perlmutter's unparochial, ecumenical spirit—a component of his feeling completely at home in America—also played a role in the Anti-Defamation League's exceptional growth. It can be seen in Bayard Rustin's description (see box) of the ways in which Perlmutter got along with other groups and faiths: both by explaining and by listening to others. He did so with a spirit of inquiry, a sense of proportion, and a sensitivity that broke down walls. That spirit could be found in his response to John Cardinal O'Connor's recent trip to the Middle East. Other Jewish organizations bridled at what they felt were the Cardinal's insensitive remarks about the Holocaust and disproportionate references to the Palestinians, and issued a public statement of criticism. Almost alone in the Jewish community, Perlmutter and the ADL withdrew their support from the statement. Perlmutter stated: "We feel on some of these questions the Cardinal is a mistaken friend, but not an adversary. It's better to talk to than at him." Later, in his 1987 "Report to the ADL's National Commission," he wrote of this incident: "ADL held its fire. We chose to first hear his side and then have our say. Relevant here is not that Jewish organizations subsequently agreed with ADL, saying so publicly, but that the *New York Times*, in the context of editorial reproval of those who shot hastily, commended ADL for its wisdom and fairness."



ADL under Perlmutter also released the results of a study it commissioned on the view of Jews held by Christian evangelicals and fundamentalists. Perlmutter said the poll largely found that evangelical and fundamentalist Protestants in the 1980s do not "consciously use their deeply held Christian faith and convictions as justification for anti-Semitic attitudes." He said that while he was "discomfited by those who claim to have the 'truth' whether in religion or in politics, it is our responsibility to seriously explore their attitudes and understand their mindsets. The fact that their thinking and values are different from ours does not mean per se that they are anti-Semitic."

When Jewish baseball fans (supported by some prominent rabbis) protested two National League playoffs scheduled on Yom Kippur, Perlmutter commented: "Part of the cost of being Jewish is that you sacrifice some worldly indulgences, and you don't impose on the rest of the world to adopt your ways and your beliefs. For those whose faith is the Mets, they ought to go to Temple Shea. Those whose faith is Judaism, they will know what to do."

Knowing who one's friends are is one of the most difficult tasks for a long-persecuted minority. Perlmutter could tell. He sensed when old wounds could be healed, when old alliances had broken down, but also when new alliances were possible. And he could shape these perceptions into concise phrases. In 1984 he said, "I am more concerned by an isolationism that may deprive America's strongest ally in the Middle East of needed support than I am with some Klansman in a cow pasture in central Missouri."

On many issues, it was possible to link Nathan Perlmutter to the past of the Democratic party, when it

---

David Evanier is a research specialist with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. He is completing a novel about American Communism entitled The Prince of Progressive Humanity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stood for a strong defense, equated that defense with opposing left-wing as well as right-wing dictatorships, and understood that democracy's enemies had to be identified. In 1987, he said to me of Ronald Reagan: "I have very uncomplicated views of him. I think he's a good man. I think that he's a politician who's not consistently conservative. But then again, if he were, he might not still be President. And to stay close to the batting box that I stand in, the Jewish community, as Jewish interests are evidenced abroad by Israel, and domestically by the quota system, there is no question how to rate him."

In 1980, the New York *Jewish Week* wrote of a meeting of the Anti-Defamation League National Executive Committee:

> What's this the ADL did at its meeting in Palm Beach, calling for a super military budget and backing registration of the young for possible military duty? Is that the same ADL we've always known? What's the matter, has it gone Right or something?

Perlmutter told the anxious *Jewish Week* reporter: "I would say that what is happening in the ADL in assuming this position is the recognition that the U.S., its democracy, has been Israel's safest harbor. It is a recognition that the Soviet Union is the single major power that manufactures and exports anti-Semitism. . . . You cannot, on the one hand, continue to call for increased military assistance for Israel, and not be supportive of America's capacity to help Israel. That, and the fact that an America which has to step back from the Soviet Union is an America in which the Jews would become more and more insecure."

When I visited Perlmutter at his home in June, I brought up what he had said to distress the *Jewish Week* reporter near the start of his tenure. "Seven years later," he said, "I wouldn't change a word in there. I would also recall that Dore Schary, the very personification of Democratic party liberalism, introduced the motion for the military budget in Palm Beach. And I'd also comment on the irony that resonates right up to this past week in Europe of those characters who have never met a military budget increase that they favored, but also, also are opposed to any draft. Tell me, if you're not going to be supportive of nuclear weapons, and one grants the vast superiority in conventional forces of the Soviet Union—and you are also going to oppose the draft, or oppose budgets for conventional weaponry—what are you doing but surrendering? So seven years later, there's the irony of European countries which featured all kinds of demonstrations against the U.S. deployment of nuclear weapons growing apprehensive lest the President of the United States accede to Soviet demands on nuclear weapons. Ironic!"

I reminded Perlmutter of his comment when David Saperstein, co-director of the Religious Action Center of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, supported the NAACP's pro-racial quota position and criticized the ADL for being out of step with the Jewish community. Perlmutter had responded: "Kissing backsides isn't the way to strengthen relationships—it's an old and familiar snivel. Understanding between groups doesn't come from patronizing; it comes from an honest and dignified exchange of views."

"Where do you get the nerve to talk like that?" I asked him.

"Lucky, I guess. I don't know. I thought the circumstances were morally offensive. A strange term from somebody like me. Under those circumstances it's best to be yourself and to say it plainly."

The *New York Times* recently wrote of Jesse Jackson's latest attempts to change his image with Jewish voters. Referring to Jackson's apology at the 1984 Democratic National Convention, Perlmutter told the *Times*: "A man can feel genuine remorse, and I am prepared to believe that Jesse Jackson felt genuine remorse. But am I to be brought over because he now abjures anti-Semitism? Does one get rewarded for not being a bigot?"

Nate Perlmutter grew up in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. The family was poor. In his book, *A Bias of Reflections* (Arlington House, 1972), he wrote, "I thought my Aunt Esther was rich because she and my Uncle Max had a stuffed chair."

> We were on relief in the 1930's and while my father was still with us, he worked a shovel for the WPA. My mother was the only woman in the neighborhood who sold ices in the streets. She did it from behind a pushcart that weighed several times her ninety pounds. . . . More than poor, we were innocent. I considered Notary Publics to be Very Important People. . . .

In one chapter he remembered his first pangs of doubt about God. His friend Bernie asked him where he came from. The young Perlmutter answered truthfully. Bernie kept tracing it back and finally said:

> "Now go all the way back. Go back a trillion years. Adam and Eve made the first people. Right? Right. And God made Adam and Eve. Right? Right. But who made God? WHO SCREWED WHO TO MAKE GOD? Who? Huh? Who?"

Perlmutter wrote, "Nightly, for weeks on end, I thought so hard about Bernie's question, my scalp tingled and my hands formed involuntary fists as if clenched they would somehow propel my struggling brain to the Secret of God."

After attending Georgetown University, he earned a law degree at New York University under the G.I. Bill, and in 1949 he went to work for the Anti-Defamation League in Denver. He was deeply involved in fighting for black equality in the South in the late 1950s and early 1960s, and was threatened with death by the Ku Klux Klan and the white citizens' councils. He left the ADL in 1965 to become associate national director of the American Jewish Committee, and in 1969 became vice-president of Brandeis University. In 1973 he returned to the ADL.

I asked Nate Perlmutter: "When and why did you stray off the beaten path?"

"I believe that what appears to have been a turn to the right," he said, "was on social issues. And if I changed on economic issues, that followed later. My wife Ruthie and I lived from 1956 through 1964 in Florida. We were involved in work that involved racism, desegregation. In 1964 we came to New York City for a huge meeting on racial issues. And of course the audience was mostly white, because the subject was racism. Mostly white and well-to-do Jewish. And I was stunned. The *loathing* that poured forth from some of the black speakers against the white liberal community. And the applause that it received. It was as if New York had suddenly opened and we were dropped into a world I didn't know existed. The white liberal community's readiness, the trendiness with which crime, criminal behavior, was forgiven. Because the actor was black. I mean, after all, you can take a Klansman: he's usually poor, uneducated; his parents were poor and uneducated before him, and his children are going to be poor, uneducated. But I don't hear any sociologists, never did, coming around and saying about their behavior, yes, but you've got to understand they have suffered from bla bla bla. That's one issue that led to a parting of the way.

"And then there was the 1972 McGovern-Nixon race. Now you know Richard Nixon is not the kind of fellow that if I were making a movie I would have cast Van Johnson in his role. But the almost physical dislike of Nixon was causing otherwise normal, rational people to be supportive of a man who had absolutely no understanding (or worse, perhaps he did have an understanding) of what the Soviet Union represented. And you reach the point at which you decide that hey, an imperfect democrat, Richard Nixon, a wanting democrat, Richard Nixon, is far, far preferable to somebody who speaks in idealized language about peace and about poverty.

"I said earlier I reached what basically looks like a turn to the right. But I think it was simply consistent with the notion of 'a man's a man' for what he is, regardless of race, color, or creed. I haven't changed in any way on that.

"But there have been changes. Some of the economic panaceas we had been supportive of, not through any reasoned economic theory, but through a feeling—you know, don't just stand there, do something—suddenly we began to understand that some of this stuff simply doesn't work. I mean, think of the billions of dollars that were spent during the Johnson Administration on the poor, the war against poverty. To hear conversation today about what needs to be done would cause you to assume that these are all new ideas, that they haven't been tried before. If money were the answer to poverty, then by now we should have been well on the way to having erased it. But I don't know what spending money has to do with teenage pregnancies; I don't know what spending money has to do with brutish

Mayor Ed Koch: "Surely no one in this century has done more to ecumenically advance understanding among Christians and Jews and all religions than Perlmutter. Nate deserves all the medals and all the tributes a freedom-loving society has to offer."

• • •

Bayard Rustin: "In my experience with Nate, most importantly, he was a person who had absolutely no airs, no pretenses. He was a *mensch*. Over the years, with the conflicts between blacks and Jews, I was always able to talk with him, knowing I would get a deeper feeling of the Jewish aspect of the problem. I always felt I was able to communicate to him the confusions of the black community that are a part of the conflict. I learned; he learned. Despite the conflicts, he and I were always able to agree on the basic issues of principle. Above all this, an educational process took place.

"He always understood that the most secure and lasting way for all Americans to advance in our multicultural society is to depend upon, adhere to, and advance the principles of individual merit.

"Nate was one of the few American leaders who over the years fought against every aspect of bigotry and fought all agencies and institutions advocating bigotry, whether the Ku Klux Klan on the far right or the Communist Party with its proposals for segregated states for blacks on the far left."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behavior in classrooms, or with both the brutes and the intimidated quitting school.

"So I suppose that this kind of, in my view, failure of liberalism to solve that which made us liberals is in part responsible for the apparent change in me, and also for the fact that so-called liberalism lost its way. It had two standards. There was a kind of inverse racism involved in the patronizing approach it had to the poor. The poor could not be white and unshaven and rednecked. There had to be a preferred poor, something you could genuinely bleed over. And I thought that was hypocrisy."

"I suppose if I had an ambition—I never really had ambitions as such—my first would have been to be a writer," Perlmutter told me. "But very fortuitously, wow, luckiest thing that ever happened, at some point early on I knew I would never be of the quality I would feel comfortable with as a writer."

"What do you mean?" I asked him, "You never had ambitions?"

"Well," he said, "people have ambitions. They want to be governor, or this or that. It never occurred to me. Life wasn't that way. It's almost as if one goes through life semi-passively, *semi*-passively, because you're doing what you have to do, and giving it your best shot. And then you become director one day."

"But why civil rights?" I said.

"Well—you see, we're a different generation, David. That's part of the tradition we grew up in. It was a question of justice. You fought anti-Semitism, there was the war, then when I was in Denver they weren't hounding Jews, but the so-called Mexican-American was the low man on the totem pole. We saw it in various environments. Certainly in the South, the circumstances to which blacks were subjected. It seemed as worthwhile, if not a lot more worthwhile, a cause to work on, as divorce or corporate law. Yeah, I think it was as normal as growing up in some parts of the South and throwing hardballs and going into baseball."

In our conversations, I reminded Nate of his remarks about racial quotas in 1980. He said then that at one time quotas were used to keep minorities out of jobs; "today quotas are used to bring minorities in, yet quotas in favor of one group, by definition, mean quotas against others." He referred to a Federal District Court ruling that 50 percent of all new police officers hired by New York City had to be black and Hispanic applicants. He commented, "We don't have quotas for basketball teams or football teams—recognizing the essential ingredient of ability as the primary requisite on the playing field. Is police work less important than basketball?"

In 1987 he reflected: "Somewhere along the line, the mainstream black civil rights organizations, with notable exceptions like Sowell and Loury, made a decision, perhaps an unconscious decision. Were they going to pursue hoped-for fellowships, or were they going to concentrate more of their efforts on self-help? Well, self-help is not a popular political program. And yes, there was the sense some of these groups were not being fully responsive to the needs of the black community by crying racism with the same sense of anguish and indignation that they used in the middle 1950s. It was almost as if there was something gauche in taking note of the progress that had been made.

"Now on quotas. There was an almost nonresponse to the *Johnson* decision of the Supreme Court a few months ago, in which sex, *qua* sex, was reason enough for a person getting a job and for another person being deprived of a job. Now that relates to race, because before the law they are both in the area of civil rights. If because of your race, you are automatically entitled to a job, the quota system by definition means that if you are going to get a share, somebody else is not going to get a share. Compassion, and I'm using the word ironically—I'm not using it in any way that would suggest respect—compassion for the so-called 'underprivileged' is endangering us to the point where we are placing as precedents in law, racial preferences. And that's back to square one.

"Of course for Jews it's an irony of a very special sort. Because Jews, in their compassion, accept racial and religious proportionality. The anti-Semite, whose motivation is anti-Semitism, may nonetheless have some facts. What do I mean? The anti-Semite who makes charges about Jewish domination of law, ivy league faculties, medicine—his motivation is hostile, but his facts are right. And for Jews to accept precedents that establish entitlements based on race, color, or creed is really an act of self-immolation."

Nate Perlmutter's great-uncle was the Chief Rabbi of Warsaw, Rabbi Avraham Zvi Perlmutter. Rabbi Perlmutter was selected to represent the Jewish community of Warsaw at the *sejm*, the Polish parliament. Dr. Isaac Lewin wrote that in 1919,

> Rabbi Perlmutter . . . demanded that Poland should be built upon democratic foundations, a republic whose government is responsible to the parliament. The Jews must enjoy full equality. . . . Religion must not be an obstacle to assuming positions in government. . . .

In response to the pogroms that occurred in Poland in 1919, the Rabbi said:

> "The Jew is not straw which is bent over by every little wind. No, the Jew is an oak tree which proudly lifts its head to the sky. . . . We believe that the time will come when the Jewish sovereignty will again be established in Jerusalem."

Dr. Lewin commented: "The venerable rabbi . . . said that Jews would not permit anyone to rob them of their rights as citizens. . . . This militant tone was not the tone of the other Jewish representatives . . ."

Nate Perlmutter was an expert on thoroughbred horses. He raised and raced them. His book, *How to Win Money at the Races*, was a best-seller and is in its fifteenth printing. He said about his feelings at the races: "It's very aesthetic when you win." He wrote in *National Review* of owning a racehorse, Ruthie's Native ("Ruthie, because that's my partner's name"). He described the Saratoga racetrack at 6 a.m.:

> The morning mist sitting heavily on the stretch turn, its grey lap muffling the clippety-clop of pounding hooves, and lo! emerging from deep within the wet greyness, triumphantly shedding the clinging dark, is your horse, drum-rolling down the stretch, growing larger as he looms closer, coloring as he distances the leaden fog.

He asked, "Why would an otherwise square couple . . . jump from the secure threshold of their middle age into the . . . uncertainties of thoroughbred ownership?" And he answered:

> I'll tell you why. . . . I lunched with a friend I hadn't seen in years. . . . He told me that suddenly in retirement he had the unwelcome time in which to ask himself if his life had been a good time. "That's what it all comes down to when you're my age, looking down the hill you came up. Was it fun, or could you have done without it?"
>
> And he answered himself, because he was really talking to himself. "It hasn't been fun. It just hasn't been fun. It has hurt. . . .
>
> "Remember how when we were kids, the Who am I, What am I questions that'd keep us awake? Well, I'm at it again. Instead of going fishing or writing that forty-year-delayed novel, I'm back at position one, only I'm no longer an adolescent, and the pain is in *knowing* that I'll never be a fireman, never a cowboy."

Ruth Perlmutter told me in June: "I'm told that when I was in my baby carriage, Nate stole my bottle. . . . In high school, I wouldn't look at him. He had this friend Cockeye Georgie, who used to look up girls' dresses. Why would I go out with a nogoodnik like that? We met again later. I was 19, he was 20. When we married, we had exactly seven cents between us.

"Many years later, I became director of the social service department of the Workmen's Circle, working with immigrants. My predecessor had kept old handwritten files going back forty years about the families that came to the Workmen's Circle for help in settling in America.

"And there in the files was the account of Nate's mother and father before the rift between them. His father left when Nate was sixteen. My predecessor had tried to help heal the rift between the parents. She had taken Nate and his brother and sent them to a public home for children, so that the parents could have time alone to work things out. Take off the pressure of these two very rambunctious little boys.

"But Nate didn't like it. One day he was standing outside the home. He looked at his brother and he said, 'Let's go.' And they left.

"He was the leader." □

William F. Buckley, Jr.: "Nate did a lot for his friends by merely befriending them. He was built that way. Leo Cherne is the same way. But Nate also did a lot to blow away the ridiculous wall that some of his predecessors had erected between the Jewish movement for racial toleration and the conservative movement. There was no reason for that wall, and Nate blasted it away, a great public service fit for a Medal of Freedom winner."

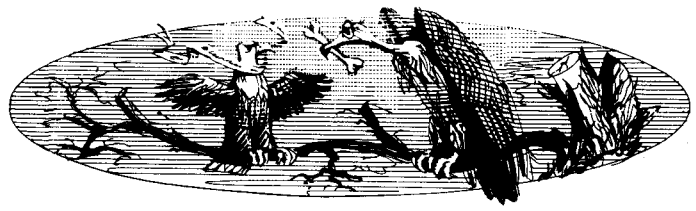
• • •

Nat Hentoff: "What immediately comes to mind about Nate is that all the time I knew him he was utterly consistent on civil liberties matters—and that is a rare phenomenon. Because even most professional civil libertarians sometimes let ideology get in the way of a strict construction of the Bill of Rights. Also, anybody who understands and admires Merle Haggard is a true friend of liberty."

• • •

Lucy S. Dawidowicz: "In my lifetime and Nate's, when we were still young and unseasoned, the ground on which Jews stood gave way, and swallowed up millions of us. . . . Nate was our advocate. He gave us courage. He did this better than anyone I have ever known. . . . Now that Nate is gone, the world will become a more dangerous place without him."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NINE FOR BASEBALL*

by Victor Gold

As a cultural genre, the insider's baseball diary came into its own not with Jim Bouton's *Ball Four* (as New York literary scholars would have us believe), but a decade earlier, in 1960, with Jim Brosnan's *The Long Season*. Brosnan, easily the most literate baseball player in the history of the game—a category that includes not only Bouton but ex-minor league infielder Mario Cuomo—gave fans a witty yet candid view of the national pastime in a book that broke new ground for jock letters in three areas: first, the author didn't wear a New York uniform; second, he didn't play for a championship team but for the St. Louis Cardinals of the late 1950s, a forlorn club with a less-than-compelling story line; third, he defied all sports convention by choosing to write the book himself.

Clearly, Brosnan's account of locker-room life with a bunch of losers was bound to provoke a backlash. Baseball traditionalists, beyond even those of the Sportswriters' Ghost & Collaborators Guild, took offense. Asked for a critique, Cardinal manager Solly Hemus peevishly replied, "If you think the book is funny, you should see the guy pitch." Others protested Brosnan's irreverent style, arguing that his portrayal of his Cardinal teammates as something less than ideal role models for American youth did the country a disservice.

Ah, those Belle Epoque summers of the 1950s, before the advent of the counter-cultural enlightenment. In the nearly three decades since *The Long Season* pierced the locker room wall, the spit-and-tell player's chronicle has become a publishing cliché, sometimes banal, other times titillating, but taken as a pop art form, a fair reflection of the state of the game. So it is that, by 1987 standards, Brosnan's seminal work, with nary a reference to labor-management problems, renegotiated contracts, or drug rehab, reads like booster material from the Commissioner's office.

Two of this season's crop of baseball books, Billy Martin's *Billyball* and Whitey Ford's *Slick*, are redolent of the good old days, when the worst offense committed by a member of the Yankee organization against public sensibility was the field manager's syntax. Indeed, one can only wonder how long Casey Stengel might have lasted as Yankee manager had George Steinbrenner been the team's plantation owner in those years. My offhand guess: long enough for Master George to find sufficient cause to fire a field foreman with the audacity to get more sports page coverage than his boss. Say, until the end of the 1955 season when, after winning six world championships in succession, 1949-54, Stengel's Yankees finally lost a seven-game Series to the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Martin, of course, is the star witness in that regard. Four times hired, four times fired by Steinbrenner—maybe five, if Lou Piniella falters in the season's autumn money months—Martin devotes this, his second book of Billy-lore, to his career as a manager for Oakland, Texas, Minnesota, Detroit, the Yankees, etc. etc. But he does take time along the way to evoke memories of his playing days in the fifties, as when he describes a teammate: "As a player," writes Martin of Whitey Ford, "nothing ever bothered him. He never had an ego. . . . If you had to win one game, you wanted Whitey pitching for you. If he messed up and lost a game, you'd never hear him complain, you'd never hear him alibi, you'd never hear him blame anybody else for losing. He'd just say, 'Hey, I screwed up. I'll get them next time.' "

An interesting character study coming from a Billy Martin who, as a manager at least, had/has an ego commensurate with his old Yankee numeral—No. 1—and who otherwise set the standard for the 1970s and eighties in complaints, alibis, and blame-shifting. No denying, however, that as a player Billy the Kid produced when it counted, submerging his ego in the team concept prevalent in those years. He was Stengel's favorite, a hustling overachiever popular with both his teammates and the fans; though not popular enough to survive the publicity fallout from what came to be known as the Copacabana Incident.

Consider: Billy is celebrating his 29th birthday, a night on the town at one of Manhattan's glitz spas, with Ford, Mickey Mantle, Hank Bauer, and their wives. Words are exchanged with a group of loudmouths at the next table. A one-punch fight takes place in a hallway. The press picks up the story and the birthday boy gets blamed for starting it all.

Poor Billy, born thirty years too soon. If something like that were to happen to a young athlete who played on a championship team today—say, in Shea Stadium—the Incident would get him a standing ovation when he took his first turn at the plate, after a meeting with Commissioner Peter Ueberroth (a $500 fine) and an appearance in court (thirty days of community service, lecturing inner-city youth gangs on the social evil of rumbling in nightclubs). Instead, given the simplistic sports ethic of the Eisenhower era, Martin was summarily traded from the Yankees to Kansas City within a month of the Incident; a draconian response by modern lights, one sure to bring on arbitration, litigation, and editorial castigation from the para-sociologists of contemporary sports journalism. (*Is there no compassion in the philistine Yankee front office? No comprehension*

**Billy Ball*, by Billy Martin and Phil Pepe. Doubleday, $16.95; *Slick: My Life In and Around Baseball*, by Whitey Ford with Phil Pepe. Morrow, $16.95; *Nails: The Inside Story of an Amazin' Season*, by Lenny Dykstra with Marty Noble. Doubleday, $15.95; *If at First . . .*, by Keith Hernandez and Mike Bryan. Penguin, $4.95; *Dr. K*, by Dwight Gooden with Richard Woodley. Dell $3.95; *Bats: The Man Behind the Miracle*, by Davey Johnson with Peter Golenbock. Bantam, $3.95; *A Dream Season*, by Gary Carter and John Hough, Jr. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $15.95; *Rocket Man: The Roger Clemens Story*, by Roger Clemens with Peter Gammon. Stephen Greene Press, $15.95; *Players' Choice*, by Eugene V. and Roger A. McCaffrey. Facts on File, $16.95.

Victor Gold is The American Spectator*'s new National Correspondent.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that what we have here is an athlete in mid-career crisis, crying out, "Stop me, before I brawl again"?)

If there is a baseball team on today's scene that attracts the national media attention the Yankees drew in the 1950s it is the Mets, and if there is a latter-day equivalent of scrappy Billy Martin it is the Mets' Lenny Dykstra, called "Nails" by teammates and fans. Why "Nails"? For one thing, the nickname "Kid" had already been pre-empted by a teammate with seniority, Gary Carter. For another, Dykstra has what his publicist calls "play-hard-and-get-dirty" style, an image that he cultivates not by off-the-field nightclub scuffling but by demeanor and, as his double-X-rated diary of the 1986 season shows, his language.

Short takes from the Book of "Nails":

Page 1. "So there was Wally on first, and the Astros were p----d big-time.

Page 2. "The passed ball had to worry Smith, too. And if he started thinking back to how we came from behind to beat them a couple of times in the regular season, he must have realized he was getting into some serious s--t."

Page 3. "I was rag'd—rag'd means p----d off."

Page 7. "Hey, I admit I'm *not* a home run hitter. But some people—some a------s—think I'm too small to hit any home runs. . . . That's kinda what made it all so crazy—me hitting a home run. S--t, it was so crazy."

Readers at this point, early in the book, will begin to detect a certain lav wall repetition to Dykstra's narrative of what went through his mind during the Mets' championship season. Be patient, however. There are deeper, philosophical ruminations to come, as when "Nails" contemplates the fate of another young New York baseball star, the Yankees' Bucky Dent:

Page 10. "I guess he got what I got—instant fame. Big-time. He was doing commercials. I heard he was in a TV movie. And I heard it might have screwed up his life a little, all the instant fame. . . . I had to be careful not to get bogged down with all that s--t. Hey, it's a great time to make money. But you've got to be careful not to let everything get in the way. You've still got a family and a career. And if you f--k up those things, what good is all the money you make?"

What good indeed, considering the nagging vicissitudes of a big-time baseball career. "Nails," who came to the Mets from Southern California ("The Padres were horse---- when I was growing up"), ponders the lot of other ballplayers, like Alan Wiggins ("I guess he got f----d up with drugs for a while") and his friend, Billy Beane, traded to the Minnesota Twins:

Page 15. "Billy was gone. Trades s--k, man, unless you go someplace where you get a better chance to play. It's great to come up in one organization and stay there. Trades can s--k."

Enough. The point is made, I think, that Lenny Dykstra, as those who follow the Mets already know, has a dirty mouth, both literally and figuratively. As he comes to the plate—jaw packed, tobacco juice drooling down stubbled chin—there is a calculated vulgarism about him which, unless one understands the public relations context Dykstra works in, is surprising. In another era, with a different P.R. specialist or playing with a different team, "Nails," with his boyish Huck Finn looks, might have made the Wheaties box as the All-American role model. The catch, however—sign of the times and place—is that the audience Dykstra plays to isn't All-American. It

All-New York; or, to be fair to that city's civilized minority, the particular demographic segment of New York City that now makes attendance at Met games a venture into the Animal Kingdom.

"If I played for the Mets," a visiting Houston Astro said early this season, "I'd draw the line on my wife and kids coming to a ball game." There is the odor, of course, the smell of the crowd—wafting marijuana smoke and cascading beer—and the home field chants (though grunts would seem a more appropriate term). "Scott ain't s--t, Scott ain't s--t" over a nine-inning span might not get to the Houston pitcher, but it does tell American provincials who visit the Animal Kingdom that, at some point since Casey Stengel's tenure as manager of the lovable early Mets, New York sports fans stepped over the line from simple arrogance to errant slobbery. A tape of Frank Sinatra singing "New York, New York" is spun between innings, but the true *Zeitgeist* of the scene would be more accurately captured by random selections from the repertoire of the late, lamented Sid Vicious or any passing skinhead group.

Nevertheless, for bad or worse, New York remains New York, the capital of the American publishing world. Keith Hernandez was part of a World Series-winning team as a Cardinal in 1982, but no book was forthcoming. Playing in New York in 1985, however, Hernandez got a book offer—as did Mets manager Davey Johnson—at the outset of the season, before the team had won anything. But '85, you see, was the year the Mets were *supposed* to win the National League pennant and the Series—a strong enough premise for an advance on a baseball diary for a player in the Big Apple, if not one in the Middle American hinterlands.

What happened in 1985, however, was that the Cardinals—or as "Nails" would have it, "the f-----g Cardinals"—got hot, and denied the Mets and their budding authors a place in the sun. *If at First . . .* and Johnson's *Bats* are pocketbook re-issues of diaries covering the 1985 Mets championship year-that-wasn't, with added chapters covering the winning season that followed. Dwight Gooden's *Dr. K*, originally published in 1985 as *Rookie*, is another publishing redundancy, re-issued to cash in on the "amazing" season (though ill-timed, as it turned out, because of Gooden's drug problem, revealed in 1987 after the book had already gone to press with the following Gooden lines about "the fast life": "This past year, both at home and on the road, I didn't go out much. . . . I was real careful to stay in condition. Maybe after a special game that we won, or I won, I'd go out with a couple of players and have a beer or two").

Finally, there is Gary Carter's inside view of the game and what he and his collaborator saw as *A Dream Season*. The Kid. He is, by reputation, the biggest hot dog in the league, a chronic grandstander, showboat, and bow-taker. But for all that there isn't one—not one—expletive in the Mets catcher's diary. Amazing, truly amazing. If they meant for it to sell in the Animal Kingdom, some New York editor obviously f----d up.

• • •

Extra Innings: For fans whose interest in the national pastime isn't limited to the ecstasies and agonies of New York players and managers, *Rocket Man*, Roger Clemens's story of the rise and inevitable collapse of the 1986 Boston Red Sox, is recommended reading, along with the McCaffrey brothers' *Players' Choice*, a unique survey that finds 600 major leaguers voting on their all-time favorite players. ☐

This Autumn's Lowest Priced Ticket To France

You'll think you're there . . . listening to the radio with ***Champs-Elysées***, the exciting audio-magazine from France. Recorded entirely in idiomatic French by a team of top European broadcasters, ***Champs-Elysées*** features conversation about current affairs, travel, the arts and entertainment along with interviews and a sampling of today's best contemporary French music. As an aid to comprehension, each 45-minute program comes with a printed French transcription and an extensive French-English vocabulary section.

Champs-Elysées®

Subscribe now and receive the Autumn '87-Spring '88 series (a total of 14 editions) for just $118. Or, if you prefer, order only the Autumn '87 series for $69 (7 editions). *You'll receive a new issue twice-monthly beginning in early September.*

Please send me ☐ Autumn and Spring ☐ Autumn only

To order by VISA or MasterCard or for more information call: 1-800-824-0829.
In Tennessee and Alaska call collect: 615-383-8534

Print Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax.

TO: ***Champs-Elysées***, Dept. X3
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067

Do not sent cash. © 1987, CHAMPS-ELYSEES, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUSH-BASHING

by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

One of the most disappointing things about that sometimes puzzling phenomenon called the conservative movement is the jellyfish way it has of breaking up into sticky, disagreeable bits of astringent gunk just when it seems on the verge of forming an effective, cohesive mass. As the Reagan Administration fights the undertow of Irangate, and as the fishing fleet for the 1988 GOP nomination gets under way, many of my fellow conservatives are again indulging this lamentably coelenterate tendency toward stinging fragmentation. To add to the aquatic analogy, the behavior of some of them also bears a morbid resemblance to that of Siamese fighting fish, those colorful, scrappy little creatures who reserve their best efforts for killing or maiming each other, rather than taking on enemy species. Today, more than ever, too many conservatives who ought to know better have fallen victim to what, for brevity's sake, might be called the Siamese Jellyfish Syndrome.

In an uncharacteristically bilious piece, published in this magazine last month ("Conservative Bird, Liberal Bush"), Tom Bethell, a usually reasoned and articulate advocate of conservative principles, dived into the Siamese Jellyfish tank with a resounding bellyflop. After dismissing President Ronald Reagan as an amiable but mindless dupe in the hands of the American business community, the Republican "country club set," and the liberal media establishment, he proceeded to savage the President's heir presumptive, Vice President George Bush, branding him a feeble pawn incapable of being elected. Then, for good measure, Mr. Bethell denounced the only other contender for the Republican presidential nomination with more than minuscule popular support, Senate Republican leader Robert Dole, as a man with no ideological compass who "cannot be trusted."

Having vented his spleen and, in the process, having written off the two men whose combined support represents an overwhelming majority within GOP grassroots ranks, Mr. Bethell waxed poetic about Rep. Jack Kemp. Mr. Kemp, he told us, is a candidate "brimming over with ideas" who "alone among the Republican candidates would bring about the long-delayed realignment of the party." The fact that Jack Kemp, who has been in hot pursuit of the 1988 nomination for nearly eight years now, still has trouble winning much more than single-digit support among Republican voters (even General Haig, whom hardly anyone takes seriously, does better than Jack Kemp) fails to dampen his ardor. Nor does the fact that Rep. Kemp performs dismally when matched against potential Democratic rivals in polls of the general electorate reduce Mr. Bethell's rather touching faith that "Kemp would defeat any Democrat in the general election . . ."

As a conservative Republican myself, I see no ideal candidate on the horizon. Dream candidates, after all, are the stuff that political pipe dreams, not real-life political realignments, are made of. There are a number of pluses and minuses to all of the current contenders for the GOP nomination. Expecting a perfect ideological fit (which usually means a politically crippling straitjacket) when it comes to party nominees makes about as much sense as waiting for Mr. Goodbar at a sleazy singles bar. You're usually better off if your dream doesn't come true.

My own view, and I suspect it is shared by most Republicans, many independents, and probably a majority of American conservatives, is that Messrs. Bush and Dole (as well as several minor candidates including Jack Kemp) could all be supported in good conscience against anyone the Democratic party is likely to throw at us in 1988. The bottom line question, and answering it need not involve badmouthing any of the credible GOP contenders, is which among them is most likely to carry on the far from finished business of the Reagan-GOP agenda. This, in turn, can only be done by the candidate or candidates capable of holding together enough of the fluid coalition of regular GOP voters, Southern and Southwestern Democrats, and blue-collar and independent moderates and conservatives that swept Ronald Reagan into office in 1980 and again in 1984. It would also be a nice *soupçon* if the candidate we ultimately choose is strongly qualified on the basis of experience, judgment, maturity, and a reasoned sense of national priorities, with a minimum of crank notions either unacceptable to, or of little interest to, the electorate (e.g., a return to the gold standard, empty blustering against South Africa, rhetorical courting of hostile blocs of the electorate without any prospect of winning their votes, or generally preaching to a small choir over the heads of the general electorate).

So far, George Bush and Bob Dole have demonstrated the best potential for doing this. Jack Kemp, for all of his repeated pounding of pet themes (only the late, unlamented Gary Hartpence had a larger larder of "new ideas," and he has long since vanished from the political scene in a cloud of cheesecake), seems no closer to the nomination today than he was eight years ago. To borrow a phrase from Mr. Bethell, it is the Kemp candidacy, far more than the Bush or Dole candidacies, that is an "inside the Beltway" phenomenon, the parochial preserve of a small band of professional ideologues, most of them based in Washington, which has yet to generate any substantial support at the grassroots level.

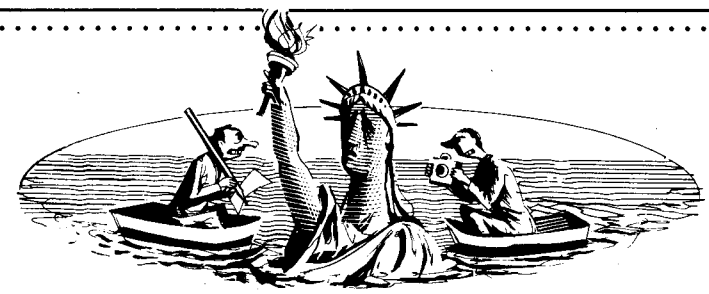
This is *not* grounds for writing off Jack Kemp. He has many ideas, some of which are good and all of which deserve a serious hearing. It *is* grounds for Mr. Bethell and the rest of the relatively small band of Kemp partisans to concentrate on selling their candidate to a so-far unresponsive electorate (something they have shown little aptitude for), instead of engaging in vitriolic attacks on more successful rivals. This is especially true of those who, like Vice President Bush, have loyally supported the Reagan agenda and demonstrated their ability to attract continued support for it, as well as their own candidacies.

Come out of the Siamese Jellyfish tank, Tom Bethell, and get back into the political mainstream. The water may not be fine, but it's the only navigable route to the presidency and the political realignment to which you, like the rest of us in the conservative movement, are passionately committed. □

Aram Bakshian, Jr., a former aide to President Reagan, writes and broadcasts frequently on politics, history, and the arts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRESSWATCH



SPIKES AND INOUYENDOES

by Michael Ledeen

Sometimes it's the small acts of nastiness that tell us the most about a person. Eight years ago, when I was interviewing people for a book I co-wrote about Carter and the fall of the Shah of Iran, I spent some time with a European businessman who had been one of the lucky guests at the Shah's orgies. Girls were flown in by chartered Concorde for the occasions, and at one of these affairs the Shah had given a lovely Parisian woman a spectacular emerald, which she wore for the entire weekend. He kissed her goodbye as she left for the airport, and when she went to board the Concorde for the return flight, the customs agent removed the jewel. My European laughed heartily as he told me the story. He had intended to tell me something about the Shah (and he had), but he also told me a great deal about himself.

So it is with the *Washington Post*, a newspaper that in recent months has given up all pretense of being respectable, and has instead revealed itself as a vulgar political sheet. I expect that years from now people will look back at the spring and summer of 1987 as the beginning of the end for this publication, which once inspired an entire generation of American journalists.

On June 19, the *Post* ran two stories—one on top of the other—that related to Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams. The top one was headlined "Iran Probers Say 3 Didn't Tell Full Truth; Testimony of Secord, Abrams, Hall Faulted." It is the usual *Post* special by two experts in innuendo (Dan Morgan and Walter Pincus): a totally undocumented claim, citing unnamed sources. Just underneath this bit of fluff we find a UPI story with a little headline: "Abrams Misses Hill Appearance, Cites Schedule." In this five-paragraph tale we learn that Abrams sent a deputy to George Crockett's House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Western Hemisphere Affairs, and the UPI story pointed out that Abrams "would have been put under oath by a Democratic Chairman who questions his veracity."

Although Abrams had a perfectly good excuse (a meeting with Oscar Arias, the president of Costa Rica), the clear implication was that Abrams didn't want to testify. Abrams didn't care for that, and he complained to the *Post*'s ombudsman, Joe Laitin, who replied dryly that it wasn't the *Post*'s fault; he should complain to UPI. Laitin probably didn't realize that the *Post*'s spikers had been at work. They had neatly snipped a one-sentence paragraph from the UPI original that read: "Abrams appeared before two congressional panels Wednesday, his first congressional appearances since his testimony to the Iran-Contra panel." So whatever else one wanted to say about the event, it was clearly wrong to leave the implication that Abrams was reluctant to testify before Congress. But the *Post* wanted that implication to remain, and hence removed the offending words.

Bigger and Better Spikes

These little spikelets show the sort of reflexes that journalists and editors develop when they work for the *Post*,

something that will not surprise those who have followed the coverage of the Iran-contra hearings. At times the *Post*'s "reportage" was so bad that one had to wonder if there weren't actually two separate events broadcast, so different was the coverage from what one saw on television. Take, for example, the descriptions of two successive days of questioning of Ollie North provided by the *Post*'s main "news analyst" of the hearings, Mr. Haynes Johnson. Of the questioning of North by John W. Nields, Jr. on Wednesday, July 8, Johnson wrote:

> Oliver L. North was on the offensive yesterday, and for much of the extraordinarily emotional Iran-contra hearing day proved to be the best lawyer in his own defense. It was his day in court. . . .
>
> In the morning, he was combative and indignant as he sought to disprove charges that he had profited personally from Iran-contra deals. . . .
>
> But as the day wore on, the tone of the hearings shifted. North's repeated assertions of absolute assurance and of always acting for a higher cause clearly began to wear on the committees. The day concluded with a stern catalog of North's actions in participating in lies to Congress and the public from chief counsel John W. Nields Jr. of the House select committee.

The next day, July 9, North was questioned by Arthur Liman, and Johnson's "analysis" was strikingly similar to his evaluation of the preceding day:

> The morning was all his, and Oliver L. North knew it. So, it seems, did the country. Even as North continued his strong self-defense of his Iran-contra role, a room in the Senate Russell Office Building was filling with flowers . . . and citizen supporters were literally [?] offering checks for his defense to Capitol guards. . . .
>
> Then it changed. As the morning was North's, the afternoon belonged to Arthur Liman, the litigator from New York who is chief counsel of the Senate select committee. After three hours answering Liman's questions, North's demeanor was transformed. The bravado had become hesitancy; the assured Marine suddenly seemed very alone.

Johnson was seeing what he wished to see, not what had transpired. On both days, the counsels for the joint committee had set out to destroy North, and on both days they failed. Nields played the bad cop, Liman the good cop, but neither stratagem succeeded. Nields's failure was so manifest that within 24 hours even members of the committees were criticizing him; Liman so antagonized the public that he received some of the most vicious hate mail (and calls) in recent memory. And North, although admitting shredding, lying, and otherwise deceiving scores of people around the world, had effectively made his case. As polls would show a few days later, he had done what Ronald Reagan had not: rallied public support for the contras.

To get an accurate picture of North's effectiveness, one had to read the analyses of the *Post*'s television columnists. And even when it was over, Haynes Johnson wanted to pretend that the result would be other than what it clearly was. On Bastille Day, July 14, Johnson finally admitted that North's impact on American public opinion was the greatest any military leader had made since General MacArthur's great performance in 1951. But instead of recognizing that North's testimony had fundamentally changed the nature of the hearings, and threatened to provoke a backlash against the more outspoken members of the committees, Johnson wrote:

> The drama was distracting, as Sen William S. Cohen (R-Maine) suggested. But Cohen added:
>
> "Long after the sheer force of your personality has faded from this room . . . I think the American people are going to be left to deal with the policy implications of what has occurred and what's been said in this room."

Fair enough. But the drama was hardly "distracting": it was the main event.

The Inouye Misdirection

Senator Daniel Inouye came to the hearings with a remarkable reputation. A World War II hero, widely considered a highly moral and fair-minded man, he seemed to be the perfect chairman of the Senate Select Committee.

Michael Ledeen is senior fellow in international affairs at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet between July 10 and July 12, he made two outrageously misleading statements. First, he claimed that he had been informed by General William Odom of the NSA that the joint committees had not leaked any classified information. Then, on a weekend talk show, he suggested that "there is an important document in which [Poindexter] says, 'I briefed the President, the President agrees on the use of these residuals [from the sale of weapons to Iran] . . . for other purposes.' "

Both statements turned out to be false. The *Washington Times* produced a world scoop by publishing a letter from Odom to Inouye in which Odom sharply remarked that during the committee hearings "there have been . . . references to intercepts which call attention to existence of SIGINT and, therefore, trouble me about potential for future leaks. . . . I do not . . . believe you have accurately conveyed in your public references to me what I actually said about leaks." And it turned out that Poindexter's memorandum had no reference to "residuals" or excess funds from the weapons sale to the Iranians.

This time, to its credit, the *Washington Post* gave full and accurate coverage to the challenges to Inouye's remarks about the residuals (although it of course neglected to report the scoop by its mortal enemy, the *Washington Times*).

Medal of Honor to the *New York Times*

The *New York Times* has made lots of mistakes in its coverage of the Iran-contra affair. But, unique in a world where people and institutions downplay their errors (when they are admitted at all), the *Times* was willing to go to great lengths to correct its mistakes. In what must be the biggest voluntary correction in the history of modern publishing, Fox Butterfield wrote an enormous, two-column front-page article on July 13 ("A Correction: Times Was in Error On North's Secret Fund Testimony; Colonel, at Hearings, Has Not Said That President Was to Be Kept in the Dark About the Project"). And the story said precisely what the headline said. I salute Fox Butterfield and the *Times*, especially because, so far as I can establish, the error was discovered by the newspaper's own editors, and was not pointed out by critics, lawyers, or Ollie North. That's just as it should be. Will this be a one-time event, or is there hope for American journalism after all?

Last and Least . . . the Prophet Kinsley

Michael Kinsley, who edits the *New Republic*, must go down as one of the worst prophets in modern times. He has been predicting a new Great Depression for six years, even as the stock market establishes record after record, and refuses to budge from his now clearly erroneous economic visions. Undeterred by this blow to his mystic powers, he has now given us a new forecast, this time in the field of American public opinion. Writing in early July, Kinsley consults his tea leaves and pronounces:

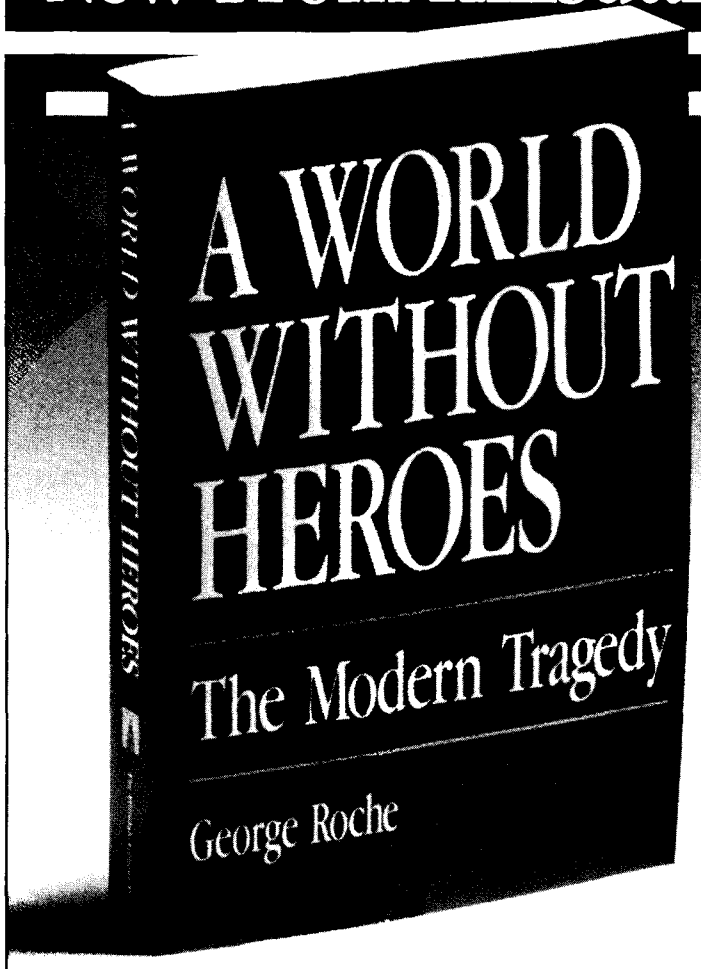
> A year from now, no one will be talking much about AIDS anymore. That's not a prediction about the course of the disease. . . . It's not the announcement of a cure or a prediction that something even worse will come along.
>
> It's simply an assertion that something else will come along. Our culture is incapable of maintaining the current level of hysteria about any one thing much longer. Remember nuclear war? Remember drugs? Oh, AIDS is worse? So you say now. As recently as 1983, nuclear war threatened the future of all human life. What's worse than that?

Shall we tell him? Why not. The answer, Michael, is as follows:

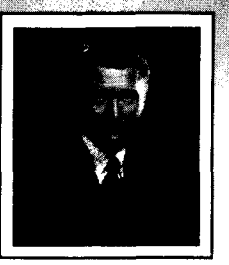
Something that actually kills is a lot worse than something (the nuclear deterrent) that keeps the peace.

But let's remember to send Michael a Safe Sex kit next Bastille Day. □

New From Hillsdale College Press



A World Without Heroes
The Modern Tragedy
By George Roche
Foreword By Russell Kirk



In an exhaustive, scholarly treatment of modern intellectual trends, author and educator George Roche reveals how science has been hijacked by the secularists and how their ethos of moral relativism robs us of anything worth striving for, worth fighting for, worth dying for.

***A World Without Heroes* takes careful aim at the ideas that have shrivelled the will of the West and the faith of millions, harshly rebukes secular humanism as the most dehumanizing force of our modern age, and offers a ringing defense of Christianity that is at once humorous, insightful and uncompromising.**

"A book the likes of which we have not seen in nearly a century: a genuine moral/cultural essay. And what George Roche has to say is not only profoundly true, it is thoroughly energizing and inspiriting."
Midge Decter, Executive Director
The Committee For a Free World

"George Roche's ***A World Without Heroes*** extends his reputation as a writer and our debt to him as a teacher and galvanizer. A most heartily welcome addition to his work."
William F. Buckley, Jr., Editor
National Review

"***A World Without Heroes*** is a trumpet call for constructive engagement in the social crisis by those who refuse to discard the wisdom of the ages in a time of civilizational turmoil. Well written, cognitively sturdy; it champions truth and the good in a transitory time when relativism tightens its stranglehold on the inherited values of the past."
Carl F. H. Henry, Founding Editor
Christianity Today

Visa and MasterCard Orders Only/Call 800-253-3200, Ext. 801

ALSO BY GEORGE ROCHE

Going Home
George Roche's first novel—about growing up in the rough and tumble last days of the American frontier and an old man's discovery of serenity and "the face of God" in the Colorado Rockies.

America By The Throat
A blistering attack on red tape from George Roche—who resigned as chairman of the Presidentially appointed National Commission on Educational Research in protest over bureaucratic inertia.

YES! PLEASE SEND THE BOOKS INDICATED:

____ A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Hardbound) @ $17.95 ..... $____
____ A WORLD WITHOUT HEROES (Softbound) @ $12.95 ..... $____
____ GOING HOME (Hardbound) @ $12.95 ..... $____
____ AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Hardbound) @ $14.95 ..... $____
____ AMERICA BY THE THROAT (Softbound) @ $5.00 ..... $____

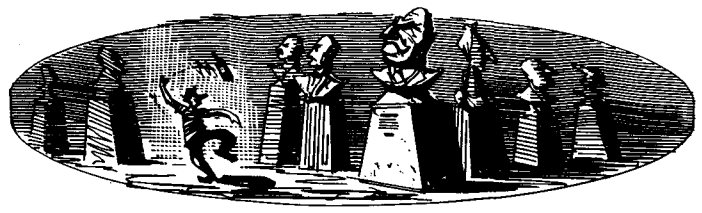
My full payment is enclosed for ..... $____
(Free shipping! Michigan residents add 4% sales tax.)

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
ZIP

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
HILLSDALE, MICHIGAN 49242
AS9

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMINENTOES



JUDE THE SEMI-OBSCURE

by Dave Shiflett

Jude Wanniski's hacked off at the nation's hacks. He says they love to read and gossip about his *MediaGuide,*[1] but when it comes to writing about the 372-page "gourmet guide to the news," most of them clam up. In fact, until the *New York Times Book Review* finally reviewed the guide on July 12, Wanniski had a non-book on his hands.

Friend and foe alike have been mum, even the *Wall Street Journal*, where Wanniski distinguished himself as an editorial writer. According to Wanniski, the *Journal* actually commissioned a review, then refused to run it because it was negative. "The *Wall Street Journal* has no comment," a spokesman responds. Wanniski became so perplexed that he sent a letter to major editors requesting at least a mention of his brainchild. If this seems like an extreme measure, think how you'd feel if you had written a book about writers that the writers refused to write about.

Now that the *Times* has flown off the wire, other papers may follow. Yet a question still remains. What is it about the *MediaGuide* that inspires such thunderous nonchalance?

The sometimes savvy Reed Irvine speaks for the mob when he dismisses the book as "idiosyncratic," a "flawed effort," nothing more than "the opinion of Jude Wanniski and a couple of people who work for him." This might all be true. Then again, what isn't idiosyncratic and flawed? The *AIM Report*? As for opinions, Wanniski's are as good as anyone's. He is, after all, a journalist who has made a difference, having pushed supply-side economics —he named the stuff—right into the national consciousness. He's as qualified as anyone to criticize the media.

And even if you think the *MediaGuide* is a stupid book with little or no merit, that doesn't justify ignoring it. After all, book reviewers love to destroy other people's work, and Wanniski painted a big target on his belly, lashed himself to a post, and gave the order to fire. Few have bothered. The *Times* review, while certainly welcome, did not appear to be the result of an in-depth reading. For instance, the reviewer completely overlooked the prominent place given the *Washington Times* and *Insight* magazine. Every nuance went unnoticed. The subtle humor, the pathos and bathos—all was run down by an apparent speed-reader.

Is this Wanniski's fault? Has he birthed a cur so nondescript that it's not even worth a hug or a good kick? Or are reviewers ignoring a work of genius, a supreme act of the imagination? Maybe Wanniski didn't really set out to produce "A Critical Review of the News Media's Recent Coverage of the World Political Economy." Maybe book review editors who think he did are the same types who thought Swift was really proposing to eat the children of the poor.

Wanniski shows the satirist's hand from the start, when he rolls out the justification for this pulpwood repackaging project:

•"To a businessman about to be interviewed by a reporter from *BusinessWeek* or the *Wall Street Journal*, or a political candidate about to be interviewed by the reporter for the *Times* or *Post*, it's always useful to have a bit of background on the interviewer, if only for opening small talk to break the ice."

•The eighty-four-page biographical section at the back of the book—in which the hacks list their job titles, birthdates, education, kudos, and suchlike—"will be used by journalists to help identify each other for career or social purposes. . . . A common trait of journalists is that they rarely ask biographical questions of each other; members of the Washington press corps will know each other for years without realizing they're from the same town or college."

•"The material is designed to sharpen the reader's sense of the news flow, the process of news communication, how it is being altered to adapt to the fast-changing national and political economy."

Wanniski, by supplying birthdays and the like, has enabled readers to greet interviewers with "Good morning. I understand you're a Scorpio." That should provide a nice lead for that *Washington Post* profile. You know Wanniski was laughing when he thought that one up.

As for reporters asking biographical questions: no group is more interested in where its members are from and where they went to school. The genetic researchers for all-white country clubs ask fewer questions, even of applicants with tight curls and names like Thomas Jefferson Washington DuBois. Wanniski, of course, knows this as well.

As for sharpening senses, read the last justification three times fast and see if your head doesn't crash to your desk like the *Hindenburg*. That a man as bright as Wanniski can write such nonsense only speaks to his genius, much as it takes a true prodigy to play out of tune. And the dance is just beginning.

Who, after all, really needs a media guide? It isn't as if there were fifteen newspapers in Washington or New York to choose from. The truth of the matter is that two newspapers generally set the tone for the entire media.

Wanniski knows this. Does he retreat? No. He charges! He tells the reader that his guide will basically confine itself to publications read by the power-brokers in Washington and New York. The list is short, and probably longer than it needs to be: the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, and a few magazines. Other publications, he says, are basically regional, even the *Los Angeles Times*.

So why do we need a guide? Because, Wanniski says, *we have too much to read*! A couple of papers is too much? Wanniski's answer: Don't think publications, THINK BYLINES.

Now things open up a bit. We no longer have only a few publications to deal with, but a multitude of writers. Just to make sure the list is long enough, Wanniski includes a division of writers from the regional *Los Angeles Times*. Hundreds and hundreds of names stare off the page. Now you need a guide, don't you?

What he's doing here is employing an old trick, similar to one some small town newspapers use to snag advertisers. Here's how it was taught to me:

"Don't tell them we have 3,000 subscribers," the boss explains. "Tell them that each paper is read by all four members of the family and the dog.

(continued on page 34)

[1] *The 1987 MediaGuide: A Critical Review of the News Media's Recent Coverage of the World Political Economy*, edited by Jude Wanniski. Perennial Library/Harper & Row, $19.95/$9.95 paper. See also Wanniski's *1986 MediaGuide: A Critical Review of the Print Media*, Polyconomics, Inc. (Morristown, N.J.), $12.95.

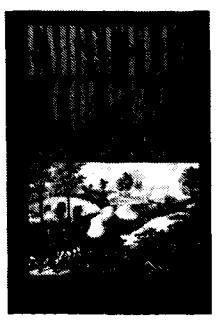
Dave Shiflett is a writer living in Virginia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

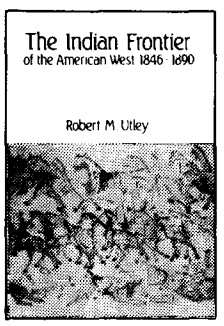
TAKE ANY 3 FOR $1.00 EACH

(First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** shows Members' Price.)

With Trial Membership.



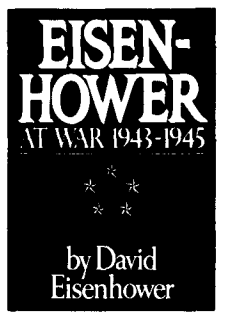
1248. $22.50/**$16.95**



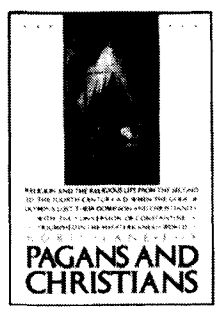
8490. $19.95/**$13.95**

1859. $15.00/**$10.50**

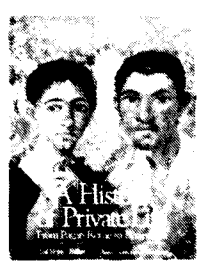
3376. $20.00/**$15.95**



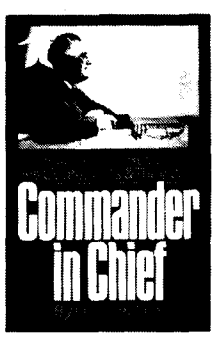
1917. $29.95/**$22.50**



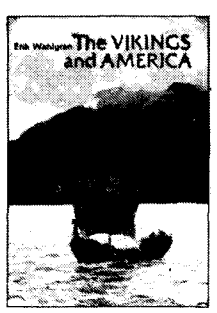
3806. $35.00/**$23.50**



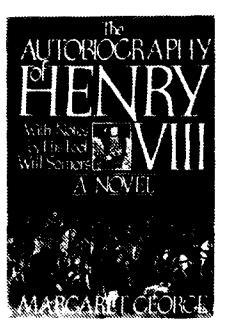
4374. $29.50/**$19.95**



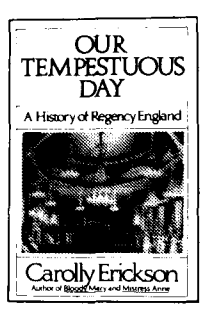
6270. $25.00/**$17.95**



7336. $22.50/**$17.50**

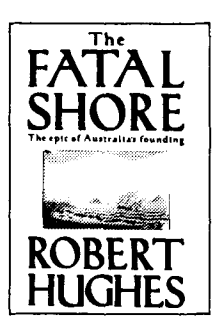


3509. $19.95/**$15.95**

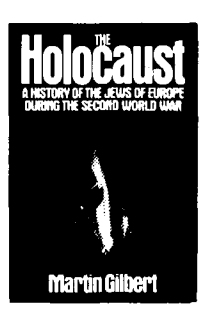


4416. $18.95/**$15.50**

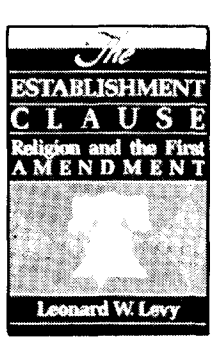
6403. $19.95/**$15.95**



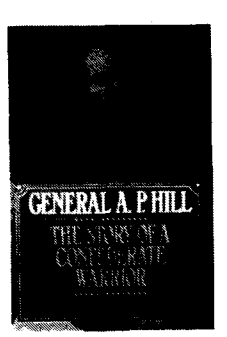
3178. $24.95/**$17.50**



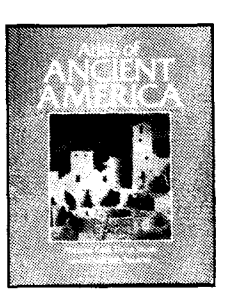
7666. $24.95/**$17.50**



3517. $16.95/**$14.50**

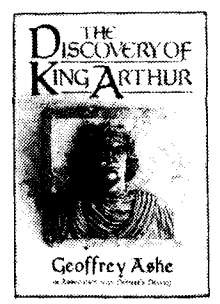


5744. $24.95/**$17.50**

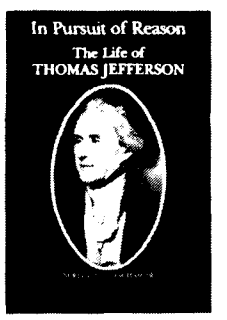


A2469. $35.00/**$23.50**
(Counts as 2 of your 3 selections.)

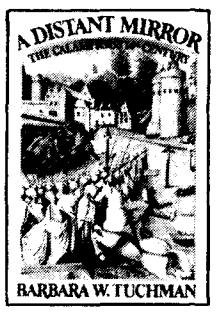
2436. $21.95/**$15.50**



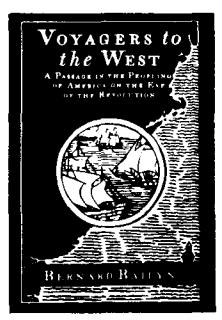
1339. $18.95/**$14.95**



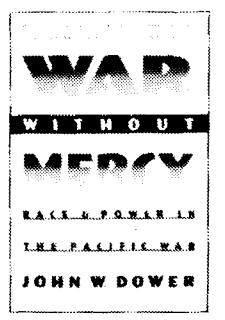
5611. $24.95/**$17.50**



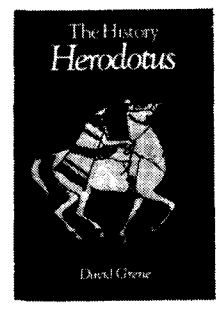
5819. $25.00/**$18.50**



2279. $30.00/**$18.50**



2311. $22.50/**$17.50**



5637. $30.00/**$18.50**

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings – an average of 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for $1.00 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150 to 200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints, and are available at savings of $3, $4, $5, or more, off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through Bonus Books that you may choose from our entire list at an average savings of 60% off publishers' list prices.

Approximately every four weeks (14 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing – the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

STT87A

The History Book Club, Dept. N,
40 Guernsey Street, Box 790 Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at $1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above*. Either the Club or I may cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-*and-packing fee is added to all shipments.*

AQ0356SP

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada Mail to U.S. Address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll throw the dog in for free, and that still gives us a readership of 12,000. But don't tell them 12,000. Tell them that 24,000 hands will hold their message, and that 24,000 eyes will read it. But don't tell them 24,000, because attached to those 24,000 eyes are ten fingers. Tell them you can give them 240,000, and if they can do better for the price of 3,000 they ought to go elsewhere."

The problem, of course, is that there may be a bunch of chefs, but not many restaurants. You take whatever hash Cannon, Edsall, or Gwertzman want to sling at you, or you starve. But hand it to Wanniski. He almost makes you think there's a lot of competition. He nearly makes you forget that a power-broker can devour the pertinent fruits of the free press on the way to the office.

The competition illusion isn't the Great Wanniski's only trick. Clearly, he has fun playing games with the reader's memory. Last year, for example, he said this about the humble *American Spectator*:

"A delightfully irreverent monthly with a neo-conservative bent, edited by the neo-Menckenesque Bob Tyrrell. . . . Included among its contributors are some of the best crop of emerging journalists. . . . Tyrrell himself spent most of '85 trying to figure out where to live, finally moving to Washington from the periodical's home in Bloomington, Indiana. His column, 'The Continuing Crisis,' suffered." Fair enough.

But this time around, Wanniski complained that in the eighties, "all had become leaden." Only by 1986 had "managing editor Wladyslaw Pleszczynski found some livelier material than we'd become used to seeing." Taken together the *MediaGuides* tell us that the *Spectator* was delightful and leaden simultaneously. WP is credited in 1987 with saving the magazine from a disease that went undiagnosed in '86. Makes your temples throb, doesn't it?

That's nothing compared to what Wanniski did to the *Reader's Digest*, the largest magazine in the world and hailed in the first *MediaGuide* as "the only major publication that enthusiastically embraces the Reagan Administration's growth-oriented policies." In the 1987 edition, the *Digest* is not mentioned. Disappeared! All that talk about the 40,000-circulation *Spectator* and not a word about the 25 million-plus *Digest*. Here is a journalist who stares in the eye of credibility and guffaws.

It's almost as if Wanniski wanted us to question his judgment. It's almost as if he wanted you to think he's been bought. For instance, Wanniski has traveled the world with the World Media Association, which is financed by the same people who underwrite the *Washington Times* and *Insight* magazine. It's fine to take expense paid trips. But what are the most significant journalistic developments of the last two years? According to the *MediaGuide*, in the inaugural 1986 edition, it was Arnaud de Borchgrave's assumption of the editorship of the *Washington Times*. The next year, Wanniski hails the "dazzling critical success" of *Insight* and the generosity of the "Unification Angels." Even reporter-trainees on the obit desk would raise eyebrows over this coincidence, whether or not they agreed with the analysis.

But you really can't peg a cronyism rap on Wanniski, for his blessings fall equally on World Media Association traveling companion Richard Grenier (four stars) and Michael Kinsley (four stars), and Mr. Kinsley won't write a word in his magazine about Wanniski's book. It isn't as if Wanniski didn't say something nice about Kinsley's *New Republic*, either. "It's fun, fun, fun," exclaimed Wanniski, "and we hope it goes on, on, on." Kinsley's snub has to hurt, just like taking someone to the Ritz for dinner and having her slam the door in your face at payoff time.

Wanniski's book cannot be said to reflect a right-wing bias, necessarily, and when the *Washington Post*'s Stephanie Mansfield (also a four-star journalist) dismissed Wanniski as a "conservative" media critic in her one-paragraph appreciation of the guide (that one must have hurt, too), she did him a disservice. Besides Kinsley, Wanniski has had high marks for other liberal writers, notably Mary McGrory, Richard Cohen, Sidney Blumenthal, Anthony Lewis, and his "favorite Marxist" Alexander Cockburn. This relativism upsets Irvine. And he's not alone.

Wanniski knows he's torturing his conservative friends by buffing those left-wing haloes. What's he care? There's a little bit of Torquemada in every satirist. And it makes for good reading. Obviously, he writes with the assumption that anyone who actually takes these ratings seriously has a double load of pig iron where his brains ought to be.

Other examples: Of four possible stars, George Will got one and a half. Who else got such a low rating? Ellen Goodman, for one. Goodman, whose prose has more wind in it than Gargantua's bowels, obviously isn't in the same class as Will. Neither is Wesley Pruden, whose general prose style is pen to paper, tongue to boot. And Pruden got two stars! So did Charles Krauthammer. Krauthammer, a deserving Pulitzer winner, could sue, and no doubt would if he didn't know Wanniski was just kidding around.

So why has Wanniski gone to all the trouble to produce this book? Obviously, he wants to make a profit, and if he can prosper by writing about people who refuse to write about him, he has scored an ironic victory of the first order. Sales are up a bit—the first guide sold 3,000 copies; the new one, he says, has sold two or three times that many—and Wanniski is 90 percent sure that a large paper company is going to buy the guide. The author hopes to make at least several hundred thousand when the deal is finally closed.

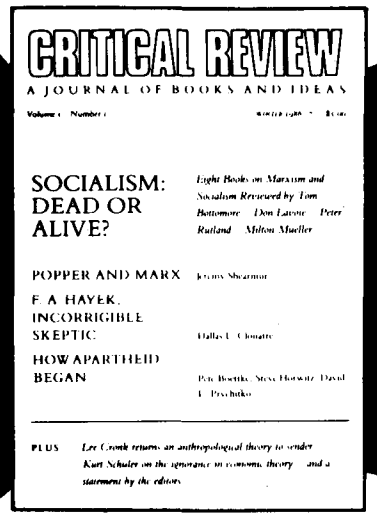
But Wanniski gets more than mere money for his trouble. He gets to hear journalists say that writing about the *MediaGuide* would be self-serving, even as this July the trend-setting *Washington Post* ran an encyclopedic story about Katharine Graham's 70th Birthday Party, one of the biggest pieces of self-promotion since Bokassa the Magnificent got himself coronated.

How Jude must roar when he sees his handiwork produce such hypocritical babbling. What satisfaction he must get from putting into motion a process whose final result is to make him laugh. Who says man cannot tickle himself?

Wanniski's fun might not be over yet. The paper company that's supposed to buy the *MediaGuide*—a "billion dollar company," according to Wanniski—isn't doing so to shred it, but to nourish it, put money into it, make it into an institution. Once established, the *MediaGuide* probably will get the critical attention it really deserves. People may still say, "Hey Jude, who really needs a media guide?" to which the ermine-trussed genius will respond, "Who needed a pet rock?" And at the *MediaGuide*'s tenth birthday party, maybe Katharine Graham will jump out of the cake.

This might be an overly optimistic view. The alternative is to admit that Wanniski could have a real clunker on his hands. □

THE NEW LIBERALISM



Announcing **Critical Review**, the international forum where the new liberalism—the turn toward individualistic social theory—is developed, challenged, and tested in rigorous debate. Essential for anyone interested in the cutting edge of liberal thought in anthropology / economics / history / law / linguistics / literature / psychology / sociology . . . .

Forthcoming in CRITICAL REVIEW:

The Revolt Against Liberalism • The Fate of the Western Self • Austrian-School Economics • Liberalism & the Third World • Critical Legal Studies • Industrial Democracy • Hermeneutics • Unions & the State • Rethinking Historical Liberalism • The End of Neo-Classical Economics • Post-Modern Individualism • Evolutionary Epistemology • The Discourse of the French Revolution • Technology • Anthropology as Cultural Critique • Buchanan • Chomsky • Derrida • Gadamer • Habermas • Hayek • Lachmann • Lukács • Marx • Mises • Nozick • Polanyi • Popper • Sowell • Szasz • Vološinov • Wittgenstein.

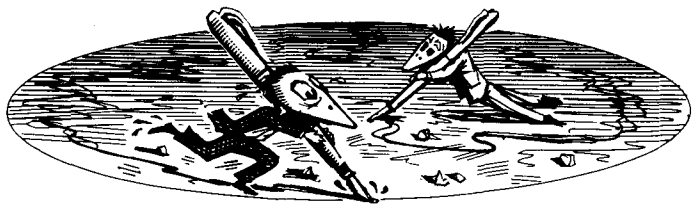
SPECIAL DEBUT SUBSCRIPTION RATES—

- $15 for one year (4 issues; *15% off regular rate*).
  Outside U.S.: add $5. Institutions: add $14.
- $27 for two years (8 issues; *25% off regular rate*).
  Outside U.S.: add $8. Institutions: add $31.

Send payment in U.S. dollars only to **CRITICAL REVIEW**, 532 Broadway, 7th floor, Rm 21A, New York, NY 10012, USA; (212) 925-9134 for Visa/MasterCard.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS



MAHARISHI'S CRASH LANDING

by William Mueller

In January a judgment of $138,000 was awarded to Robert Kropinski of Philadelphia in his $1.5 million suit against Maharishi International University and the Transcendental Meditation movement for what has been dubbed a case of mental malpractice. Kropinski sued MIU and TM because he was promised that they would teach him to fly, or at least levitate. Kropinski spent four flightless years in the Movement, as it is called; living in near poverty, suffering from headaches, anxiety, impulses to violence, hallucinations, confusion, loss of memory, screaming fits, paranoia, and social withdrawal. His flying lessons had merely left him sore. And even three years after leaving TM, according to his psychiatrist, he still suffered periods of emotional flooding and disassociation which he attributed to his previous use of such TM practices as self-hypnosis and hyperventilation. "I believed that Maharishi held the destiny of the world in his hands," a disillusioned Kropinski told the court. "I was living to fulfill the world plan. If it didn't happen, there'd be a massive destruction of everything."

The TM-MIU story is not just about another cult gone sour. No other cult has crafted the variety of mental marketing schemes used to further TM; nor has anyone been so shrewd in the introduction of new ripples to what began as a simple mind exercise. Adapt and exploit are the words to describe the two-decade growth of TM. But it appears that the architects of the Movement may have been too Icarian in their attempt to make TM all-encompassing.

When Maharishi Mahesh Yogi became the darling of the Beatles and made the rounds of talk shows in the sixties, he was peddling a 20-minute mental technique. TM centers and TM teachers sprung up around the country, two of whom would found MIU with His Holiness's graces. After a stint in California, MIU moved to Fairfield, Iowa, buying up the defunct Parsons College's campus for a relatively small sum. Initially, MIU offered a limited curriculum and the opportunity for TM scientists to gather extensive data on the pool of available meditators, who had more contact hours with EEG electrodes than they did class lectures.

The first sign that TM was going to be more than mental aerobics came in 1971 when Maharishi introduced the Science of Creative Intelligence to the MIU curriculum. SCI was a way of looking at knowledge using the Maharishi Technology of the Unified Field, which said that everything came out of a Mental Big Bang 15 billion years ago. SCI used this everything-out-of-one approach to break down individual subject areas into flow charts which made a great deal of sense to students, many of whom had never understood how parts of their traditional coursework fit together.

But the new world-view predicted a physical consequence too, called The Maharishi Effect. Since there is a universal field around us all, the TME was a way for our minds not only to tap into the consciousness soup, but even affect it. Here was the kicker: when large numbers of meditators came together they could impose order in the cosmic waves, bringing on the world peace that Robert Kropinski alluded to in his court statement. And indeed after Maharishi made such predictions, a series of gatherings of meditators was held around the world, where scientists measured their impact on everything from crime to marriage certificates.

TM was taking a new direction that had two significant goals: first, to bring meditators together into a community; and secondly, to extend the influence of TM into all phases of the meditator's life. Basic TM was no longer sufficient for empire building. Now that meditators had been tantalized with the prospects of imposing world peace by regular group meditations, a super TM program was unveiled that would have far greater impact on the world, while introducing meditators to powers of supernatural proportion, among them the ability to levitate. Sidhas, as they are called, participate in the TM-Sidhi program, which calls for two 90-minute (or longer) meditation sessions daily. Rather than empty their heads of any thought (save their mantra) as is done in basic TM, TM-Sidhi directs meditation through exercises called sutras, which literally tell the meditator how well he is doing. The levitation sutra, for example, goes through the phases of excitation, hopping, hovering, and flight.

To get into an advanced state of meditation, Sidhas find themselves ordering their lives to revolve around the meditation sessions. Not only do they abstain from drugs or booze, but they become addicted to their three and four hours of meditation. As one former Sidha explained, "I thought about flying *all* the time." Neither does one do this alone. Maharishi created what he calls the Super Radiant Community in Fairfield, and constructed two Golden Domes, for boys and girls, where presumably the collective meditations enhanced each person's sutra and sent out more powerful radiances into the cosmos. Domes were used so that there would be no pillars to snag a Fighting Levitator sailing by on a magic carpet ride. →

William Mueller is a writer living in Ely, Iowa.

ARE YOU IN???

Advertisers have begun to reserve space in ***The American Spectator's*** *20th Anniversary edition scheduled for December. The issue will have a bonus circulation in Washington, D.C., and increased bookstore distribution nationwide. There will also be special media attention thanks to advance mailings to newspaper columnists and other promotional efforts. All this . . . at our regular advertising rates. Reserve your ad in our exclusive 20th Anniversary issue. Call*

Lou Ann Sabatier

or

John Funk

at ***The American Spectator***

(703) 243-3733

20th Anniversary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the creation of the Super Radiant Community, the Movement took on a new dimension. Students at MIU were required to take the training to become Sidhas. But the real impact came from the nonstudent meditators who chose to move to Fairfield. They left New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Boston, and many foreign cities for Fairfield. Here they found housing cheap, a community of like thinkers, and electronic communications which could link their businesses to the rest of the world.

By the early 1980s Fairfield experienced an explosion of 400 new meditator-owned businesses, employing more than 1200 people, which turned around the economy of the Iowa town of 9,000. Property values soared, money flowed, cultural events came to town, construction began, and it seemed hard to find much wrong with MIU or TM. By 1985 enrollment at MIU stood at nearly 1,000 for regular students and another thousand for their adult program. There were 3,000 meditators oooommming in those Golden Domes.

I visited the campus in 1985 for a magazine article. I sensed an uneasiness there at that time, which later resulted in a kind of massive bubble-bursting that swept through both the private and university sides of the meditator community. On the private side, the meditator-owned Beckley Group was coming under the scrutiny of the Iowa attorney general. Beckley ran a company which at one time hired 560 employees and offered "Fortune Formulas," for quick profits in real estate, on 480 cable television channels nationwide. State investigators determined that Beckley would have to return millions of dollars to customers. Beckley went bankrupt over the deal.

About the same time the University went through some heavy sledding. The six plaintiffs suing MIU were gathering their case. In separate business, the IRS was investigating MIU and found that MIU owed $12.7 million in taxes for 1985. The MIU budget, meanwhile, ballooned to $15 million, which drained its endowments and made some wonder whether the faculty and staff were in fact working at near-starvation stipends for the joy alone of serving His Holiness. The problems of other gurus, mystics, and cults certainly did not help either.

Enrollment at MIU plunged to about 500, despite a wave of sophisticated recruitment efforts. Again, the marketing of TM has been far superior to your garden-variety cult. In one strategy, a wave of MBA students was sent out to companies around the country offering to help them with personnel and management, including programs in TM for employees, thus funneling converts into local TM centers and maybe on to MIU. To attract new people, Maharishi also went into the health club biz with his Maharishi Ayurveda Prevention Centers, which use ancient Vedic Science techniques to reverse the aging process. For a fee of up to $700, people spend a few days receiving herbal steam baths, massages, and fruit and herbal digestive aids. These centers are open to both meditators and nonmeditators.

One cannot but admire some of these marketing methods, which find whatever is trendiest and give it a mystic topspin. But my interviews with scientists and students at MIU were more troubling. I can now see why Robert Kropinski reacted as he did. TM scientists saw Fairfield as another Stanford and placed Maharishi in the same historical context as Freud, Darwin, and Einstein. Not only did they consider TM the answer for their respective disciplines, but they saw the practice of meditation as giving them the means to go beyond the problems which separate scientific disciplines and voyage to the source of all natural laws, where they could be one with truth. Whew.

If an outsider found the vision of TM leaders sobering, the students in their own way were equally unnerving. Each had a past, a history of disillusionment, rebellion, inferiority. They arrived in Fairfield armed with the thought that they were being given a second chance. Some became oblivious mind people, others high-powered hucksters, True Believers, or carnivorous business types.

"They let you dream here," one told me. "You are not afraid to dream great dreams because they will not be squashed."

But wasn't there a danger, I asked, that when you leave this mental bubble-bath you will be unprepared for the reality of the world?

"We left paradise to come here," another student corrected me. "This is not escape. This *is* reality."

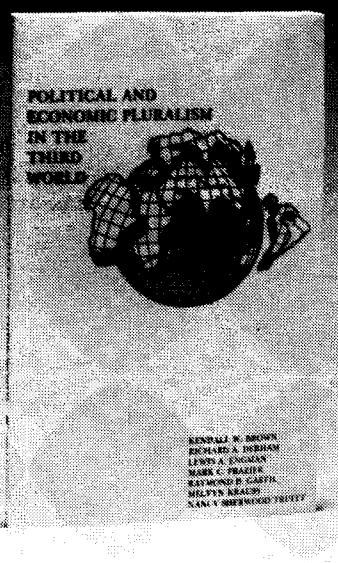
And in a sense I could see he was right as I walked around the ratty campus and sat in the stark dining room with the sons and daughters of the wealthy and the well-off who were doing a form of penance by being here, enduring Iowa's hot summers and cold winters; to live among the grain elevators and feed-service caps. Deliverance for them lay inside the Golden Domes where people struggled to rise from foam pads.

"People my age want answers," the student continued. "We want a system, a direction, and we can't find it anywhere. Some of us turn to drugs when we don't have the answers, and some get lured into cults; and then there is TM. *Is it all so bad to be led?*"

I could not answer at the time, though I know now how Robert Kropinski would answer. I also saw another glimpse, when the daughter of the author of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* explained about the freshmen who were required to take the SCI Sidha program and were usually a little reluctant to give up their life-style and take on inner responsibility (read: give up booze, drugs, and good food): "And then there is a click," she said, "and then they say—'yeah, it works.'"

Which I guess is what scares me the most. What if it did? □

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC PLURALISM

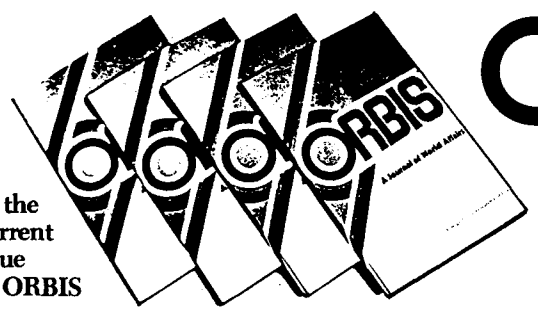


Richard A. Derham
Mark C. Frazier
Melvyn Krauss
Kendall W. Brown

$5.00 PAPERBOUND

Write for our free catalog. All orders include a complimentary subscription to monthly Imprimis essay series.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE PRESS
Hillsdale, Michigan 49242



In the current issue of ORBIS

ORBIS
A Journal of World Affairs

Daniel Pipes
Editor
John H. Maurer
Executive Editor

Emmanuel Sivan conjures up the Islamic Republic of Egypt.

Edward Jay Epstein examines CIA documents left behind in Tehran and pieced together by the Iranians.

Dirk Verheyen explores the cultural images—cowboys and Eurowimps—that affect the actions of American and European policy makers.

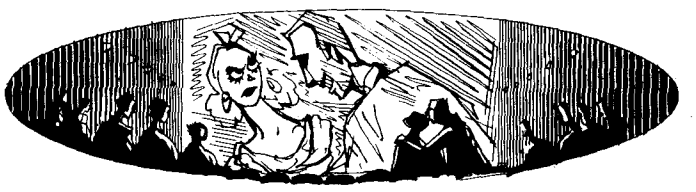
Former U.S. Ambassador to South Africa, Herman W. Nickel predicts that P.W. Botha will defy Congress's conditions for lifting sanctions.

Published quarterly by the Foreign Policy Research Institute

For a free copy, write:
ORBIS
3508 Market Street
Suite 350
Philadelphia, PA 19104
(215) 382-0685

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALKIES



SUMMER FARE

by Bruce Bawer

The best one can hope for from most summer films is not that they will challenge one's intelligence, but that at any rate they will not insult it too brutally. Be warned that one of the more brutally insulting movies of this or any summer is *The Squeeze*. This tiresome comedy stars Michael Keaton as Harry Berg, a hapless schmo who lives on an abandoned Manhattan pier and spends his time (a) building giant sculptures out of working TV sets and (b) running away from people whom he's tried unsuccessfully to cheat at poker. Harry's a completely unbelievable, uninteresting character, but the hack writer (Daniel Taplitz) and director (Roger Young) who are responsible for this inert, murky mess doubtless think that he is kooky and lovable.

The film's witless excuse for a plot is as follows: Harry unwittingly stumbles upon a conspiracy to rig a $56 million "Lotto" drawing, gets chased by thugs through various discotheques and seedy motels, and along the way becomes romantically involved with a process server played by Rae Dawn Chong (have two less charismatic personalities ever shared a movie screen?). Yawn. It's one of those pictures in which the hero and heroine hate each other most of the way through—a sentiment which, in this case, is shared by the audience—and toss lines like "Oh, yeah?" and "That's what you think" at each other in a tone that suggests these quips are brilliantly witty. The few truly funny lines in the picture, oddly enough, were plainly dubbed in after principal production was completed; apparently somebody decided that it might be a good idea to give the audience some clue that this was supposed to be a comedy.

In any event, the film doesn't develop so much as drag, and at the end—when Taplitz and Young, in a fatuously executed attempt to generate some climactic energy and drama, fill the deck of the aircraft carrier *Intrepid* with hundreds of screaming extras and a painfully unfunny John Davidson as the Lotto drawing's master of ceremonies—it falls completely apart. Nothing in this movie feels real: not the people, not the Lotto drawing (which strikes one as a moron's version of the end of *The Day of the Locust*), not even New York. To be sure, the creators of *The Squeeze* seem to think they've captured the megalopolitan atmosphere to a T (the ad shows a gigantic Keaton being squeezed between the World Trade Center's twin towers), but the fact is that I've never seen a film made in New York that so thoroughly succeeded in *not* capturing the feel of the city. Indeed, I kept forgetting that the film was shot in New York, and kept being surprised by the familiar landmarks that periodically turned up.

Mel Brooks's directorial career divides neatly into two phases. The early Brooks—of *The Producers, The Twelve Chairs, Blazing Saddles*, and *Young Frankenstein*—fussed over plot, lighting, and cinematography, stayed mostly behind the camera, and at times, for all the crudity of his humor, actually perpetrated sequences that were witty and sophisticated. The later Brooks—of *High Anxiety, Silent Movie, The History of the World Part One*, and *To Be or Not To Be*—became the star of his own pictures, which, compared to their predecessors, were less interesting visually, sloppier structurally, and even broader and more vulgar in their humor.

Though Brooks's new film, the egregiously titled *Spaceballs*, fits squarely into the later-Brooks mold, in many respects it is an outer-space variation on *Blazing Saddles*. In *Saddles* a passel of villains threatened to destroy the ridiculously idyllic frontier town of Rock Ridge; in the new film the evil planet Spaceballs (led by Mel Brooks himself as the sleazy, bumbling President Skroob, a retread of the Governor William J. Lepetomane role he played in *Saddles*) seeks to destroy the ridiculously idyllic planet Druidia (whose king is played by the worst actor in North America, Dick Van Patten). Many of Brooks's films have been parodies of various movie genres, and *Spaceballs* is no exception: the film gags it up at the expense of the *Star Wars* series, and along the way also sends up *Alien*, the *Star Trek* movies, and even *Planet of the Apes*. (How long ago did Brooks, Thomas Meehan, and Ronny Graham write this script, anyway?) Though many of the parodic references are screamingly funny, too often they seem merely mechanical, as in the Hitchcock take-off, *High Anxiety*, wherein Brooks seemed determined to allude to as many Hitchcock films as possible.

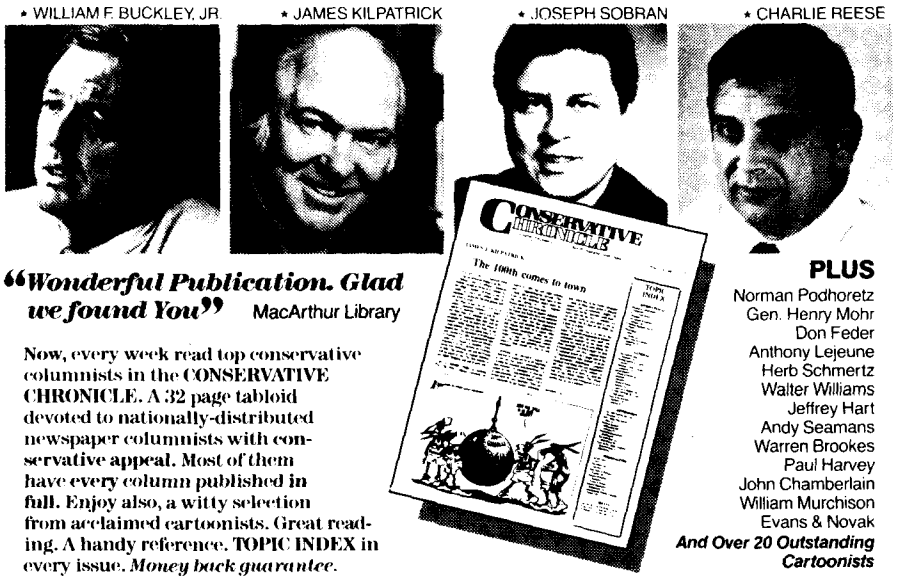
In classic Mel Brooks fashion, the humor in *Spaceballs* consists mostly of sophomoric sexual and scatological jokes and outrageous Borscht-belt puns, often Jewish-related (the spoiled

Bruce Bawer is The American Spectator*'s movie reviewer and the author of* The Middle Generation *and* The Contemporary Stylist.

It's an all star conservative cast

* GEORGE F. WILL * JEANE KIRKPATRICK * DONALD LAMBRO * R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

* WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR * JAMES KILPATRICK * JOSEPH SOBRAN * CHARLIE REESE



"Wonderful Publication. Glad we found You" MacArthur Library

Now, every week read top conservative columnists in the CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE. A 32 page tabloid devoted to nationally-distributed newspaper columnists with conservative appeal. Most of them have every column published in full. Enjoy also, a witty selection from acclaimed cartoonists. Great reading. A handy reference. TOPIC INDEX in every issue. *Money back guarantee.*

PLUS
Norman Podhoretz
Gen. Henry Mohr
Don Feder
Anthony Lejeune
Herb Schmertz
Walter Williams
Jeffrey Hart
Andy Seamans
Warren Brookes
Paul Harvey
John Chamberlain
William Murchison
Evans & Novak
And Over 20 Outstanding Cartoonists

Call Toll Free or Return Coupon
1-800-558-1244
(In Iowa call collect 515-456-2585)

Published by Chronicle Publications, a 110 year old independent newspaper company

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
Box 29 SB . Hampton, Iowa 50441

YES,
CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE
Box 29 Hampton, Iowa 50441
I accept your subscription offer of 1 YEAR (52 issues) for $32.00. (Add $20.00 for foreign postage) I understand I can obtain a full refund on unmailed copies at any time.

Payment Method
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ M.C. ☐ AX ☐ Bill Me
Card # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princess Vespa of Druidia is a "Druish princess"; Brooks, in the role of the Yoda-like ancient sage Yogurt, says to the Luke Skywalker-like hero, played by Bill Pullman, "May the Schwartz be with you"). Corny and lowbrow as it is, however, the movie is Brooks's most enjoyable in a long time. And its cleverest moments, interestingly, occur when the plot drops away and the characters start talking to the audience or discuss the fact that they're in a movie.

In one sequence, for instance, President Skroob and the evil but klutzy Darth Vader-like warrior Dark Helmet (Rick Moranis) fast-forward through a videotape of *Spaceballs* in order to find out where the princess (whom they want to kidnap) has gone. Then there's a funny bit in which Yogurt introduces the complete line of *Spaceballs* merchandise: lunchboxes, T-shirts, mugs, all emblazoned with the movie's title—and for the remainder of the movie, the set decoration includes official *Spaceballs* bedsheets, toilet paper, and so forth. There are, then, quite a few laughs here—although one does wish that Brooks would someday favor us with another production as brilliant as his classic *The Producers*.

Back in 1966 a director named Richard Fleischer made a movie called *Fantastic Voyage*, in which Raquel Welch and others were reduced to microscopic size and injected into the body of an Iron Curtain scientist for the purpose of removing a blood clot from his brain. In *Innerspace*, director Joe Dante and writers Jeffrey Boam and Chip Proser have taken this "concept" (as such things are called in Lotusland) and explored its comic possibilities. This time, the fantastic voyager is a tough-talking test pilot named Tuck Pendleton (Dennis Quaid), who's in the employ of a Silicon Valley firm seeking to enter the hot new field of miniaturization; he and his inner-space capsule—which looks rather like a lunar module—are supposed to be injected into the body of a rabbit, but some high-tech thugs from a competing outfit (led by Kevin McCarthy) intervene and he ends up instead in the body of a nervous, hypochondriacal supermarket cashier named Jack Putter (Martin Short). Thanks to some useful devices in the capsule, Tuck is able to see through Jack's eyes, hear through his ears, and speak to him without anyone else hearing his voice. (The parallels to such recent films as *All of Me, The Man with Two Brains*, and *Oh Heavenly Dog* cause one to wonder whether the folks in Hollywood are having some sort of crisis of Self and Other.)

The plot is formulaic: in order to save Tuck (who's in danger of running out of air, just like the folks on Druidia), Jack has to swallow his timidity and take on the bad guys, who have stolen a component necessary to Tuck's deminiaturization; in doing this Jack learns to be as tough as Tuck, while Tuck, for his part, learns from Jack how to treat his estranged lady friend (Meg Ryan) with respect and consideration. Formulaic as it is, though, the plot is spun out with a charm and cleverness that at times recall *Tootsie*. And one relatively original touch is that the film takes an irreverent tone toward advanced technology—a refreshing departure at a time when American movies seem more fascinated by computers than by human beings.

Among the cleverest episodes in *Innerspace*, in fact, are those that parody the elaborate sequences, so common in recent films, in which impressive high-tech operations are shown or described in reverent detail; the film deliberately depicts the miniaturization process as just plain silly, the scientists as absurdly solemn and self-important, the purpose of their experiment as ridiculously obscure. (Why do they want to shrink Tuck Pendleton and inject him into a rabbit? Mainly because they *can*.) Finally, the relationship between Tuck and Jack is funny and well developed and (for all its ridiculousness) even touching; both of the lead actors turn in strong performances, and Martin Short in particular does a virtuoso job in one of the more demanding comic roles in recent years.

Another virtuoso comic performance has been turned in this summer by Steve Martin. Martin has not, for the most part, been well served by the movies—or, to name names, by Carl Reiner, who has directed most of his vehicles. Reiner's got the same Borscht-belt sensibility as Mel Brooks, but lacks Brooks's comic genius; his strength lies in the realm of TV skits and sitcoms, and the bulk of his film work (the closest thing to an exception is *All of Me*) betrays a dismaying lack of visual imagination, as well as a prodigious indifference to such essentials as character, plot, and production values.

Fortunately, Martin's new film, *Roxanne*, has been directed by Fred Schepisi, and as a result it is, of all Martin's films, the least bumpy and murky, and the most pleasant to look at; not only the direction but the editing, cinematography, and production design are all considerably improved. The film's principal characters and plot are no small potatoes either—both having been borrowed, with a few major changes (e.g., a happy ending), from Edmund Rostand's classic play *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Martin himself wrote the surprisingly literate screenplay, which resurrects Cyrano as C. D. Bales, a small-town American fire chief with a nose the size of Wisconsin.

C. D.'s beloved, Roxanne (Daryl Hannah), is an astronomer who's in town for the summer, and Chris (Rick Rossovich), the handsome but none too bright young man whose love letters to Roxanne C. D. agrees to ghostwrite (in the original play this character was named Christian), is a young fireman who's also new in town. The film is more often amusing than it is hilarious, but it is consistently good-natured and charming; though Daryl Hannah brings less substance to the title role than one might hope (this is another example of a director trying to make an actress look intelligent by putting glasses on her), Steve Martin is wonderfully impressive in a role that requires him to be at once heroic and pathetic, romantic and ridiculous; he handles intimate dialogue, comic patter, and out-and-out slapstick with equal grace and self-possession. And in many ways his script is as impressive as his acting: it is especially entertaining to watch Martin come up with contemporary American equivalents for some of the situations and conflicts in Rostand's play (e.g., he has created a sequence in a bar in which C. D., like Cyrano before him, improvises twenty jokes about the size of his nose).

But what is most special about *Roxanne* is its respect for intelligence, sensitivity, and articulateness. In an era when American movie comedies tend to present us with heroes who are "common men" with a vengeance (i.e., inarticulate lunkheads) and with villains whose villainy is defined by their erudition and wit, it is very gratifying to see a movie in which the hero wins his beloved's heart because he can express himself intelligently. Perhaps there is hope yet for American film comedy—and (could it be?) even for summer movies. □

SARKES TARZIAN INC
WRCB, CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
KTVN, CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA
WTTS, 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
WGTC, 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
WAJI, 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA
CORPORATE OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE: 812 332 7251

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICA IN THE LOOKING GLASS: A BRITISH VISITOR'S SUMMER READING

by Maurice Cranston

It is not easy in America to know what is going on in America. In Western Europe you can read about it in newspapers that have correspondents in Washington and New York, and it is usually the very best journalists who get those jobs. Or you may meet an American official abroad who can tell you what is happening, and again it is generally the ablest functionaries of the U.S. government who are posted to Europe. But come to America, and you find a press and electronic media that is at once opinionated and oddly uninformative, and a throng of mediocrities on the payroll of American government and politics, like extras on a film set, keeping the real actors hidden.

And yet the media in America cannot be accused of flippancy. In Tocqueville's famous account of American democracy, the American mother was seen as the custodian of morals, a pure-minded matriarch who watched over the behavior of the menfolk. Since the American mother has taken to going out to work all day, and adopted the life-style of the menfolk, the censorial matriarchal role has been assumed by the media, for whom the President of the United States is sometimes, and sometimes not, the favorite son. Thus when little Ronnie hit the beastly Qaddafi with a stick, and confessed it at once to Mother, all was promptly forgiven. But when he tried to buy favor from that other old horror, Khomeini, with a cake and kept it a secret from Mother, there was a terrible drama in the kitchen. Hence the so-called Iran-contra scandal, which had the familiar ingredients of a soap opera, made front page news, and was not allowed to die down. The American media have a duty to keep America's leaders on the straight and narrow; admittedly a self-appointed duty of a conscience that may feel guilty about the drivel it makes it its business to provide day in, day out for its long-suffering public.

Of course, the media do not speak with a single voice. Books, for example, are almost invariably hostile to television. This is perhaps to be expected since television has not much room for authors. Radio is different; it needs scripts, and the word is supreme. But the age of radio is over, and television is visual; words are secondary, and if they are required at all, writers are hardly needed to supply them. So authors of books about TV can be relied on to take a sour look at it, or rather a sour attitude towards it, since it is by no means obvious that they actually look at it.

For example, in one such recent book, *Watching Television*,[1] it is suggested that American TV is dominated by "Reaganism" and a shift of bias to the right. If one watches American TV one finds no evidence of this; indeed the only bias I have been able to perceive on American TV, since arriving this spring to spend three months as a visiting professor in California, is one that leans to the left. The very first program I saw was a feature about the home front of World War II in the U.S.: the focus of attention was on the cruel internment of Japanese Americans on the West Coast and the tormenting of blacks in race riots in Detroit, and the stated message of the program was that the liberty America was fighting for was liberty only for some. It is doubtless the mark of a free country that it can criticize itself. But East German TV could hardly have made a more hostile film about that particular subject, and it was not at all what one would think of as "Reaganism."

Another book which provides a disapproving appraisal of U.S. television is *Talking Tombstones,*[2] by Gary Gumpert, who has the advantage of being something of a humorist as well as a professor of communication arts and sciences in the City University of New York, and who forces his readers to laugh and weep with him at the lamentable state of the media. Part of his indictment is that the technological possibilities of television enable its users to cheat the viewers. "The assumption behind television's editing practice," Professor Gumpert writes, "is that practically all content can be reduced to the essential and can be rearranged for effectiveness. In print, editing is, by definition, always assumed. The presence of the writer and editor is intrinsic to the medium and their thought is part of that which appears in print. In the world of video, effective editing means that the alteration of time and space is hidden, and the result represents the 'fictionalization of the real.' The symbolic nature of the visual image is overlooked, and the human presence behind the photographic icon is disregarded."

The TV watcher, Professor Gumpert protests, cannot tell what is real from what is artificial, and the producers take advantage of that circumstance. This is fair criticism, but it is not especially relevant to American TV, which is different from that of most countries in being remarkably reluctant to make room for the real. The singular achievement of the U.S. television has not been to make fact into fiction, but to have made fiction into fact. The characters who appear in American soap operas have come to assume more complete, rounded, and authentic personalities than the inhabitants of the real world. J. R. Ewing and Bobby are living persons for millions for whom Mrs. Thatcher and François Mitterrand are just faces and names.

[1] *Watching Television*, edited by Todd Gitlin. Pantheon Books, $19.95.

[2] *Talking Tombstones, and Other Tales of the Media Age*, by Gary Gumpert. Oxford University Press, $17.75.

What passes for news on the main U.S. channels is almost always U.S. news, and since it is mostly bad news it does not give an exhilarating picture of American life. So far as American politics are concerned, this may not be entirely the fault of the media. Especially since the last congressional elections, the troupe on Capitol Hill has been able to steal the limelight from the star in the White House but not to offer a shining display of democracy at work. To the impartial observer, the pork-barrel politics and the sheer provincialism of so many national legislators are not easily made attractive. The viewer is even denied the pleasure of witnessing a conflict of ideas. One is reminded of jockeying for vested interests among the *politiciens*, as Charles de Gaulle called them so scornfully, in the Fourth Republic of France. De Gaulle, of course, out-maneuvered the *politiciens* by appealing directly to the people, and

Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Reagan has done much the same thing, coming in from the right to accomplish things that the left dreamed about but never managed to achieve, such as ending the economic recession and negotiating effectively for arms reductions with the Soviet Union. Of course he has angered the left with his policy on Nicaragua, but since that policy has been well sabotaged by his friends, his enemies have not needed to develop arguments against it.

Indeed it is clear from the recent literature that the theorists of the American left are resigned to the fact they can make no contribution to public policy while Mr. Reagan is in the White House. Robert Lekachman, for example, gives his latest book of essays, *Visions and Nightmares*, the subtitle "America After Reagan,"[3] and Michael Harrington's *The Next Left* is subtitled "The History of the Future."[4] American radicalism seems to have nothing to address to the present.

One difficulty in writing about the future, of course, is that it is unknowable; one cannot foresee all the unforeseeable things that occur in human experience. Mr. Lekachman's final message of hope for American liberalism as set forth in the last six pages of his book is that Governor Cuomo should be chosen the next President of the United States. The fact that Mr. Lekachman does not envisage the possibility of the Governor being unwilling to be drafted, and if drafted to do what Mr. Lekachman wants, is perhaps a measure of the sheer unworldliness of liberal intellectuals. Mr. Lekachman is an economist, a noted authority on John Maynard Keynes, and a disciple of that shrewd operator, but apart from commanding a very readable style of writing, he does not have much in common with his master. Keynes never believed that any one man held the key to salvation, except perhaps himself.

Mr. Lekachman does, however, have one idea that is undoubtedly Keynesian: that full employment should be the goal of public policy. Only Mr. Lekachman suggests, as Keynes would never have suggested, that that full employment could be the first of a series of objectives in a program to unite "an anti-conservative coalition" in post-Reagan America. It is far from obvious why Mr. Lekachman should think of suggesting this. The experience of Europe proves the reverse: "Anti-conservative coalitions," such as those of Mr. Callaghan and M. Fabius, generated massive unemployment where there had once been full employment; whereas the conservative administration of Mr. Reagan (if it is to be called conservative) notably reduced the rate of unemployment in America (to 6.2 percent in May). So how could any economist, who wanted to see full employment achieved, expect an "anti-conservative coalition" to bring it about in the future when the evidence of the past is that such coalitions raise unemployment to 11 or 12 percent?

However, that evidence comes from England and France, and Mr. Lekachman prefers to look at Sweden, where there are stirring examples of full employment existing under a semi-socialist regime. But what, it must be asked, has Sweden in common with the United States of America that could prompt any sensible economist to consider that hygienic little kingdom as a sensible model for the American government to imitate? The Swedes rid themselves of poverty in the nineteenth century when they rid themselves of their poor through emigration to the New World, and the Swedes who remained grew rich by selling weapons to combatant nations while remaining blissfully neutral through two world wars; and thus without an impoverished minority to demand a share of the spoils, the Swedes could tax themselves to the hilt and re-distribute their incomes without losing any of the wealth-producing energies of capitalism. If America could export its unemployed and unemployable, its welfare clients and its criminals to Sweden, the Swedish model of a semi-socialist state might work better in America than it would in Sweden; but such robust methods are hardly likely to be recommended by American radicals or acceptable to those of Sweden.

Maynard Keynes was never a socialist, yet theorists of the American left like to speak of themselves as "Keynesians" even when they espouse socialist ideas and ideologies. Michael Harrington is one of the few who do not shrink from the name; he calls himself in a plain frank way a socialist, and this kind of honesty makes his books more attractive than most that emerge from the American left. Unlike Mr. Lekachman, Mr. Harrington takes a hard look at the socialist experience of England and France, and he does not pretend to like what he sees. He calls the socialist government of France, which came to power in 1981, an "abject failure" and he draws attention to the defects of that regime without any sentimental attempt to excuse them. Besides attributing errors of judgment to M. Mitterrand, M. Fabius, and the rest, he suggests that there were certain historical and social factors, peculiar to France, which made that failure almost predictable. It is because he thinks such impediments to socialism do not exist in America that Mr. Harrington feels able to recommend the introduction of socialist measures here.

He presents his argument clearly and cogently, and if it fails in the end to convince the reader, it is because Mr. Harrington does not show that America is really any better placed than France to make socialism succeed. In certain respects the situation is less favorable. A state-directed economy, which is the centerpiece of any socialist system, requires above all a highly trained and sophisticated professional elite in the service of the state. This is something that France possesses, more than any other country in the world. It is also something that the United States most conspicuously lacks. American brains go into business, independent research, even academia; they seldom go, where all the best French brains go, into *la fonction publique*, the grand French name for the bureaucracy. France has experience of state-run industries going back to Colbert in the seventeenth century—America has none; French culture and French traditions encourage the spirit of system and uniformity whereas American culture and traditions encourage independence and enterprise and pragmatism. There are other such factors which could help socialism to succeed better in France than America. Hence it is virtually impossible to accept Mr. Harrington's suggestion that what failed "abysmally" in France could work even moderately well in the United States. Mr. Harrington's sociology, so to speak, is at odds with his socialism. In this respect he may be seen as the successor to Rousseau, who set out the means that were needed to constitute an ideal state and then went on to develop a theory which proved that it could not be done.

One might expect American conservatives to be more worried than American radicals about what is going to happen "after Reagan," but futurology is not a conservative science, and voices from the right are no less vehement than those of the left in protesting about what is wrong with the present.

Radicals tell us that things could be better in the future; conservatives that things were better in the past. It is hard to resist that feeling, reading such a book as Jan Morris's *Manhattan '45,*[5] that America was a nicer place in 1945 than it is in 1987. It is not simply that there was less crime, less drug abuse, and all the rest of it, but that there was a spirit of hope and national pride in the populace which is not there now. Miss Morris writes:

> To be a citizen of Manhattan was an achievement in itself—it had taken guts and enterprise, if not on your own part, at least on your forebears'. The pressures of the place, its competition, its pace, its hazards, even the fun of it, demanded special qualities of its people, and gave them a particular affinity with one another. They were all an elite.

What Miss Morris says of New Yorkers, I would think, looking back to the year 1947 when I first visited America, to be true at that time of Americans in general. If it is not true today, one must consider what changes are responsible. The first answer that may be thought of is changes in American education. As much is at any rate suggested very forcefully in Allan Bloom's best-selling book *The Closing of the American Mind.*[6] American educational institutions, Professor Bloom asserts, no longer transmit the traditional values of the U.S. Constitution, classical philosophy, and the Scriptures, but proclaim instead "openness," "relativity," and "utility," leaving a void that pop culture and fashionable philosophies have contrived to occupy. Professor Bloom dates the worst of these developments from the protest movements of the swinging sixties, and the reforms in education that were introduced by panic-stricken legislators at the time to appease the protestors. It is arguable that the rot set in much earlier, but at any rate it seems to be generally agreed that the rot is there. The Carnegie Foundation's report on the "undergraduate experience" in America, edited by Ernest L. Boyer,[7] is as dull a book as such "empirical compilations" tend to be, but it serves to confirm that undergraduate education has been crowded out of its traditional place in American university life as research and graduate supervision have become the prime concerns of the professors. There can be no denying that American academics have come to think of themselves, and to judge one another, as scholars rather than as teachers. Having been the target of much student abuse in the sixties, senior professors have not unnaturally lost some of their zeal for teaching.

---

[3] *Visions and Nightmares: America After Reagan*, by Robert Lekachman. Macmillan, $19.95.

[4] *The Next Left: The History of the Future*, by Michael Harrington. Henry Holt, $17.95.

[5] *Manhattan '45*, by Jan Morris. Oxford University Press. $17.95. (Reviewed by Richard Brookhiser in the July 1987 *TAS—Ed.*)

[6] *The Closing of the American Mind*, by Allan Bloom. Simon and Schuster, $19.95. (See also Charles R. Kesler's essay, "The Closing of Allan Bloom's Mind," in the August 1987 *TAS—Ed.*)

[7] *College: The Undergraduate Experience in America*, edited by Ernest L. Boyer. Harper & Row, $19.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

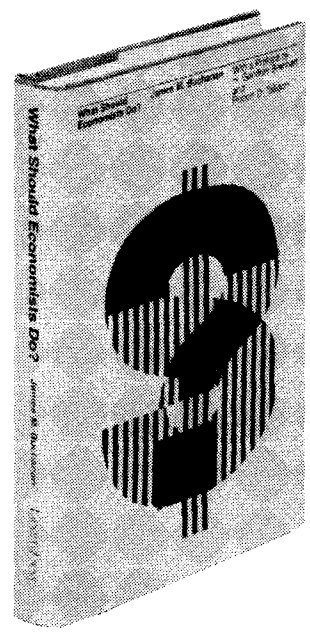
For myself, I like teaching in American universities better than in the European ones. The students are eager to learn and to work; they are more responsive to stimulus. This may be because so many of them are working their way through college, which is something European undergraduates hardly ever do. A university education is held in higher esteem when it is paid for by the student himself and not by his father or the government. Moreover, the present generation of American students is much more sensible, serious, and good-mannered than those of twenty years ago.

It must be said, however, that American undergraduates arrive at college knowing very little. There is something wrong with most American high schools today. The old ideal of turning out good republican citizens, and well-trained minds, seems to have given way to negative education, in which nature itself is left in command. Even in superior colleges, I meet students who have never read the Declaration of Independence or studied the U.S. Constitution in school, and who were taught nothing about European history and very little about their own. Apparently such teaching is thought today to be inimical to the ideal of cultural pluralism, and American or European history is kept out because there is no time to give equal attention to the history of other continents. Since most traditional subjects might be considered discriminatory—Western algebra having to be taught at the expense of Chinese algebra, American music at the expense of Indian music, English literature at the expense of Nigerian, and so forth—traditional subjects seem to have been discreetly dropped altogether, and classrooms are given over to exchanges of opinion on such subjects as sex and South Africa, so that students may arrive at college having never heard of Aristotle or Aaron Burr, but with lots of ideas about condoms and sanctions.

If I am not as dismayed by it all as is Professor Bloom, it is because I suspect that many schoolteachers of today are so alienated and downtrodden that they could not be relied on to impart an invigorating education to their charges. Better an education that touches a child's brain only lightly than one which interjects ideological prejudice. Ignorance is preferable to error. The inactivity of the high school provides an opportunity for the college.

But people should not expect too much of the college. The Carnegie Foundation book ends with the following complaint: "We often had the uncomfortable feeling that the most vital issues of life—the nature of society, the roots of social injustice, indeed the very prospects of human survival—are the ones with which the undergraduate college is least equipped to deal." An absurd complaint. Colleges do not exist to "deal" with these "vital issues"; they exist to transmit culture and advance knowledge, and nothing more. If they do that well, they succeed, and if they fail (as Professor Bloom thinks they do) it is because they fail in their proper duty. They must be judged in terms of their true ends.

America is getting to be a very peculiar place, with nobody wanting to enact his own role; government forsaking that of protecting life, liberty, and property in an effort to become a promoter of universal happiness; the media forgetting the diffusion of information to become the authority in faith and morals while luckless schools are expected to replace absent parents in the upbringing of children, and universities are called upon to solve the vital problems of the contemporary humanity. It is no wonder that people are anxious. □



LibertyPress
LibertyClassics

WHAT SHOULD ECONOMISTS DO?

By James M. Buchanan
Preface by H. Geoffrey Brennan and Robert D. Tollison

This 1979 Liberty Fund volume brings together sixteen essays by James M. Buchanan on the nature and methods of economists.

In a concluding essay written specially for this volume, the author says, "To anyone who reads the methodological urgings contained in the essays of this volume, written over almost two decades, and who simultaneously looks at what passes for 'economics' in the professional journals of 1980, there is only one evident conclusion. The author of the essays is almost the only one in step or else he writes under some delusion that he is something that he is not."

Yet, Brennan and Tollison assert in their preface, "As a founder of the burgeoning subdiscipline of public choice, as a moral and legal philosopher, as a welfare economist who has consistently and at times almost singlehandedly defended the primacy of the contractarian ethic, and as a public finance theorist..., Buchanan's work has had worldwide recognition...." As a measure of that recognition, Buchanan was awarded the 1986 Nobel Prize in Economics.

Several of the essays are published here for the first time, including "Professor Alchian on Economic Method," "Natural and Artifactual Man," "Notes on the History and Direction of Public Choice," and "Public Choice and Ideology."

Dr. Buchanan is General Director of the Center for the Study of Public Choice and Harris University Professor at George Mason University. Among his other books are *The Limits of Liberty* and, with Gordon Tullock, *The Calculus of Consent.*

292 pages. Preface, index.
Hardcover $8.00 0-913966-64-9
Paperback $3.50 0-913966-65-7
Liberty Fund edition, 1979

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. *All* orders from outside the United States *must* be prepaid *in U.S. dollars.* To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:
LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. NP101
Indianapolis, IN 46250

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAISING KIDS IN AN X-RATED SOCIETY

Tipper Gore/Abingdon Press (Nashville, TN)/$12.95; $8.95 paper

Fred Barnes

Tipper Gore has an audience problem—finding one. She has a perfectly reasonable message, which I'll get to in a minute, but I fear it isn't going to reach all that many people. There are political obstacles. For one thing, there's her husband. Conservatives, potentially her most enthusiastic constituency, are bound to be leery of rallying around the wife of a moderate-to-liberal politician, Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, who is running for the 1988 Democratic presidential nomination. For another, her pitch is very, very tame. To her, censorship is as dirty a word as some of those that heavy metal bands use when discussing what they'd like to do to teenage girls.

Don't expect liberals to rush to Tipper's side, either. I've talked to some folks who support her husband's candidacy and they're embarrassed by her. This shows their political stupidity. Tipper has a lot more appeal than Albert does. At least she's got a distinctive message, which is more than can be said of him. But liberals are squeamish about the subjects she addresses—sex, teenagers, rock 'n' roll. They live in fear of being accused of prudery or censorship or being authoritarian with their kids. Nothing could be worse than the shame of suffering such an accusation. Besides, Tipper doesn't look or act like one of them. She has four kids. She doesn't have a job. And if she's a feminist, she doesn't boast about it.

Her spiel is pretty simple. Explicit sex and violence are being pushed on teenagers and preteens by some, though hardly most, rock groups. Use of drugs and booze is promoted by these groups and in movies, and Satanism is occasionally proclaimed and glorified in rock lyrics and on-stage antics by rock groups. Parents are often oblivious. They innocently send their kids off to a rock concert or to the music store to buy a record or to the newsstand to get a rock magazine, and don't have the foggiest idea what their children are buying and consuming. Parents should know better. If they read Tipper Gore's book, they will.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

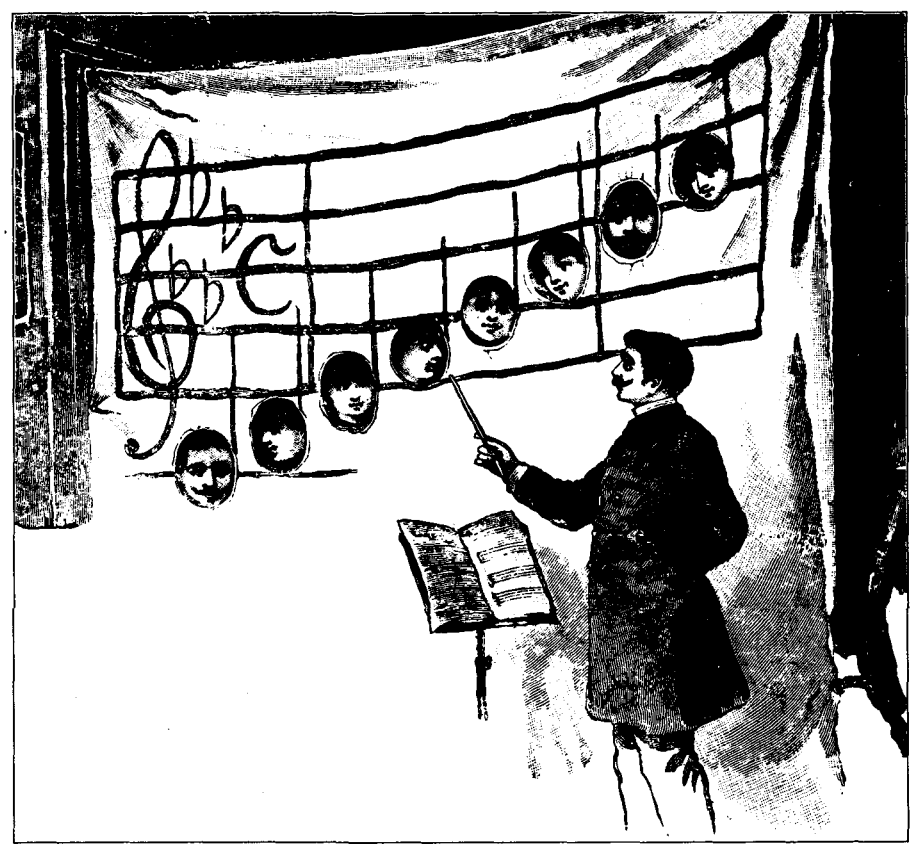
Okay, she's a leaden writer. The book is repetitive. And Tipper isn't averse to patting herself on the back as a Paul Revere figure. Nonetheless, she makes her case, particularly against record companies. Her most telling horror story is about a rock group known as W.A.S.P. (We Are Sexual Perverts) that uses skeletons, axes, saws, and gallons of fake blood in its act. On stage, its lead singer wears a codpiece with a circular saw blade protruding from it. "We spit blood and throw raw pieces of meat into the crowd," boasted a W.A.S.P. member. This was enough to attract Capitol Records, which signed the band to a $1.5 million record deal. And who buys the records? Teenagers and even younger kids.

Capitol is not alone. RCA markets the records of Grim Reaper, which plays satanic rock. One RCA ad for the band said: "Grim Reaper is Going to Send You Straight to Hell . . . heavy metal so intense it'll scare the hell out of you." Elektra/Asylum issued a press release boosting a new album by Mötley Crüe this way: "Dripping with impure and adulterated lust and a take-no-shit-and-grab-some-tit attitude, *Shout at the Devil* is a call to arms for American youth." The bad news about the press release is that it isn't hype. This group, whose videos appear on MTV, isn't shy about explicitly sexual lyrics or about talking up drugs.

Tipper Gore also takes a shot at booze manufacturers. And why not? "Rock concerts provide the alcohol industry with an ideal way to reach potential young customers," she says. Some companies underwrite rock concert tours, which "gives alcohol advertisers an opportunity to reach teenagers and even preteens. These youngsters watch stars strut about the stage while chugging alcohol, glamorizing it at a time when alcohol use and abuse among young people is rising." Not a bad point.

No, she has not replicated Allan Bloom's critique of rock music. Be thankful for that. She likes rock. Bloom doesn't. He makes a lot of what seems like sense about rock, only I don't think he persuaded a single person who actually likes the music to stop listening. I haven't. It's just hard for me to believe that Bob Seger can be that harmful. Gore says that rock is fine, except that the raunchy stuff, including Prince, shouldn't be dished out to unsuspecting (or even suspecting) kids. Porn rock may be performed by only a small minority of bands, she writes, but it is a growing phenomenon and has a spillover effect.

> Rock concerts are singular in one important regard: In almost all other entertainment media, vulgar and violent stage acts are segregated from the mainstream, and certainly from children. Yet songs and stage performances today often deal with such unconventional subjects as sadism and masochism. . . . Like a toxic waste dump, this hidden subculture has begun poisoning mainstream rock. Some heavy metal performers have expressly designed their concerts to display depraved, violent behavior that stimulates and inflames hostile emotions.



When she formed the Parent's Music Resource Center in 1985 to warn parents about rock lyrics and concert performances, Gore found that record companies acted as if any change in their practices at all amounted to censorship. The first request, made at PMRC's instigation by the National Association of Broadcasters, was for companies to include written lyrics with the records, so disk jockeys could know what they were playing. "It smells of censorship," responded the president of Warner Brothers Records. Gore is at pains to disassociate herself from censorship. "Our approach is the direct opposite of censorship," she writes.

> We called for more information, not less. We did not advocate a ban of even the most offensive albums or tapes. We simply urged that the consumer be forewarned through the use of warning labels and/or printed lyrics visible on the packaging of music products. . . . That's all we asked for—awareness and disclosure. Our proposal amounted to nothing more than truth in packaging, a time-honored principle in our free-enterprise system.

PMRC dropped its request for an R rating on some albums and for the record industry to develop a uniform standard on what is explicitly sexual in lyrics. All it wants is a warning on records that might be inappropriate for kids: "Explicit Lyrics—Parental Advisory."

You can't get much milder than that. But Gore has been treated in the media as the Carrie Nation of rock music. "There is a responsible, non-fanatical, growing concern over pornography that can't be pinned on outdated images of high-collared prudish misfits attempting to Lysol the world," she says. "But the overwhelming media response to this legitimate concern seems to be 'kill the messenger'—by ridiculing an outdated image. Some continue to lampoon and caricature the messengers as sexually repressed hysterics."

If you think about it, Gore has the sort of enemy—big corporations—that should automatically bring her allies. She says the corporations are polluting the cultural environment and harming our children. In any other context, this would make her cause a perfect one for Ralph Nader and all the others who are ever-ready to find fault with capitalism. But they're silent. They're afraid to be called censors or prudes, or worse. Gore isn't. If her husband had half her moxie, he might stand a chance of being President some day. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE DIE OF HEARTBREAK

Saul Bellow/William Morrow and Co./$17.95

Richard Brookhiser

There are those who'll enjoy Saul Bellow's latest, which is easy to understand. But then there are those who'll admire it, which is harder. Over the years, Bellow has collected three National Book Awards, a Nobel prize, and all the acclaim appertaining thereto. But he couldn't have gotten it for books like this one.

More Die of Heartbreak concerns the misadventures of Benno Crader, a botanist who teaches at a university in a rustbelt city which is never named, though if you think of the White Sox and Pizzeria Uno, you'll be on the right track. After fifteen years of unhappy widowerhood, Crader marries into the Layamon family, a clan of predators headed by a worldly and ambitious doctor. Through his new in-laws, Crader becomes involved in a scheme to shake down a crooked machine pol, who happens to be Crader's uncle.

The story is told by Crader's nephew, Kenneth Trachtenburg, who has troubles of his own. Trachtenburg teaches Russian lit, specializing in pre-revolutionary Symbolists (academic credentials are as important in Bellow's books as country houses in Jane Austen's). Kenneth's former lover, who bore his child, is now living with a sadistic ski instructor in Seattle. The compulsive intellectual chat with which Kenneth pesters his uncle, his parents, and the reader helps to distract him from thinking of his daughter and her mother.

What is there to like about this? There is the amusing whirl of ideas. When you tire of the sexual acrobatics of Updike, the intellectual acrobatics of Bellow can come as a relief. In *More Die of Heartbreak* we get American Express tours of Rozanov, Admiral Byrd, Philip Larkin, Swedenborg. (There's a Swedenborgian Church a block from my office. I'd always wondered what went on in there.)

There are occasional laughs, usually farcical. The old politician, for instance, has a son, Fishl Vilitzer, who is unlucky in his business ventures. "The general idea" of one of them "was to play the market from a spiritual base. Meditation, by reducing the oscillations of consciousness, made you a more capable investor. Some success attended this, until the idea hit Fishl of telling his clients to get a large number of credit cards, say five hundred at a minimum. . . . Demoralized for a time by this failure, Fishl next studied Chinese acupuncture, and presently set up a special practice as an acupuncture abortionist. Again he was sued, this time by a woman who had had a baby after receiving treatment. . . . Say what you like about America, but few countries have welcomed originality more warmly."

This may be enough for enjoyment. But several other ingredients are necessary for admiration, and the reader must bring these to the task himself.

1. *A tin ear.* Bellow has one, so should you. In the short passage quoted above, there are a dozen superfluous words. At four such passages per page, times three hundred pages, you get quite a build-up. "Excuse the language," Kenneth says early on. "I'm in a hurry and I can't stop to pick and choose among the available terms." That's no excuse. Bellow didn't clean up Kenneth's voice because Kenneth's voice *is* Bellow's—a clumsy and rather muffled echo of Jewish-American speech rhythms. There may have been a time when novelty made it seem refreshing, but the bloom is off the ailanthus. In this connection, Bellow is worth comparing with Philip Roth, who draws on the same idiolect, but whose sentences are lithe and lively and, above all, varied, depending on who is speaking. All Bellow characters sound alike.

2. *A long attention span.* Even if every syllable rang true, could we take so much talk? It may be that, just as the modern short story has been asphyxiated by the epiphany out of *Dubliners*, so the modern novel is choking on the monologue out of *Ulysses*. Certainly this one is. The only event we see, in real time, before our eyes, is a visit Kenneth pays to his old flame in Seattle. Where action is concerned, this book makes *The Golden Bowl* look like *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

3. *Dilettantism.* The down-side of intellectual juggling is that nothing weighs much. Bellow's recurring Big Theme is the inhumanity of modernity, which he dug into most deeply perhaps in *Herzog*. But everything here is lighter than air. You'd get a better feel for botany if Benno Crader appeared in a novel by James Clavell.

4. *Misogyny.* The women that Bellow heroes marry or fall in love with are either wet-dreams or witches. Matilda Layamon, the luckless Benno's second wife, manages to be both. Crader begins to have doubts about her when he sees in her shoulders a resemblance to those of Tony Perkins in drag in *Psycho*. This extraordinary comparison is presented as (a) a true reflection of Matilda's character, which (b) requires no further demonstration. I'm no feminist, you understand, and I know American male novelists have a low batting average when it comes to female characters. But this is embarrassing.

In fairness, Kenneth, when he finally gets to Seattle, comes to an understanding with the mother of his child that is relatively sober and mature. Perhaps we're meant to pity Crader, or think less of him, for making rash sexual choices. "I am a phoenix," he says, "who runs after arsonists." But the effect of the book is to make us believe that most women out there are pyromaniacs.

5. *Family values.* There is one class of women who escape the curse—blood relatives. Male relatives are also in all cases to be honored, however bizarre their personal habits, even Fishl Vilitzer. This is another Bellow standby—Shula, the daughter of the hero of *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, was crazy, and her cousin was an abortionist, but because they were family, all was forgiven them—and it is related to the Big Theme: one sign of modern dislocation is the distance we are from family happiness. Bellow also knows that families generate plenty of unhappiness, with no help from modernity. But, as with the wickedness of wives, he always returns in the end to the talisman of assertion: Families are Good. Bellow is Dickens for the Committee on Social Thought.

How can people who are so unexceptionably precious in one kind of relation be so totally destructive in another? Crader at one point gives a lecture in Kyoto, where two of the book's more powerful vignettes underline the contrast. He is met by an aged Japanese biophysicist in "an antique car built on perpendicular lines. . . . Except in silent movies, I had never seen anything like it." Crader's host reads some of his own poetry, which has "a single theme: the old man's nurse—his nanny, whom seventy-five years ago he had deeply loved, and who had passed away in 1912, when he was six or seven years old." That night, some younger men take Crader to a crude Oriental sex show. "Miss Osaka and Miss Nara put it in front of you, as literal as it was possible to be. . . . The girls felt the weight of the attention they were getting and seemed to know how much suffering they caused and how shaken their audience was."

Richard Brookhiser, managing editor of National Review, *is the author of* The Outside Story *(Doubleday).*

HEAVY DUTY INFLATABLE POWERFUL MOTORBOATS

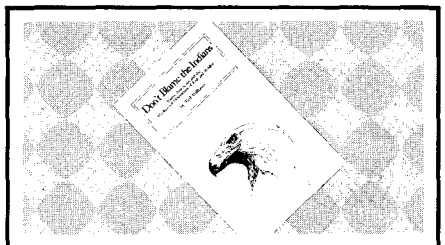
8 FT. SIZE $87

10 FT. SIZE $110

Call Free

Before Midnight For The Next 30 Days

As part of an advertising test, ***Dunlap Boat Mfg.*** will send any of the above size ***motorboats*** to anyone who reads and responds to this test before the next 30 days. Each ***motorboat*** Lot. No. (Z-26 PVC) is constructed of tough high density fabric (resistant to abrasions, sunlight, salt & oil), electronically welded seams, nylon safety line grommeted all around, heavy duty oars locks, 4 separate air chambers for extra safety, self-locking safety valves, bow lifting & towing handle. High impact ABS outboard motor has a solid brass shaft, 8 lb. thrust capacity and a quick steering tiller arm. Heavy duty high performance propeller mounts directly to your boat (no extra transom needed) and is designed to meet all rigid U.S. Patent specifications. Each boat has a Coast Guard I.D. number for your protection. Recommended for marine, ocean and fresh water recreation, camping, fishing or a family fun boat. Each ***motorboat*** will be accompanied with a LIFETIME guarantee that it must perform 100% or it will be replaced free. Add $7 handling & crating for each ***motorboat*** requested. *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* pays all shipping. If your order is received within the next ten days you will receive FREE a combined hand/foot inflator/deflator bellows style pump for each ***motorboat*** requested. Should you wish to return your ***motorboat*** you may do so for a refund. Any letter postmarked after 30 days will be returned. LIMIT three (3) ***motorboats*** per address, no exceptions. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: Boat Dept. #200-M, *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* 2554 Lincoln Blvd., #122, Marina Del Rey, CA 90291. Or for fastest service from any part of the country call 1-800-255-3298 for Boat Dept. #200-M (CA residents call collect 213-313-1300), before midnight seven days a week. Have credit card ready.



Don't Blame the Indians This is Ted Williams' definitive study of Native Americans and the mechanized destruction of fish and wildlife. Ted Williams has developed an earned reputation as a brilliant and dedicated writer on topics important to anyone who loves the outdoors. Ted has spent the better part of the last two years researching this aspect of the Native American question. The result is *Don't Blame the Indians*, a compelling examination of a problem for which Ted seeks not to assign blame, but to suggest, as he does in the final chapter, a novel and workable solution. *paperback $12.95*

Please send

Don't Blame the Indians *to:*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Return this coupon to: 205 Willow St
So. Hamilton, MA 01982

☐ **I've enclosed $12.95 plus $1.50 shipping charge**

☐ **Please charge my VISA/MasterCard**

Acct. # _____ **Exp.** _____

Signature _____

or call: **1-800-458-4010**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There you have it—kith and kin, or killer whores. You may wonder: If love is so dangerous, where are families supposed to come from? Bellow's not telling.

The title of the book takes off on an answer Crader gives to a media type, asking about the radioactive effects of Chernobyl. It is a personal and moral answer, but also, indirectly, a political one. (Barry Commoner wouldn't say that more people die of anything, no matter how upset he was about the modern world or the fair sex.) Which raises a last, non-literary point. Since the death of Vladimir Nabokov, Saul Bellow is the closest thing to an eminent, right-of-center man of letters. For that reason, conservatives have an extra temptation to rate his fiction as highly as the world has rated it. But it should be possible to appreciate the common sense of his occasional public gestures without inflating his gifts—especially when, as in *More Die of Heartbreak*, they show so modestly. □

A CONFLICT OF VISIONS

Thomas Sowell/William Morrow and Co./$15.95

Herbert Schlossberg

Several months ago I participated in a small conference on economics at Oxford. One of the low points of the event was a paper by a Dutch economist, a gentleman who works for an organization in Geneva known chiefly these days for dizzy rhetoric lauding the compassion of Marxist *caudillos*. In the course of his presentation, this employee of the World Council of Churches made a point by citing with disdain the opinion of Thomas Sowell that unemployment among black youths is exacerbated by minimum wage laws. Ludicrous idea!—and apparently unworthy of refutation, since the Dutchman didn't attempt to refute it (and couldn't do so when he was challenged). As if to underscore the comedic nature of Sowell's notion, he added: "And he's *black*."

That's the sort of thing Sowell puts up with from the know-nothings, not the most bashful of whom are the know-nothings who speak for black establishment organizations. He should be encouraged by this attention, as I am, because it suggests that his work is considered dangerous, hence that some of it is successful in convincing people that there is no future in milking the status of permanent victimhood.

But there is another Thomas Sowell besides the economist and polemicist, and that is the historian of ideas. This is the one we meet in *A Conflict of Visions*. Here he muses on persistent themes of controversy in Western societies, and considers why it is that on important subjects bearing scant connection with each other, patterns of agreement and disagreement emerge for reasons that do not seem immediately apparent. Why do those who believe government should confine its activities largely to protecting society from its enemies also believe that justice has nothing to do with equality of wealth; that the wisdom inherited from the past should receive a respectful audience; that law should be based on what the Constitution says rather than what the judge prefers; that schools should teach the basics and discipline troublemakers; that society should be protected from criminals rather than the reverse; that relying on economic incentives without abridging them with coercive measures leads to economic health? And why do those who disagree with one of those propositions tend to disagree with all of them?

Sowell's answer is that the components of both clusters of convictions are linked together logically; the patterns are too consistent to be happenstance. They cohere as they are embraced by either what he calls the *constrained vision* or the *unconstrained vision*. All of us view life's issues through the lens of one or the other. Sowell compares these visions to maps because they serve to guide us through the complexities that otherwise would confuse us. They cause us to *sense* that something is true or false before we have begun to analyze the issue. "A vision is our sense of how the world works." It is neither a paradigm nor a theory, but something more basic. A vision finally issues forth in theory, being its foundation. We might think of it as a web of unarticulated presuppositions.

The elements of the constrained vision may be inferred from the name. Limitations inherent in the structure of the world do not permit us to build social systems that transcend them. And since the sources of health are systemic, efforts to alter the fundamentals of the system can only destroy it. Adherents of the unconstrained vision regard such arguments as having no validity, functioning purely as apologies for the injustices of the status quo. Since these people are more prone to impute base motives to their opponents than the other vision is, expressions of this view are often accompanied by pungent remarks about the moral inadequacies of those holding to the constrained vision.

Some of the specific positions of the two sides should make the antithesis clearer:

Constrained	*Unconstrained*
man is egocentric	man is perfectible
human nature is immutable	human nature is infinitely malleable
evil is a given	evil is produced by the system
war is to be expected	war is irrational
American Revolution	French Revolution
checks and balances	control by the elite
knowledge from experience	knowledge from reason
fidelity	sincerity
tradeoffs	solutions
incentives	intentions
economics	politics
prudence	rightness

One of the strengths of Sowell's book is the exhaustiveness with which he shows the implications of the visions. Although he points to people (Marx, for example) who do not fit neatly into either category, the scheme has ramifications in virtually every field of human endeavor; it is relevant to the state, the family, the school, the law court, the academic discipline, and so on. Thus it provides us with a valuable tool for a variety of uses.

Sowell keeps an admirably even hand throughout this analysis, and those not familiar with his other works may be unable to detect that he is an adherent of the constrained vision. Yet his predilections appear in other ways that will leap out at many readers. He believes "the limitations of man are at the heart" of the constrained vision, but the word *sin* does not appear in the book. A quarter-century ago an exponent of the unconstrained vision, political scientist George Kateb, wrote a book extolling Utopia as the hope of humanity. But there was one thing troubling him, and that was the doctrine of sin, the acceptance of which he thought was virtually a sign of maturity. Kateb then went on to sweep this insight under the rug, but the fact that he recognized his difficulty throws into sharper relief the failure of Sowell—he of the constrained vision—to make the connection.

In this gap in Sowell's thinking, I believe we have something related to the recent bloodletting between old-style conservatives and neoconservatives, especially those among the latter who might better be called libertarians. It's instructive to examine Sowell's cast of characters in that light. He remarks, for example, that the partisans of the constrained vision don't talk much about justice. But that is purely a function of the sources he selected. Why did he choose Friedman rather than Moses? Posner rather than St. Paul? Well, someone replies, he didn't choose anybody from the ancient world—maybe that's characteristic of the economist thinking about history. But then why does he use Shaw but not Shaw's good friend and debating adversary Chesterton? Why Godwin but not Wilberforce? Hamilton but not Edwards? Hobbes, Hayek, and Schumpeter, but not Cromwell, Niebuhr, and Eliot? Evidently Sowell's interests and reading list are firmly rooted in a tradition that excludes those who take religion seriously.

It seems plain that the unconstrained vision entails a decisive repudiation of the religious faith that made European civilization what it was. It is a form of the Promethian rebellion, and is as old as the serpent's bait: "You shall be as gods." But Sowell's exemplars of the constrained vision are themselves examples of the withdrawal of the Western intelligentsia from Christian faith. As he says of the clusters of convictions that define the two visions, that cannot be a coincidence. Rather, it seems to be a reflection of Sowell's own faith. He is, I would judge, one of the finer examples of Enlightenment man, one who has retained some of the most fruitful ideas of the civilization that is now being overthrown, but who has not accepted the theological foundation of those ideas.

And that is why I think the days of the Sowells—the intellectuals who retain the Christian ethic without its foundations—are numbered. I'm reminded in this of Rosalind Murray, Gilbert Murray's daughter and Arnold Toynbee's first wife, who published *The Good Pagan's Failure* almost half a century ago. She admired the good pagan's moral sense, the instincts that lead him to choose the right—she would admire that in Sowell too—but she lamented the fact that in such people there was no connection between their ethical position and any metaphysical foundation from which it could be said to spring. The good pagan is running on his memory and is receiving no sustenance from any external source. When

---

Herbert Schlossberg is the author of Idols for Destruction *(Thomas Nelson).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he and his fellows begin wondering *why* they have those convictions and cannot come up with a satisfactory answer, the society begins coming apart at the seams. That is what is happening now.

There are many implications of this discontinuity between the ethic and the fundamental convictions that ought to fuel it. In the political arena, it's not likely that the recent correspondence of interests between conservatives and libertarians has much staying power. On vital issues like defense policy, the sanctity of human life, and the legalization of what some call victimless crimes, the two are at loggerheads. The issues here go far beyond Sowell's two visions, which makes me wonder if these visions are as fundamental as they are made to appear in *A Conflict of Visions*. It's one thing to describe wisdom in organic or systemic terms, as Sowell does, but someone who takes that position without believing in a transcendent source by which wisdom entered into the society is ultimately engaging in a sort of ancestor worship. One of the marks of the constrained vision is its respect for the wisdom of the past. But to say we must respect an idea merely by virtue of its antiquity is hardly more satisfactory than to say we must respect another by virtue of its novelty.

When the ethical norms that distinguished Western civilization from others are left hanging in midair because they have been severed from their roots, they may still appear attractive to many. It's natural for such people, when facing the discontinuities with their own assumptions, to head back for the next line of trenches, which is libertarianism. But the social atomism of that philosophy doesn't provide any nurture for an ethic based on love, and people who become disenchanted by that vacuum can find the utopian vistas of the unconstrained vision enticing.

There is an interesting contrast between Sowell's intellectual pilgrimage and that of the organization I mentioned earlier. Sowell's Enlightenment orientation ought to propel him headlong into the unconstrained vision, but he turns against his natural home in favor of a moral system that is rooted in reality. Meanwhile the World Council of Churches departs from the constrained vision implied by Christian theology and turns instead to the pursuit of fantasy. About ten years ago the Rutgers biologist David Ehrenfeld observed that kind of behavior among the clergy and speculated on whether someone could belong to one religion while thinking he belonged to another. He concluded that such was indeed possible. That sort of confusion, it appears, is present in the adherents of both visions, and may be characteristic of periods when the transitions are unusually rapid and therefore disorienting.

These ruminations should not be thought to detract from Thomas Sowell's achievement in this volume, which is considerable. If a book helps us to consider ideas in fruitful ways that we could not do before, we have no complaints. And if a reviewer wishes the author had done more, why, let him get busy and do it himself. □

REPUBLICAN PARTY REPTILE

P. J. O'Rourke/Atlantic Monthly Press/$6.95 paper

Jack Shafer

If P.J. O'Rourke was born a conservative Republican, as he claims, his new collection of essays and journalism, *Republican Party Reptile*, proves that the birth was rectal. To be sure, the former editor of *National Lampoon* barks like an orthodox conservative, with a hate list that maps neatly onto that of Pat Buchanan's: Commies, Ralph Nader, health food, child-proof aspirin bottle-tops, Senator John Kerry, no-nukers, and Roosevelt ("the Roosevelt in the wheelchair, and not . . . the good one who killed bears"). Throughout *Republican Party Reptile*, O'Rourke blasts the liberal agenda with a shower of ridicule, proclaiming that if liberty means anything, it means that we should be able to smoke, shoot guns, drive Corvairs, swallow saccharin, get in fistfights, and start barbecue fires with gasoline without interference from mom or OSHA.

O'Rourke's love of conservative orthodoxy is deep. It is so deep, in fact, that he doesn't mind rewriting it, bending it, even perverting it to make it meet his ends. "We are the Republican Party Reptiles," he brags in the book's introduction. "We look like Republicans, and think like conservatives, but we drive a lot faster and keep vibrators and baby oil and a video camera behind the stack of sweaters on the bedroom closet shelf." O'Rourke's Reptiles are for a cleaner environment ("poor people should cut it out with the graffiti"), free love ("if our wives don't find out"), and Star Wars or anything else that makes the Russkies nervous. They oppose busing their children ("anywhere other than Yale"), trailer courts near their vacation homes, all tiny Third World countries that don't have banking secrecy laws, and Gary Hart—although the Gary and Donna episode has made O'Rourke rethink that stand.

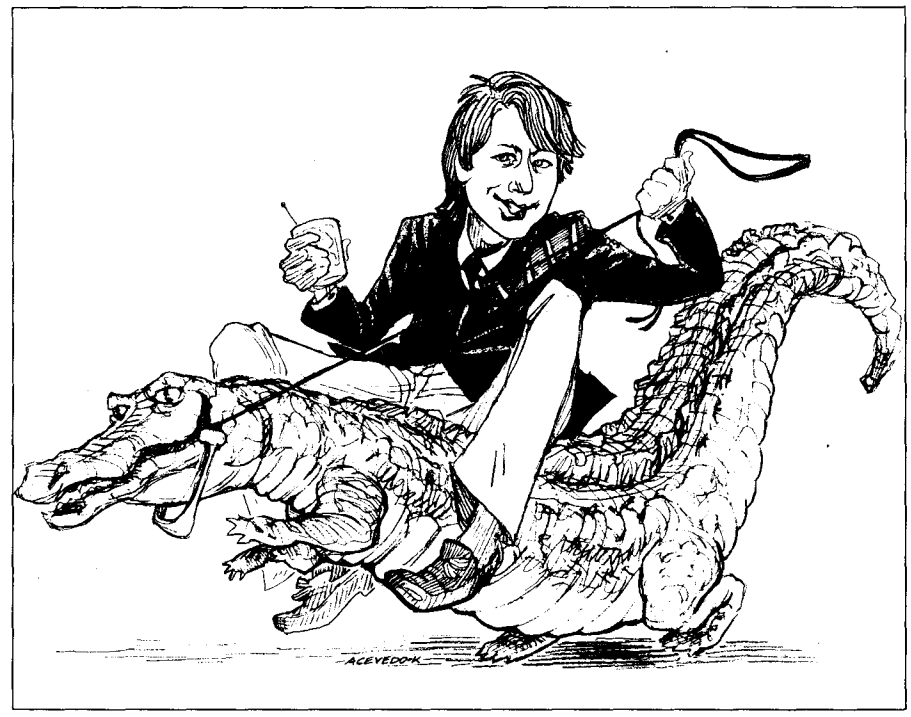
Now, O'Rourke's conservatism was not learned at Bill Buckley's Yale, taught at Ben Hart's Dartmouth, or speechified by Ronald Reagan on the GE rubber-chicken lecture circuit. It's absorbed by osmosis with a cold one in the frat houses of the land-grant diploma mills of the Midwest—Miami University in Ohio, in O'Rourke's case. In the Midwest the most urgent debate has never been whether capitalism is superior to Communism, or authoritarianism preferable to totalitarianism, but which is better—fun or its antagonist, seriousness. O'Rourke's conservative breakthrough is that fun is better, and that conservatives can have fun.

O'Rourke says conservatives are actually *predisposed* to humor in a way that radicals and liberals cannot be. "People who worry themselves sick over sexism in language and think the government sneaks into their houses at night and puts atomic waste in the kitchen dispose-all cannot be expected to have a sense of humor. And they don't," he writes.

Radicals and liberals and such want all jokes to have a "meaning," to "make a point." But laughter is involuntary and points are not. A conservative may tell you that you shouldn't make fun of something. "You shouldn't make fun of cripples," he might say. And he may be right. But a liberal will tell you, "You *can't* make fun of cripples." And he's wrong—as anyone who's heard the one about Helen Keller falling into a well and breaking three fingers calling for help can tell you.

Here, O'Rourke is spewing heresy. Historically, conservatism has been about as fun as watching your carpet get shampooed—as you know if you've ever attended a YAF rally, spent a day in ROTC, or dated a nice girl. Not only do most right-wingers hate fun themselves, they hate it when anybody else has fun. Consequently, the only way to have fun and be a conservative at the same time is to avoid all other conservatives. With each generation, this has made conservatism more like the sex act: satisfying if done alone, tolerable if practiced with a partner, but disgusting in higher concentrations. Liberalism, on the other hand, inverts this maxim. A solitary liberal can't have fun, because there is nobody to tax. But pair off a couple liberals and give them an intoxicant and suddenly you've got legislation *and* a party.

All that stands between conservatives and a good time (and perhaps world domination), O'Rourke argues, are a few broken laws, and in *Republican Party Reptile* he illustrates this idea repeatedly. In "Ferrari Refutes the Decline of the West," he celebrates the sin of speed, slaloming down Interstate 10 at 140 mph in a Ferrari 308GTS. In "How To Drive Fast on Drugs While Getting Your Wing-Wang Squeezed and Not Spill Your Drink" he extends automotive pleasures with illicit drugs, alcohol, and vehicular sex. (If a Drunks Against Mad Mothers [DAMM] movement is ever launched, this lizard king



Jack Shafer is the editor of Washington, D.C.'s weekly City Paper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of comedy would be the perfect poster-child.) Alcohol, O'Rourke learned while peering at the Soviet Union through the bottom of a vodka glass, is not only the way to make driving more fun, but also the great maker of brotherhood. It is also the only thing that makes the workers' paradise tolerable.

The fun paradigm is further bifurcated in "A Cool and Logical Analysis of the Bicycle." O'Rourke contends that fun danger is superior to unfun danger, and complains that bicycles are "dangerous without being any fun. You can't shoot pheasants with a bicycle or water-ski behind it or go 150 miles an hour or even mix it with soda and ice. Being dangerous without being fun puts bicycles in a category with open-heart surgery, the war in Vietnam, the South Bronx, and divorce. . . . Bicycles are too slow and impuissant for a country like ours. They belong in Czechoslovakia." Better to ban them and their riders, "organic-gardening zealots who advocate federal regulation of bedtime and want American foreign policy to be dictated by UNICEF."

The social graces fall into the Republican Party Reptile's purview as well, with an entire section devoted to "Manners and Mores." One piece anthologized here from *House and Garden* explains the dos and don'ts of dinner table conversation. "Mix good talkers with good listeners. And don't confuse good listeners with people who are simply quiet," he advises. "Furniture is quiet." But for the final word on the subject, I refer you to the complete volume O'Rourke wrote on this subject a couple years ago, *Modern Manners*. He describes it as the book that settles once and for all how much money a woman has to make before you can slug her without feeling ashamed.

Ultimately, though, the slitheriness of a Republican Party Reptile is best judged by his willingness to break the law. If a few broken laws are fun, a lot of broken laws are a lot more fun, and a place with no laws at all is a perpetual Mardi Gras. In Lebanon, where chaos reigns and drugs are abundant and cheap, O'Rourke found his paradise. But lest the reader think his voyage was all ideology, fun, and pharmaceuticals, listen to his brilliant descriptions of Beirut from "With Hostage and Hijacker in Sunny Beirut":

> Beirut doesn't match any mental picture of anything. After ten years of polygonal civil war and invasions and air strikes by Syrians, Israelis, and multilateral peace-keeping forces, the place still isn't as squalid as some cities that have never been hit by anything but government social programs. There are zones of manic destruction, of course. The Green Line looks like an antinuke-benefit-concert album cover. The Bois de Pins, planted in the 1600s, has taken so many rocket attacks that it's a forest of phone poles. Hotel Row along the Corniche was destroyed in the first year of warfare. The best hotel, the St. George, is a burned hulk. But its bar is still open and people water-ski from the beach there in all but the worst of the fighting. "What about the sniper?" I once asked someone. He said, "Oh, most of the snipers have automatic weapons. They aren't very accurate."

As wonderful as *Republican Party Reptile* is, let's not pretend that the scaly beast has written a complete conservative treatise. For example, he is silent on the subject of immigration. What about the Snow-Mexicans, people like Mortimer Zuckerman, Peter Jennings, and Lorne Greene, who smuggle themselves down from the 49th Parallel to take jobs away from Americans? He is also silent on monetary reform, but one guesses that he would advocate the return to the gold standard in the same breath as a return to the Acapulco gold standard.

Already there is evidence that other prominent conservatives, like Lt. Col. Oliver North, have embraced the reptile agenda. Impatient with Congress's double-nickel speed on approving aid for the contras, he hot-wired American

transaction

Legitimacy & Force

(IN TWO VOLUMES)

STATE PAPERS AND CURRENT PERSPECTIVES

Jeane J. Kirkpatrick

Legitimacy and Force, Volumes One and Two are the state papers of Jeane J. Kirkpatrick as the United States Permanent Representative to the United Nations. The volumes features all of the ambassador's UN and congressional testimonies, addresses, speeches and statements and a broad selection of speeches on international affairs and human rights. Together they present a lucid and comprehensive account of the position of one of America's most controversial UN representatives.

Volume One is oriented around themes of democratic societies and undemocratic systems, human rights and political obligations. Kirkpatrick examines the nature of legitimacy of democracy and the illegitimate nature of undemocratic nations. She also offers poignant commentary on the presidential election of 1980 and what the "Reagan phenomenon" has meant to the United States and the West.

Volume Two offers Kirkpatrick's formal remarks on nations and nation-building. She focuses on Grenada, Poland, Afghanistan, Nicaragua, and the Soviet Union. She provides a particularly trenchant analysis of Israel: the Camp David accords, the assault on Israel inside the United Nations, and on the Middle East in general. Essential reading for everyone interested in the policymaking arena, these volumes exemplify Kirkpatrick's articulate conceptual underpinning of present-day American foreign policy.

These volumes, far from the usual government position papers, range widely and personally over the major international issues of our times. They are amplified in essays and articles written by Dr. Kirkpatrick for special occasions not related to specific UN work. In addition, the volumes contain crucial papers that were written after her resignation from the UN ambassadorship–and hence reflect Kirkpatrick's current interests and persuasions.

VOLUME ONE:
POLITICAL AND MORAL DIMENSIONS
ISBN: 0-88738-099-9 (cloth) **$34.95(p)**
ISBN: 0-88738-646-6 (paper) **$16.95(p)**
485 pp.

VOLUME TWO:
NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL DIMENSIONS
ISBN: 0-88738-100-6 (cloth) **$34.95(p)**
ISBN: 0-88738-647-4 (paper) **$16.95(p)**
420 pp.

$60/set (cloth) $30/set (paper)

AVAILABLE IN NOVEMBER 1987

Transaction Publishers

Dept. EF Rutgers-The State University, New Brunswick, NJ 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign policy and jetted around the world, collecting a gazillion dollars for the freedom fighters. When quizzed on his doings by a grand-standing Congress, he lied about it with reptilian charm. (I am pleased that North had a drop-dead gorgeous blonde in his employ all the while, but am disappointed that there have been no congressional revelations about vibrators or baby oil or video cameras.)

The small-minded may think of O'Rourke as an incubus sent by Gus Hall and black nationalists to pollute the conservative youth of today. Based on the vision presented in *Republican Party Reptile*, I prefer to think of him as that and more. He is our generation's moral compass—pointing straight to hell. □

T. E. LAWRENCE: A BIOGRAPHY
Michael Yardley/Stein and Day/$22.95

H. W. Crocker III

T. E. Lawrence has been the subject of many biographies, all of which have given us roughly the same portrait of the man, but yet, at the same time, have come to strongly divergent assessments of him. Lawrence is reviled by some Arabs for having been an agent of British imperialism, yet some Arab boys of the Shalan clan in Syria are still named "Aurens" in his honor. He is thought by many to have been a fraud—but there can be little doubt of his courage or of his importance to future events in the Middle East. The charges of fraud emanate because of his frustratingly odd and manipulative view of his own fame.

Lawrence is an exceedingly complex character—a man who on the one hand could speak of the rights of the Arabs, feel immense guilt at their betrayal by the colonial powers, and then turn around and say: "I went up the Tigris with one hundred Devon Territorials, young, clean, delightful fellows, full of the power of happiness and making women and children glad. By them one saw vividly how great it was to be their kin, and English. . . . All our subject provinces to me were not worth one dead Englishman"; and go on to add: "Pray God that men reading [*Seven Pillars of Wisdom*] will not, for the love of the glamour of strangeness, go out to prostitute themselves and their talents in serving another race."

In Lawrence's case, the boy made the man. The hero who would renounce his celebrity, change his name to Ross and then to Shaw, and seek anonymity in the ranks of the RAF and the Tank Corps, had, in fact, no real reason to call himself "Lawrence." Miss Lawrence was T. E.'s mother—herself illegitimate, her real name was Sarah Junner, though she had also used the name Maden—and his father was Thomas Chapman. Miss Lawrence—a strict Christian—came to work for Mr. Chapman and his wife, and ended up having an affair with him. They eloped, and T. E. L. was their illegitimate offspring. When he found out about his illegitimacy—at the age of 17 while preparing for entrance into Oxford—he ran away and enlisted in the Royal Artillery. Already used to a self-imposed Spartan discipline, he had no trouble with the physical rigors of army life, but he found the men a little "frightening" and was a bit put off by their "roughness." He served no more than three months before his father got him out.

At school, Lawrence exhibited his brilliance, his tendency to play with the truth for dramatic effect—he was born on August 16, but often told his school chums he was born the same day as Napoleon, August 15—and, as one of his schoolmasters described him, he was "one of few words, self-possessed, purposeful, inscrutable." He immersed himself in the literature of chivalry, did his thesis at Oxford on Crusader castles, and under the guidance of Dr. D. G. Hogarth, his academic mentor, he also read much on military strategy and on modern Arabia. It was Hogarth who sent Lawrence to supervise the archaeological excavations at Carchemish in Syria in December 1910.

Hogarth, who was himself an adventurous figure devoted to the Empire, was just as interested in digging up intelligence as he was in digging up historical artifacts. And Lawrence was a most suitable pupil and agent. Lawrence had, as Yardley points out, "as much, and possibly more, formal military instruction as an average officer passing out of the Military Academy at Sandhurst today, and was by no means the bookish scholar thrown into action that is sometimes portrayed." Lawrence had been in the Oxford University Officer Training Corps, belonged to the Rifle Club for Old Boys of Oxford High School, had spent a great deal of time toughening his will and his body, and had worked extensively taking photos, sketching maps, making notes, and reading about the history of warfare for his academic research. Lawrence had spent his life preparing himself for great things (he told a fellow intelligence officer just after the war that all his life he had wanted to be a hero) and he seems to have been swept up into the Great Game almost immediately. As Yardley notes, "despite opportunities Lawrence appears to have taken no active interest in archaeology after the Great War." Lawrence's interest was in serving his country.

The whole thrust of Lawrence's activities in the Middle East—whatever sympathies he developed for the Hashemite Arabs, which were considerable—was to protect and enhance Britain's position in the region. Lawrence was not only anti-Turk, but also, surprisingly (for he spoke French fluently and traveled through France for his research on the Crusades), vehemently anti-French. He wanted to keep France out of the Middle East and as early as 1915 was drawing up plans to cut the French off from the region or at least to weaken their position so that it would crumble when the next war came.

The politics of the Middle East were as complex then as they are today—complicated by, if nothing else, the multiple interests of Britain. The British government in India was profoundly opposed to the idea of Arab independence and Arab nationalism, for it believed that the Turks were far more reliable than the Arabs, and more stable too, and were a vital buffer against Russian penetration into India. Lord Kitchener and Lawrence, however, had other ideas. They noted that an independent Palestine would act as a buffer between Egypt and the Turks and that Arab nationalism was not to be feared given that the Arabs, as Lawrence said, "if properly handled . . . would remain in a state of political mosaic, a tissue of small jealous principalities, incapable of cohesion and yet always ready to combine against an outside force." The Arab tribes could be brought under British guidance, as long as Britain could maintain its image as their liberator, and Islam would be divided against itself, with a Khalifa in Turkey and a Khalifa in Arabia.

But further complicating matters was the secret Sykes-Picot treaty dividing up the Middle East between France and Britain and virtually ignoring the claims of the Arabs, whom Lawrence was leading in a fight of supposed national liberation. Under Sykes-Picot, Britain was, essentially, to gain control of Mesopotamia, Jordan, and Palestine, and France was to be given Syria and Lebanon. The British became less and less entranced by Sykes-Picot as the war wore on and as Britain saw that its own national in-

H. W. Crocker III is a writer and editor in Washington, D.C.

THE CONGRESSIONAL MAILER

A data base of the entire CONGRESS, 534 members on a PC disk.

* Records contain the full name of the Senator or Congressman with their complete mailing address, phone number and party.
* Records can easily be added, edited or deleted.
* Records can be coded then select/sorted on codes for any data field.
* Records can be converted to ASCII format and imported into word processors for mail/merge functions.
* Owners with modems can auto-dial the representative's office with one storke function key.
* Records can be printed on any size label, envelope, rolodex card, or directory listing.
* Plus many other features

Best Programs, 2700 S. Quincy Street, Arlington, VA 22206; 703 820-9300.

NOT FOR EVERYONE...

American Libertarian is not for everyone...But if you appreciate the inside stories on the liveliest political and intellectual movement in the world, **American Libertarian** is for you.

Monthly, Sent First Class

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State/Zip_____
Rates: ☐ 1yr. $20
☐ 2 yrs. $38 ☐ Back issues $2
Outside N. America, add $5
American Libertarian
21715 Park Brook Drive
Katy, TX 77450

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terest could best be served by supporting the Arabs' desire for self-determination (because the Arabs were pro-British and anti-French). Lawrence, of course, was especially keen on dispensing with Sykes-Picot and offered the alternative of giving Lebanon to France, while King Feisal would be given the throne in Syria (under British protection), Mesopotamia would be ruled by Feisal's two brothers (also under British protection), and Palestine would go to Britain and be open to Zionist immigrants as long as they were willing to provide political and financial support to Feisal. It was an imaginative scheme, but as the India Office pointed out, Feisal's brothers had absolutely no claim to govern Mesopotamia.

Moreover, the British government was playing all sides in the Arab contest. While Lawrence worked feverishly, backed cautiously by the Foreign Office, to promote King Feisal and the Hashemites, the India Office was supporting the enemy of the Hashemites, Ibn Saud, who was advised by Harry St. John Philby, the father of future spy and traitor Kim Philby. After Ibn Saud defeated the Hashemites in battle, thus disproving Lawrence's slighting disregard for Saud's power, Lawrence's views were given shorter shrift.

It was not Lawrence but Winston Churchill who finally cut through all of the British political infighting. With the French having already won their claims to Lebanon and Syria at Versailles (by force of arms), Churchill set about organizing the British Middle East under one office—the Colonial Office—where he made Lawrence the special adviser on Arab affairs. Churchill's main objective was to put Feisal on the throne in Mesopotamia—since Syria now belonged to France—and to withdraw the British army from Mesopotamia—and replace it with the RAF, which was cheaper to maintain. After furious and difficult negotiations, Feisal was put on the Iraqi throne and his brother Abdullah was given sovereignty over Trans-Jordan, a sovereignty he kept only because of Lawrence's intervention when it looked as though he might fall. Jordan's King Hussein owes his monarchy to Lawrence's rescue of his grandfather.

Exhausted by the war and by the even more onerous duties of drawing up the peace, Lawrence arranged for himself to be replaced by his nemesis, Harry St. John Philby, and left public service for a life of celebrity and legend—a status he both sought and from which, evidently sincerely, he wished to escape.

To the dismay of his friends Churchill and George Bernard Shaw, Lawrence enlisted in the ranks of the RAF, where he purported to find the safety, discipline, fellowship, and mental relaxation he desperately needed, but which Churchill and Shaw could only view as an obscene waste of his talents. Nor was Lawrence a model recruit. He was coy and obstreperous and made ample use of his friends to obtain special treatment.

Nothing, however, not even a life of drudgery in the ranks, nor the ritualistic beatings he ordered for himself, could ever bury his hyperactive sense of guilt and shame—not all of which was connected with the Arab campaign. Certainly he felt the Arabs had been betrayed, but he had acted on the "conviction that Arab help was necessary to our cheap and speedy victory in the East, and that better we win and break our word than lose"—a conviction that, if not *entirely* honorable, was at least justifiable and politically sound.

The Lawrence of Michael Yardley's biography remains a man of mystery—with questions still unanswered as to what horrors he actually suffered during the war, as to what compelled his complex and baffling personality, and as to the secrecy surrounding his death in a motorcycle accident. But Yardley poses the questions well, and his educated guesses, when he makes them, are sensible. Lawrence was a fascinating man and this is a splendid and well-researched book. □

SUBMARINE WARFARE: TODAY AND TOMORROW

John E. Moore and Richard Compton-Hall/Adler & Adler/$22.95

John Train

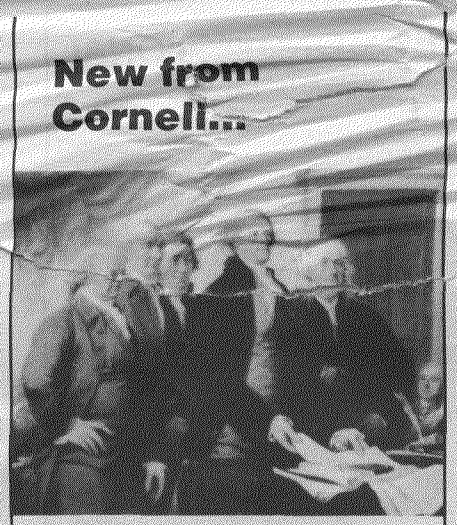
All too many books on military matters are assembled by professors or journalists who have not lived the subject they are dealing with, so that their studies are abstract and juiceless. Next most discouraging are the authors who know their stuff but can't write: American military men (like American scholars) often distrust good, strong prose. The "safe" military style, as it sometimes emerges, for instance, in the Naval Institute *Proceedings*, can run to such felicitous phraseology as "A substantial attrition of platforms may be anticipated." Worst, of course, are the tendentious studies put forth by politicized think tanks, often apparently assembled by summer interns, sustaining general theories on the basis of disembodied figures.

The authors of this work, on the contrary, know their field intimately: two seadogs who have actually fought their boats, calculated angles of attack, prodded their crews to stay sharp and aggressive, cursed the naval bureaucracy, and struggled with mechanical breakdowns deep in the ocean. Captain Moore, the editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, had many submarine commands and long staff experience. Commander Compton-Hall, after a career in submarine command and design, now runs Britain's Submarine Museum. *Submarine Warfare* is colorfully and vigorously written, with more meaty details in a paragraph than you can find in a chapter of some similar books.

Submarines have evolved greatly in recent years. They have grown so big (the size of small carriers) and so fast (over 40 knots now, probably reaching 50 or 60 in the early 1990s—speedier than most current torpedoes), so hard to detect and, once detected, to kill (thanks to double hulls), that they have become the instrument of choice for an increasing number of naval tasks. As a missile-launching platform, for example, nothing is more formidable than an immense Soviet ballistic sub lurking under the polar icecap, poised to break through to the surface and fire on signal. A sub is an extremely effective minelayer. It can carry troops. And as a commerce raider—a key Soviet use in blocking support of Europe—it has unique advantages, notably the ability to edge close to its prey before attacking.

Submarine Warfare also underlines a point that the Scandinavians have learned all too well: the effectiveness of tiny boats carrying out sensitive missions. The heavy Soviet pressure on Sweden now includes frequent probes by midget track-treaded submersibles that creep to the shore, deliver arms caches, drop agents, and the like. They also explore hiding places in Swedish and Norwegian fjords where Soviet nuclear subs can hide in a crisis. Attacks by mini-subs were common in World War II, including the wrecking of the *Tirpitz* right in its "invulnerable" lair in a Norwegian fjord. More can be expected just at the outbreak of a future conflict. Mini-subs can be extremely handy for attacks on ports and naval bases. The authors warn that the swarms of Russian trawlers and merchantmen now criss-crossing the world's oceans could easily carry mini-

John Train's latest book is The Midas Touch: The Strategies That Have Made Warren Buffett America's Pre-eminent Investor *(Harper & Row).*



New from Cornell...

The Thinking Revolutionary
Principle and Practice in the New Republic
By RALPH LERNER

"Lerner combines immense erudition with an amazingly penetrating mind. Taking the Founders seriously, he succeeds in bringing them to life."—Werner Dannhauser, Cornell University. In seven cogent and superbly written essays, Lerner weighs the revolutionaries' claims to have established a new model of liberty and self-governance. $24.95

The Strange Liberalism of Alexis de Tocqueville
By ROGER BOESCHE

"Boesche's book offers a strikingly fresh way of looking at Tocqueville and fills a serious gap in American Tocqueville scholarship."—James T. Schleifer, College of New Rochelle. $29.95

Cornell University Press
P.O. Box 250
Ithaca, New York 14851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ubs, to be launched from underwater atches.

Subs have another specialized merit: n early move in World War III could e a megaton electromagnetic pulse EMP) detonation 100 miles above the tmosphere south of Iceland, say, hich would blow out unshielded elec- onic equipment in the North Atlantic nd Western Europe, whether on ship- oard, onshore, or in the air. Subs are mpervious to EMP, which would lock most other communications.

What about the practice, as distinct from the nature, of submaining? Having lived through it, the uthors are particularly eloquent on he price of slapdash peacetime prepaation for war. The Soviets are weak here, but we haven't been as good as one would hope. For instance, our orpedoes early in World War II often ailed to explode when fired squarely nto the hulls of enemy ships, although hey worked at finer angles. They had ot received enough realistic, indepenlent testing. German exercises did not nclude running at depth for extremely ong periods—corresponding to combat conditions—during which the inside air pressure slowly rose, so the Germans did not discover that this altered he baseline of the depth-sensing nechanism of their torpedoes, which hus ran too deep. As the authors say, 'Absolute realism, in every smallest letail, is mandatory for peacetime echnical and tactical evaluations, whatever effort and expense are involved . . . just as long as everybody realizes how dangerous it is to 'cook the books' and is prepared to accept objective, and sometimes painfully embarrassing, analysis. The further that wartime experience fades into the past, the more important it is to underline the lessons learned." American custom tends to award peacetime promotions to officers who shine in training exercises. This invites falsification of results (I've seen that myself) and an avoidance of horrible conditions—that is, those most resembling wartime. Similarly, the Soviets do not give their crews enough sea experience, and their emphasis on political reliability, enforced by on-board commissars and party representatives among the crew, conflicts with the independent style of a successful sub commander.

Then, there's advice on how to design subs. The authors urge that, rather than designing and building new vessels and then inserting the torpedo and missile tubes wherever they fit, the weapon should be conceived first, to deal with the enemy as he will then be; and after that the weapon, the hull, and the propulsion system should be designed and built together. To make this approach work, one must look far ahead. As they say, "Big strides are generally more cost-effective, despite breathtaking cost-estimates, than continual modifications. . . ." (As a footnote on naval administration, the book cites the proliferation of paperwork: drafts of documents are sometimes sent 400 miles from London to typists in Glasgow, and three-week typing pool delays are not uncommon. Indeed, the commander of a smallish U.S. surface vessel recently complained that he had to carry twenty *tons* of files.)

In another edition the book's economic references might be checked. It's not clear that eliminating Trident would boost U.K. employment; the U.S. (annual) *deficit* is not $2 trillion, which, instead, is our entire national *debt*; and converting an SSBN to an SSN costs a lot more than $400,000!

Turning to the strategic level, the authors are full of doubts about the role of Britain in NATO's ballistic missile deterrent force. They consider the Trident system more costly than the country can afford, and less valuable to the alliance than Britain's traditional role of controlling European coastal waters.

The authors believe that the submarine-launched cruise missile (SLCM) can be counted on to penetrate Soviet defenses. Since it can move close to a hostile shore, an SLCM sub is in a favorable position for land bombardment. This, they feel, supports the argument that Britain should give up the Trident ballistic missile system in favor of cheaper SLCM submarines. However, other authorities think that Soviet defenses, such as the SAM-10, can cope with cruise missiles. (This is presumably part of the reasoning that has kept Britain in the Trident program.)

The actual cost of Trident is the subject of an intense political debate in Britain. As usual in nuclear-related matters, one thing can really be a metaphor for another: economics (not the authors' forte) sometimes turns out to be a stand-in for a moral or political agenda. For instance, something called the Bradford School of Peace Studies has opined that Trident will require cutting the rest of Britain's defenses by half in the coming years, and according to Gallup half the British population thinks that Trident will cost more than the National Health Service. The actual figures are that Trident should cost about £10 billion over twenty years, or £500 million a year, while the National Health Service costs forty times that, £20 billion a year. Britain has spent or is committed to spend £4 billion on Trident already, so cancellation would save about £6 billion out of the total £10 billion. Labour has talked about applying the savings to conventional forces. But those savings would add about 300 tanks to NATO's force of 8,000 tanks opposite the East's 50,000: scarcely decisive. Trident should in fact cost about 3 percent of the total British defense budget. The real point is that the four Trident subs' 500 modern missiles can penetrate Soviet defenses, and thus provide Britain with a solid and durable independent deterrent, unlike either the present 200 aging Polaris missiles or—if the authors are wrong—the SLCMs that they prefer.

A second strategic topic in the book calling for additional discussion is anti-submarine warfare (ASW), particularly submarine detection. The authors touch on progress in this highly secret area, notably satellite detection of the thermal plume produced by a sub's propulsions system and the water displacement of these huge vessels (up to several city blocks long), in addition to the usual techniques of active sonar pinging and passive listening. (The Walker family's spying, and Toshiba's sales to Russia, have cost us many billions in this area.) But there are other techniques emerging, such as satellite analysis of surface wave modifications using synthetic aperture radar, detection of the target sub's radioactivity and alteration of the earth's magnetic field, and the like. Then, there is the problem of several Soviet attack submarines potentially shadowing most of our ballistic submarines at sea. If the advantage shifts to the ASW side in the manner that these developments could portend—and which Navy people don't like to talk about—then perhaps the undersea leg of our deterrent triad is more threatened, and SDI research more urgent, than the authors believe.

But these questions are secondary to the main interest of this admirable book, which should be read and will be enjoyed by anyone concerned with today's realities in the Silent Service. □

Aktuelles aus deutschsprachigen Ländern

PRESENTING

chau ins Land, the new biweekly German language magazine on cassette. Recorded entirely in idiomatic German by a team of top European broadcasters and journalists, *Schau ins Land* offers unique insights into the diverse landscapes and cultures of German speaking Europe: West and East Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Each 45-minute edition features conversation about current affairs, travel, the arts and entertainment, as well as interviews and a sampling of today's best German popular music. As an aid to comprehension, each program comes with a complete printed German transcription and an extensive German-English vocabulary section.

Schau ins Land™

Subscribe now and receive the Autumn '87-Spring '88 series (a total of 14 editions) for just $118. Or, if you prefer, order only the Autumn '87 series for $69 (7 editions). *You'll receive a new issue twice-monthly beginning in early September.*

Please send me ☐ Autumn and Spring ☐ Autumn only

To order by VISA or MasterCard or for more information call: 1-800-824-0829.
In Tennessee and Alaska call collect: 615-383-8534

Print Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Tennessee residents add 7.75% sales tax.

TO: ***Schau ins Land***, Dept. X3
P.O. Box 158067
Nashville, TN 37215-8067

Do not sent cash. © 1987, CHAMPS-ELYSEES, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BENJAMIN DISRAELI LETTERS: 1838-1841 (Vol. 3)
Edited by M. G. Wiebe, J. B. Conacher, John Matthews, and Mary S. Millar/University of Toronto Press/$60

Franz M. Oppenheimer

Those who believe that Disraeli was an opportunist will find their belief refuted by the evidence of these letters, which are again presented by the Disraeli Project of Queen's University of Kingston, Ontario, admirably edited and illuminatingly and amusingly annotated. While, unlike the first two volumes of these letters, volume three contains no startling news, it records Disraeli's uncommon moral courage during his first term in the House of Commons. As a freshman member of the Tory opposition to the Whig government, Disraeli had every reason to go along with his party—fulfillment of his hopes for political office after a changing of the guard had to depend on his being in the good graces of the party leadership. Nevertheless, as he wrote to his principal correspondent during those years, his sister Sarah, "I spoke against the Government, the great mass of the Conservative party, and even took a different view from the small minority itself."

The target of his opposition on that occasion was an Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, which he opposed because the bill was designed to weaken Ireland's central government. Though otherwise opposed to centralization on principle, he believed that in Ireland central authority, delegated from England, was "the only authority which could be trusted to execute . . . power without passion." He writes his future wife, Mary Anne Lewis, that he had "made a most capital speech," in which he sympathized with the Chartists, though disapproving of their stated goals,[1] and attacked the government for eroding civil rights through measures such as the New Poor Law. He spoke "under every disadvantage; for the Tories . . . were very few of them there to support me, while all the Ministers were in their places and the Government benches very full."

On another occasion he speaks as one among a minority of five against the Birmingham Police Bill, an anti-Chartist measure: "I have made up my mind to oppose, even if I stand alone on our side, every anti-insurrectionary Measure which the government announce they will bring forward."

The only reward Disraeli could expect from such unorthodoxies was self-satisfaction. We should therefore not find fault when he describes his speeches as having been "brilliant," "good," and "most capital" and when he seems pleased to be able to report "the whole day has been passed in receiving compliments on my speech."

Nor was opportunism the main motive for marrying Mary Anne Lewis. He knew that, though advantageous, the marriage could not relieve him of the financial anxieties caused by his crushing debts. The truth is far more complex: six months before their wedding, in the belief that their engagement was broken, he wrote to Mary Anne with an emotion no one could have faked:

> I avow when I first made my advances to you, I was influenced by no romantic feelings. My father had long wished me to marry; my settling in life was the implied . . . condition of a disposition of his property, which would have been convenient to me. I . . . wished for the solace of a home, and shrunk from all the torturing passions of intrigue. I was not blind to worldly advantages . . . but . . . my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow, and that heart was touched. . . . I felt that my heart was inextricably engaged to you. . . . I devoted to you all the passion of my being. . . . My nature demands that my life should be perpetual love.

Disraeli's love letters to Mary Anne take up a good portion of this volume. Very few of them are quotable; they would be more so were they less sincere. Like the hero of Auden's *Who's Who*, "love made him weep his pints like you and me." But the letters leave no doubt that long before the wedding, and thereafter, Benjamin and Mary Anne were united in love. Two days after the wedding, in one of his rare letters to his mother, Disraeli writes: "I am the happiest of men," and when his hopes for office after the fall of the Whig government have been shattered by Peel, he writes to his sister: "I must and ought to console myself for any worldly mortification in the possession of such a wife."

Apart from tracing that love story and Disraeli's characteristic, but few, grand moments in the Commons, the letters in this volume do not match the excitement of those of the first two.

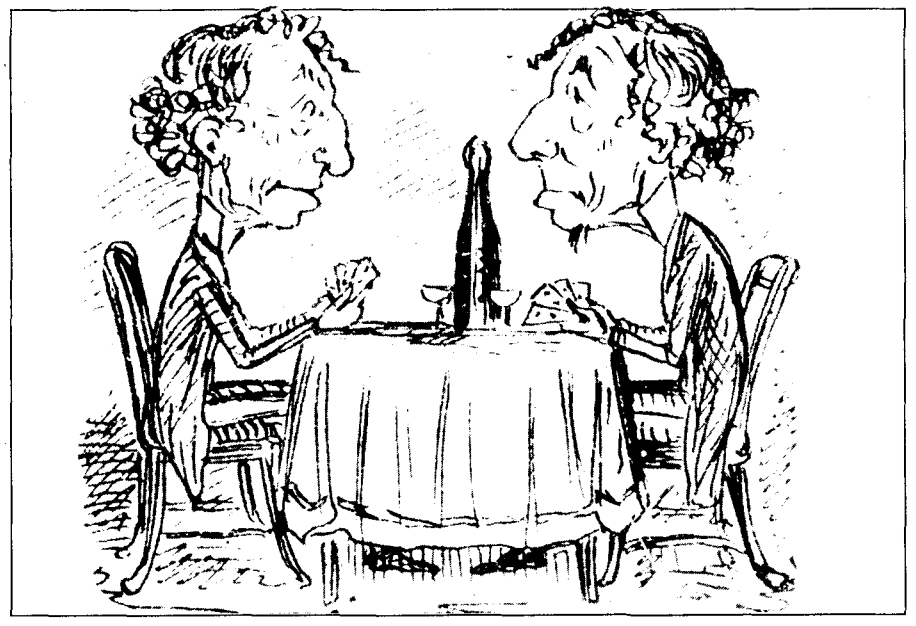
It almost seems that for those three years at least Disraeli gratefully accepted the humdrum sobriety that so often follows the *Sturm und Drang* of one's twenties. The minutiae of Parliament and politics—prison reform, the location of a cemetery, Lenten theatre restrictions, and the like—engulf and often bore him. A reader expecting a continuation of the tales of high drama almost breathlessly related by Disraeli's letters before his becoming a member of Parliament can only be astounded to read, in a letter to Sarah: "I write merely to say that I have nothing to write about."

One other reason, though, for the routine nature of these letters is that Disraeli obviously wished to keep the full horror of his financial condition from his sister and from Mary Anne. A frantic note appears only when it has become certain that Parliament is about to be dissolved, and that as a consequence his parliamentary immunity from imprisonment for debt is about to be lifted: "Do you think," he writes his solicitor, "you shall be able to get me any argent? £500, or 300." In their splendid introduction the editors say that the loss of his parliamentary seat in the new elections of 1841, "would likely be followed by debtors prison and disgrace or exile." And they add, though they do not see Disraeli as an opportunist: "It is difficult to see how Disraeli could have survived politically if he had not married Mary Anne when he did."

But, as these letters also make clear, neither marriage nor re-election could solve those problems. They only could be somewhat lessened and half-buried again. To quote the editors: "Disraeli's debt was a burden of such magnitude that it would crush most people . . . preventing them from being able to think of anything else. . . . Disraeli suffered from no such effect. . . . He had the very rare gift of being able to throw himself totally into whatever compartment of his life he was concerned with at the moment." Indeed, virtually none of these letters reflects tension directly; the numerous complaints about sleepless nights—"a night of unparalleled wretchedness" is a typical reference—probably reflect these anxieties indirectly.

Still, marriage, a seat in the Commons, being elected to Crockfords (at last), the growing attention paid to his speeches afforded enough psychic security to explain Disraeli's ability to function under pressure. He can now look at Society almost with the distance of Proust in his cork-lined room. The attendance of peers of the realm at dinners is noted, no longer dwelt upon. Of a dinner at Sir Robert Peel's, Disraeli writes: "Our party . . . like all such male gatherings [was] dull enough," and at another dinner he found "more noise than wit." Only most rarely is he impressed, as by a dinner given for the Duchess of Cambridge on her birthday, followed by a "petite balle, only 150 asked, really the very perfume of the land, all brilliants of the first water . . . the brilliant moon, the lamp lit garden, the terraces, the river, the music, the silvan ballroom, and the bright revellers, made a scene like a festa in one of George Sand's novels."

When Disraeli's second novel, *The Young Duke*, was published, his father had said: "What does Ben know of dukes?" Now those days lay far behind him. □



[1]The Chartists, named after their program set forth in a Charter, were an emotional, radical working-class movement responding to the misery of factory workers by demanding reforms such as universal suffrage and yearly parliamentary elections.

Franz M. Oppenheimer, a frequent contributor and a Washington lawyer, reviewed the first two volumes of Disraeli's letters in the June 1983 American Spectator.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CRACK-UP/SOBRAN
(continued from page 19)

as been to cajole, evade, manipulate, nd appease the lib establishment, specially the media. So we got short-ighted P.R. improvisations, instead of principled policy. Whoever runs this Administration has feared to take its ase to the public that twice elected Reagan by enormous margins.

The libs have sold the Administration on the myth which Reagan's victories should have demolished: that Republicans thrive by adopting "moderation." The truth is that the Republicans win precisely when elections are ideologically polarized. The Democrats won in 1976 (and hold control of Congress) by managing to mute the philosophical contrast between the parties.

Conservatives don't have to penetrate the culture. At the level that counts, they own it. The nation is latently conservative. Gerrymandered opinion polls may say otherwise, but an Ollie North brings out its true colors. So did Reagan, once upon a time.

Though momentarily dispirited, the conservative movement is solid and it's here to stay. All it needs is a little leadership. The President has muffed the job. Let someone else be Reagan.

Joseph Sobran is a senior editor of National Review *and a nationally syndicated columnist.*

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Since the 1930s the main task that fell to conservative administrations was cleaning up after exorbitant liberal parties. This was a daunting task—liberals are anything but tidy—which left little time to address the architectural problems of our society. Anyway, many conservatives don't like to address structural problems. In Michael Oakeshott's words they "prefer the familiar to the unknown . . . the actual to the possible . . ."—which is prudent, but not helpful when the familiar is a liberal welfare state with monstrous government regulation and spending. However much they value continuity, conservatives cannot shirk the task of reversing major political trends.

Ronald Reagan realized as much and succeeded in making some structural changes. He deregulated, decreased taxes, rearmed, reformed the tax system, and slowed government growth. But Reagan will be an *ignis fatuus* unless a widespread and united conservative constituency coalesces. So far it has not, as RET points out.

Conservatives are a motley group of small businessmen (some big ones too —but most biggies prefer the familiar to the possible), farmers, church people (as distinguished from the often leftist clergy), professionals, and, mostly, people impatient with taxes, waste, crime, permissiveness, and appeasement. There also is a small but important group of intellectuals disenchanted with leftism. Unfortunately in academe, where most of them dwell, they are chiefs without injuns: the academic rank and file (as distinguished from the neoconservative elite) is passionately leftist, even in the hard sciences. So are school teachers, as the NEA demonstrates, and the visual and print media. The young are being taught by leftists. They become conservative through experience and observation, not teaching.

All this militates against a conservative future. The divisiveness of conservatives does so no less. They have been on the outside so long that they have become habitually cliquish and sectarian. They hardly form a conservative community. Still, I am not quite as pessimistic as RET. Conservatives are now on speaking terms with one another. They have made modest inroads into the media. Reaganism, however blurred, dominates the Republican party. Not least the liberals too are disunited and, unlike the conservatives, have no idea where to go (except back). It is too early to give up hope, and not too late to work for the institutionalization of conservative ideas.

Ernest van den Haag is John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University.

CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 9)

were asked by the Reagan Administration to prepare the invasion of Grenada. I fear the Muse of History will judge the Joint Chiefs as severely as she did the French generals of 1940.

—Michael S. Lofgren
Alexandria, Virginia

Senator Malcolm Wallop's article "Star Wars and the Military" seems to this observer to be right on target. However, the senator's contentions can be extended to other areas of the DOD, specifically to antisubmarine warfare (ASW). It is now common knowledge that the growing quietness of Soviet submarines provides ASW forces with a powerful challenge which will increase in severity in the future. The Navy's answer, to the extent that there is one, is to tout non-acoustic methods of detection, probably space-based, which are of uncertain promise and potential gluttons for public funds. This brings us to Wallop's main point —the lack of a constituency in the case of SDI and a similar situation for the most promising approach to ASW.

On a recent tour of ASW facilities at Naval Air Station, Moffett Field, California, I was appalled at the ancient computer technology employed in the P-3C Orion aircraft, the nation's number one aerial sub-hunter. Not only is it primitive (circa 1967), but it was recently the recipient of hundreds of thousands of dollars per unit for purposes of refurbishment. The Navy even went so far as to order the manufacture of diodes that had been out of production for many years. Moreover, the computer is still unreliable in terms of trouble-frequency. If modern computer technology were employed in the P-3 system, "image enhancement" techniques already developed by NASA, the Air Force, and probably the Navy itself could be used to "pull" the submarine acoustic emissions out of the background sea-noise. This would go far toward off-setting the quieting of the Soviet submarines. It is not that the service is unaware of the possibilities. When I first mentioned it to the chief-of-staff (now retired) of Commander, Patrol Wings, U.S. Pacific Fleet, he immediately replied that I was "preaching to the choir." The point is that there seems to be no service constituency for making use of the latest technology in data processing.

The real estate at Moffett Field, California is split between the Navy and NASA's Ames Research Center. The latter is the focal point for application of computer technology to the study of aerodynamic systems with the aid of the very latest in computer hardware, software, and computational methods. It is ironic that the Navy, on the eastern side of the field and right in the middle of the Silicon Valley, is wired into computer technology that is almost prehistorical, probably even by Soviet standards.

—Robert C. Whitten
Navy League of
the United States
Cupertino, California

Who Will Search for Oil?

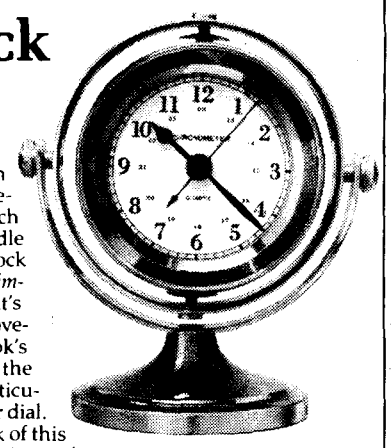
Richard J. Myers in the June issue of *TAS* ("What Oil Crisis?") marshaled data to show that the free world is virtually immune to a repeat of the 1970s' oil crisis. I especially agree that an oil import tax (approved by Richard Gephardt in June) could put 150,000 oil workers back on the payroll, while costing millions of jobs across the country. But in one respect, Mr. Myers is woefully off course. He states that by the end of 1986, the oil industry had lost close to 30 percent of its work force. This brought the industry down to its 1977 level, from which it had jumped forward in production and employment. Myers indicates that it could expand in the same way again on short notice, in "months, rather than years." This assumption is fallacious, and the numbers on which it is based are deceptive.

The brains of the oil industry are the geologists and geophysicists who spearhead any exploration effort. Management coordinates the cash, engineers, hardware, and semi-skilled manpower

Relive the glory days of maritime exploration, with . . .

Captain Cook's Brass Gimbal Clock

Just $79.95* *But read the ad for an even better deal!



When Captain Cook sailed the "Resolution" in his voyages of exploration, he needed a timepiece of great accuracy. And the only way to assure such accuracy with the clockworks of the day, was to cradle the clock in gimbals: even in in stormiest seas, the clock always stayed in the same position. Our *Solid Brass Gimbal Clock* works in any position, of course, because it's powered by a truly outstanding quartz battery movement. But it's patterned lovingly after Captain Cook's original clock—down to the solid brass execution, the heavy pedestal, the 2-plane (360°) gimbals, the meticulous machining, the beveled face crystal, the 24-hour dial.

You would expect to pay over $100 for a brass clock of this quality. We import these clocks in very large quantities and are able to offer them for just $79.95. But we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $159.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** You may not conquer new worlds, but you can relive the days of maritime exploration by adorning your home or your office with *Captain Cook's Solid Brass Gimbal Clock!*

• *Captain Cook's Clock* stands 7½" high and weighs a very hefty 4 lbs. 7 oz. It's solid brass. It rotates 360° in the vertical and horizontal planes.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1170 E199.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Brass Gimbal Clock*, $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dail, Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that go into drilling and production. But the entire effort depends on the minds that produce sound ideas about where to drill. Training geologists and geophysicists requires an average of five years of college, plus three to five years of practical experience in the oil business. Say a seven-year minimum.

In 1973 to 1974, the U.S. was hit with the Arab oil embargo. This channelled a large number of students, many already in their second or third year of college, into geology and geophysics. By 1977, these people were filling out employment applications with oil companies. Meanwhile, the companies had already started producing from newly drilled wells that were bringing on-stream the domestic supplies which would eventually crush OPEC's price-fixing efforts. In 1979, the majors were able to hire the personnel they needed to fully staff their exploration departments, despite a hemorrhage of their best people (who were being hired away by aggressive independents). Although oil prices were peaking around $40 a barrel, "experts" were projecting prices of $80 to $100 in a few years, and undergraduate geologists and their professors were being avidly recruited for still expanding exploration teams. There was a panic to buy any prospect that a half-trained explorationist could conceive. Urged on by "Jimmy" Carter, who declared that the U.S. was "running out of gas," pipelines were signing long-term contracts for gas at $5 to $10 an MCF (versus $1.60 today).

When the bubble burst, small companies closed. Larger ones laid off massive numbers of geologists and geophysicists. (Production can be maintained from existing wells by junior engineers and semi-skilled labor.) The employment cut was not only among those recently hired but also among the most experienced. Virtually every major company showed the door to all geologists and geophysicists over fifty. They were left with skeleton exploration departments that have lost *thousands* of man-years of knowledge and experience, and were stripped of the very people needed to teach the trainees. This looks good on the balance sheet. If you fire a geophysicist fifty years old who is drawing $50,000 annually and replace him with a recent graduate getting $25,000, you have cut the salary outlay in half. The fact that the new man does not have the foggiest idea of what to do and that the man who should have been there to train him has taken "early retirement" does not show up on the balance sheet. Since the company does not plan on doing any exploration anyway, until prices rise, the problem will not show up until the next crisis.

Where do we stand now? No college student with his head screwed on properly will register for geology or geophysics. There are not any jobs. Courses and whole departments are closing for lack of students. The vast majority of students who graduated in these fields after 1980 are selling insurance, teaching grade school, or clerking in stores. If an oil crisis hits next year, the *exploration* personnel problem is totally unlike the 1977 situation from which Mr. Myers saw the remarkable expansion of the industry. At that time a rising stream of geologists and geophysicists were beginning to graduate. By 1988 the "old hands" will have been retired for four to five years, and they are not about to return to work. The "new hands" will have had six to eight years of documenting the files with prospects, but *no* experience in an ongoing exploration program. (The companies that have survived have had no real exploration programs since approximately 1981.) Each year that passes makes the exploration picture that much more bleak. By 1990, oil prices may be rising, but the discoveries drilled in the late 1970s will be in sharp decline. New ideas will be needed, but the potential exploration personnel who were college freshmen in 1980 have chosen fields far removed from the employment wasteland of geology and geophysics. The next generation of explorationists will need to be super bright because the easy-to-find prospects have been drilled.

We have three choices, Mr. Myers:

1. Defend the free world's oil; Gulf of Arabia, tanker routes around South Africa. (No turning Capetown into a Soviet naval base by giving Bishop Tutu and his Russian-directed pals in the African National Congress a free hand to terrorize the countryside.) Convoy the tankers to Japan, past Soviet bases in the Maldives and Vietnam. Do what we can to prevent terrorist takeovers in Venezuela, the Philippines, Central America, and Mexico. (Soviet forces in Nicaragua, thanks to Representative Boland, make this last almost a hopeless task.)

2. Develop nuclear power at top speed, so as to decrease the nation's dependence on hydrocarbons.

3. Develop a program of *steady* exploration for oil and gas. Since Washington botches everything it touches, I am not suggesting a "national energy program." What is needed is a tax incentive to convince the oil companies to abandon their stop-and-go, boom-or-bust, exploration programs.

The accent on current earnings, to hell with the future, has already not only ruined the lives of exploration employees, but bankrupted many oil companies, including several majors, and most of the independents.

—W. P. Leutze
Exploration Geologist
Lafayette, Louisiana

Richard J. Myers replies:

Mr. Leutze makes many good points, but I find it difficult to agree with his conclusion that America will have too few top-rank geologists and geophysicists to search for oil in the future. Yes, many experienced geologists have been furloughed over the last several years. Roughly one-third of the petroleum geologists in the U.S. were out of work last year. But Mr. Leutze assumes that when the need for their services arises these "old hands will have been retired for four to five years and they are not about to return to work." I don't believe it. As oil prices rise and exploration in the U.S. generally picks up (as it has already), many of these geologists will re-enter the work force. And if some crisis strikes and the need for their services grows suddenly acute, they will be offered salaries high enough to assure their return to work. With geologists, as with oil service companies, toolpushers and roughnecks, left alone, the marketplace rules best.

Remember, too, that the collapse in U.S. oil and natural gas exploration was only partly the result of last year's nose dive in world oil prices. During the same period, the oil companies and natural gas pipeline companies were passing through a historic time of mergers and acquisitions, friendly and otherwise. The industry's debt burden rose dramatically, and servicing this debt reduced the money available for exploration. At the same time, many companies cut loose from investments and diversifications undertaken in the 1970s when the oil industry was riding high. The resulting large write-offs also reduced the cash flow available for exploration. It was unfortunate that the U.S. oil and gas industry experienced a convulsive reshaping at the same time that oil prices nose-dived. But the merger/acquisition frenzy appears to be over and should not be a factor in the future.

But these are quibbles. Many of Mr. Leutze's observations make sense. I agree that the U.S. needs a stable petroleum industry, free from the "stop-and-go, boom-or-bust" cycles of the last fifteen years. I think we agree that government was the cause of much of this disarray, and that we are best served by minimum government interference in the oil industry. I applaud Mr. Leutze's sentiment that "Washington botches everything it touches."

Mr. Leutze suggests our salvation lies with some form of tax incentive. It is true that the petroleum industry is more heavily taxed than most manufacturing industries. But I'm not sure new incentives are needed; reversing the damage of the last few years is. Last year's tax reform legislation, taxes for Superfund, and several other pending regulations will strip $18 billion a year from petroleum industry cash flow over the next five years. This is clearly moving in the wrong direction. Congress should stop treating the U.S. petroleum industry like a member of OPEC and more like a national asset. □

FREE DELIVERY ON ORDERS OF 12 OR MORE DOZEN

HIGH QUALITY • LOW PRICES
FAST SERVICE

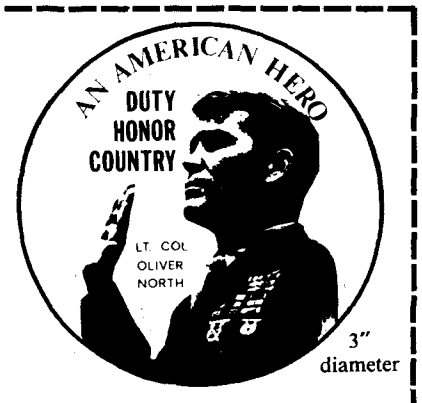
Whether you need a simple one color or a complex multicolor custom printed garment, we have the experience to meet your needs. For printed T-shirts, hats, sweats, jackets, etc., call:

BLUE MT. GRAPHICS
125 Liberty Street, Allentown, PA 18102

CALL (TOLL FREE OUTSIDE PA.):
1-800-422-6067
in PA 215-776-5033

ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER:
"To cover for the T-SHIRTS we had to say we sold arms. Hope you don't mind."
O. North

Wanna see some funny T—shirts?
Call for a FREE CATALOG of our own designs:
1-800-422-6067



3" diameter

CLIP & MAIL TO:
Political Campaign Button Co.
5305 Wilson Lane
Bethesda, MD 20814
(301) 654-8586

EACH BUTTON ONLY $3.00

#_____ QUANTITY_____ $_____

Please add 50c for For postage & handling per button $_____

Total $_____

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND CHECK FOR Total $_____
(Please make checks payable to P.C. Button Co.)

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

ASt

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIEDS

HELP WANTED

STAFF ASSISTANT
Hard-working individual to assist office staff of *The American Spectator*. Responsible for organization and upkeep of mailroom, errands (must have car), and general office work. Full-time position. Send resume to: Personnel Dept., The American Spectator, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210 or call (703) 243-3733 for application.

DOZENS OF JOBS in public policy for conservatives. Full range of opportunities available. No fee. Special need for secretaries. Send resume to Helen Sanders, Director, Job and Talent Bank, The Leadership Institute, 8001 Braddock Rd., Springfield VA 22151.

BOOKS

CHESS YOGA
Chess represents the oldest and most secret form of Vedic mathematical and mental dicipline. Used in combination with certain esoteric ideas chess becomes a path to exponential self-development. Two booklets $10 to Steve Perkins, 1226 Haight St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1178 AS, Culpeper, VA 22701.

PRESIDENTIAL BIOGRAPHIES. Send 22¢ stamp for monthly listing of available titles. New & out-of-print books. American Political Biography, B-39 Boggs Hill Road, Newtown, CT 06470.

"FREE ENTERPRISE PATRIOT," colonial blacksmith in classic humorous satire of Government Red Tape. 80 pages. Send $4.75 to: Book Tree, 1825 High Oak, St. Louis, MO 63166.

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

BRITAIN'S largest non-residential independent university offers degree programmes including Higher Doctorates in a wide range of subjects. For a prospectus send $8 to: Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset, TA19 OBQ, England. Tel: (0460) 57255.

Foreign Language Cassette Programs for Children!
"Springboard" audio-cassette programs in **Spanish, French,** and **German**. Ideal for ages 5-10. $21.95 each, postpaid. Money-back guarantee.
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept 338, Guilford, CT 06437

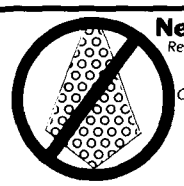
Speak French like a diplomat!
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 47 languages in all. Free catalog. Write:
AUDIO-FORUM® Dept. 339, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

COMPUTERIZED
INDEPENDENT STUDY ™
Complete BS, MA, PhD, Calif-Bar, JD year-round. No classroom attendance. Free Information.
CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES
3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
1-800-262-8388

MERCHANDISE

BOW TIES, handmade limited editions. FREE catalog. John Fields Designer, Box 406H, Kenwood, CA 95452.



Neck Ties Narrowed
Rediscover some old friends. We'll narrow your closet classics to a stylish 3⅛" (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $13.50 for each set of 3 ties to: **SLIM TIES CO.** 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. Z San Francisco, CA 94131 **(415) 585-6100**

Suspenders/Braces
More and more well-dressed men wear them! The largest selection anywhere of fine, hard-to-find suspenders/braces. Free brochure.
BERNARDO, 2400 Westheimer, Suite 108W(T), Houston, Texas 77098. (713) 526-2686.

BOOKS WANTED

A Free Service to our Readers

List two books you would like to buy. Our readers will send you a post card if they have a copy of the book. This service is free to subscribers. Just send your *American Spectator* mailing label along with your listing to Book Service, c/o *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.

European Thought in the 18th Century From Montesquieu to Lessing by Paul Hazard. Prefer 1965 Penguin Pelican edition, but will take 1954 hardback. R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210.

Family Album, edited by Arthur & Nancy DeMoss, vols. 1 & 2. **Hope of the Nation** (Heritage Co: Gastonia, N.C.). Eugene Presley, Rt. A, Box 52, Council, VA 24260.

The Socialist Phenomenon, by Igor Shafarevich (Harper & Row). **Confessions of a Bohemian Tory**, by Russell Kirk (Fleet Publishing Co.). Alexander Sacks, 109 Montgomery St., Rhinebeck, N.Y. 12572.

God's Playground; A History of Poland, Vol. II, 1795-Present, by Norman Davies (Paperback, Oxford University Press). Christopher Sterbenz, 3005 Taylor St., Mt. Ranier, MD 20712.

The Story of the Malakand Field Force (First, Colonial or Silver Library editions) and **The River War** (2 vols.) by Winston Churchill. G. Lechter, 1 Horizon Rd., Fort Lee, N.J. 07024.

MERCHANDISE

THE ADAM SMITH NECKTIE—gold on navy blue or gold on burgundy. $22.50 postage paid. VISA and MasterCard. The Decatur Shop, P.O. Box 277, North Adams, MI 49262-0277. Phone #517-287-5888.

REAL ESTATE

MAGNIFICENT SITUATION in Northern New Mexico for Artist/Writer/Horseman/Executive Retreat House. 3000 Square Feet, Log/Frame Bavarian style chalet at 8000', on one acre bounded on three sides by National Forest. 20 miles from Taos, 60 miles from Santa Fe, access by paved state highways. One mile from ski area. Will negotiate around the $300,000 level. Write for free fact sheet and pictures. James E. Hickey, Star Route, Box 22C, Vadito, N.M. 87579.

FOR SALE

WOOD SLOOP cold-molded construction 1979 natural clear finish 5 sails fast sailer $55,000. Write for details: 261 Mandalay Road, Oakland, CA 94618.

MISCELLANEOUS

IT IS NOT DEPRAVITY that afflicts the human race so much as a general lack of intelligence."—Agnes Repplier, American writer and social critic (1858-1950). The more intelligent a person is the more quickly he or she adjusts to the ages old wrong ways of doing things. You can't beat city hall. What the human race needs is this birdbrain and his world-saving concepts. For a pictorial display send S.A.S.E. to BIRDBRAIN BRAINBEAU'S BIBLE, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates: $.90 per word
($5 extra for *TAS* box number if desired.)
$25 per column inch for classified display ads.
Pre-payment required for all ads.

Special Discount Offer: Pre-pay for 3 ads—get a 4th ad free.

Enclosed is $_____ for ___ insertions.

Ad classification: _____

Name: _____
(please print)

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip _____

Send ad copy with this form to:
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210

MISCELLANEOUS

THE UNCOMMON READER, America's most unusual literary magazine, will award $1000 to the best written article on America's stupidest politician (your choice) in either the federal or state branches of the government. All submissions must be accompanied with a $10.00 reading fee and SASE. All submissions must be sent in by October 1988. Announcement of the winner will be made in December 1988. Send manuscripts and fees to: Louis B. Hatchett, Jr., 1220 Taransay, Henderson, KY 42420.

COLLECT AUTOGRAPHS. Autograph Collector's Magazine, P.O. Box 55328, Stockton, CA 95205. $12 year North America; $17 foreign.

OLDTIME RADIO PROGRAMS. Classics from America's golden age of radio, on high quality tapes. Music! Comedy! Drama! Mystery! Adventure! Free catalogue. Carl Froelich, 2-t Heritage Farm, New Freedom, PA 17349.

PERSONALS

ASIAN LADIES DESIRE CORRESPONDENCE! Sincere, cultured, attractive. SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL—Dept. HE, Box 260, North Hollywood, CA 91603.

TAS Subscribers—Changing Your Address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator*. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210

(Please attach address label here.)
IMPORTANT
Allow six weeks for address change

☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—$24)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Date of change _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CURRENT WISDOM

Great Books Series

A random selection of epistolary art from a single page of a book certain to be a modern classic:

After reading Gloria Steinem's political fantasy "If Men Could Menstruate," I remember how, when I started menstruating, at twelve, I was very proud. Why, I don't know—no one had ever explained to me what it was all about. I was never encouraged to look forward to it. Nevertheless, it seemed so very natural, and I felt womanly.

In spite of the jokes, the ignorance, the cultural taboos, cramps, and water retention, I still like my period. I *do* think it's fantastic that I have my own cycle corresponding to the moon's—if that's cosmic, so be it. *—Name Withheld*
December 12, 1978

I recently had an experience that I suppose falls into the click category. I was sharing the bathroom with my daughter, who is not yet three. She made an observation and the following conversation ensued:

"You don't wipe your bottom when you tinkle."

"No, Kristin, I don't."

Reflective pause, then, "Why?"

"Because my tinkle comes out a different place than yours."

Another reflective pause, then, "Why?"

"Because boys and girls are different."

Another reflective pause, then with certainty, "No, boys are different."

My interpretation of this sample event is that she does not see the society or the world in terms of masculine "norm," with her own status defined only in relation to that "norm." I hope my interpretation is correct. As parents, we must be doing something right. *—Robert J. Shaw, Minister*
Tabernacle Christian Church
Franklin, Indiana
July 1981 Issue

[from Letters to Ms.: 1972-1987,
edited by Mary Thom, Henry Holt and Company, 1987]

Harvard Outing Club McKinley Expedition

A leaflet from the Harvard Outing Club (15 Linden Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138) sings of another promising public policy initiative:

Dear Harvard Outing Club Alumnus/Alumna:

In the spirit of charity and good will, the Harvard Outing Club is working to draw attention to the plight of the homeless by sending an expedition to climb Mount McKinley this summer. The highest peak in North America, Mount McKinley is an inspiring metaphor for the magnitude of the challenge we face in dealing with the social crisis of this decade. . . . Our expedition to climb Mount McKinley is a public statement—"Harvard cares about the plight of the homeless." Your support will emphasize that we speak for Harvard, past and present.

[Summer 1987]

Washington Post

From Ellen Goodman, the Walter Lippmann of our time, come still more cadenced immensities destined for the ages:

These hearings are not just about the Boland Amendment or even the Constitution. These hearings are not just about whether Ollie North is a great character actor, a swell husband, a loving dad and all-around honorable fellow by his own code. They're about illegally trading those arms, weapons of murder. What counts in this drama is the public morality. The plot. The good, the bad and the very, very ugly.

[July 10, 1987]

Rolling Stone

How Amerika failed to live up to its depiction in literature as reported by a Mr. Jackson in the intellectual pages of *RS*:

Jackson—who's been based in New York City off and on for the past four years—says he's grown increasingly disenchanted with the United States. "I don't feel as comfortable living in America as I did four years ago," he admits. "When I first got here, I felt welcomed with open arms. It felt familiar to me, I'd see it on TV, I'd read about it in comic books."

[July 16, 1987]

Debbie K. Schlussel

The Fourth Generation notifies Washington society of her coming out:

For Immediate Release
Contact: Debbie K. Schlussel

SCHLUSSEL AWARDED
NATIONAL CONSERVATIVE FOUNDATION
TERRY DOLAN INTERNSHIP GRANT

Debbie K. Schlussel, 18, of Southfield, [Michigan] has been named as one of three recipients nationwide of the National Conservative Foundation (NCF) Terry Dolan Internship and Internship Grant. Schlussel, nominated by National Teen Age Republicans for the three-month Washington summer internship, was chosen from a field of many college students nominated from all over the United States.

Schlussel will spend the first month of her internship as a U.S. Congressional intern for Congressman Phil Crane (R.-Ill.). Crane, a 1980 Presidential candidate, is the ranking Republican of the Trade Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee and is one of the foremost conservative leaders in American politics. In addition, Schlussel will serve as a U.S. Congressional intern for Congressman Donald E. "Buz" Lukens (R-Ohio), who serves on the prestigious Europe and the Middle East Subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee.

Finally, Schlussel will round out her internship by spending her third and final month as an intern at NCPAC, the National Conservative Political Action Committee. NCPAC is the largest Political Action Committee (PAC) in the United States, raising the most money and number of contributions of any PAC across the country. Furthermore, throughout the summer, NCF will send Schlussel to its intensive Campaign Management, Campaign Finance, and Candidate Schools. . . .

Schlussel, a sophomore at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, is the 1986-87 "Outstanding Teen Age Republican in the Nation." The internship is named in memory of the late John T. "Terry" Dolan, the founder and past chairman of both NCPAC and NCF. Dolan was known nationally as the top political fundraiser on behalf of conservative causes and candidates for public office.

—30—

[July 10, 1987]

New York Times

Senator Robert Dole, bragging to an audience of young Republicans:

"We get a rap that we don't care about peo ple who have real problems. We turn ou back on the disabled. We don't like low income Americans. We don't like old peo ple. We don't care much for black peopl or brown people or Asian-Americans o white people. We're sort of a hard-hearte party. The upper crust. You don't want t be in the upper crust, you can't be Republican."

[July 17, 1987]

What follows, in chronological order, are three specimens of Professor Alfred Kazin's drift into autism; R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.'s highminded response to Kazin and to the *New York Review of Books*; and the *Review*'s intellectual response:

Partisan Review

The American Spectator, a neoconservative magazine that claims inspiration from Mencken, derides the sending of reading matter into American prisons.

[No. 4, 1984]

New Republic

The American Spectator first came to my attention because it derided the sending of reading matter to prisons. (As of June 30 one out of every 520 Americans is in a federal or state prison.) In *The Liberal Crack-Up*, published just in time to persuade any "liberals" left that they are "out of it," perhaps crazy, Tyrrell mocks the homeless in America's great cities (most of them released on tranquilizers from state institutions) as "the true heirs of Liberal progress . . . strutting loons ridiculing the lunacy of the New Age."

[October 22, 1984]

New York Review of Books

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., editor of the sophomoric, right-wing *American Spectator*, is a professed Menckenite and even claims to duplicate his style. The magazine first came to my attention because it derided sending reading matter to prisons. (One of every 520 Americans is in a federal or state prison.) Mencken as editor of *The American Mercury* welcomed good writing by all sorts of people with hard experiences; he encouraged the "tramp" writer Jim Tully, Richard Wright, James T. Farrell. And what would Mencken, who was at least capable of saying, "You cannot have someone starving on your doorstep," have made of Tyrrell's mocking the homeless in our great cities (many of them released on tranquilizers from state institutions) as "the true heirs of Liberal progress . . . strutting loons ridiculing the lunacy of the New Age"?

[February 26, 1987]

To The Editor:

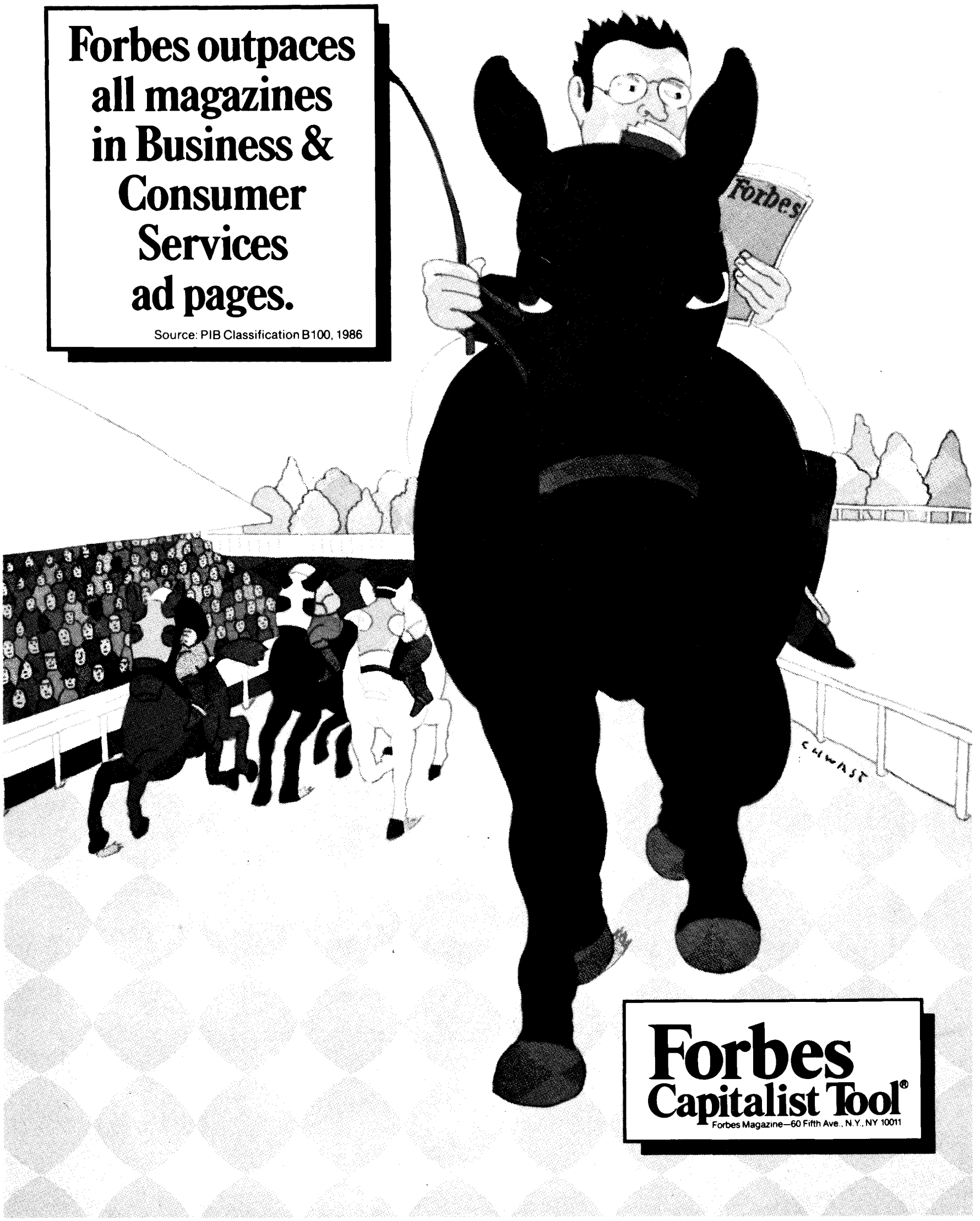
Alfred Kazin's essay on Mencken abounds with his usual recipe of honeyed observations, and, naturally, it made for agreeable reading. However, he ought to restrain the boastfulness that creeps in every now and then. We have enough of this Rambo stuff in our nation's capital.

I have in mind particularly his reference to *The Liberal Crack-Up*. This is now the second time that Professor Kazin has publicly drawn attention to his own courage in making it all the way to page 62 in my book (he made a similar boast in *The New Republic* two and a half years ago). Admittedly that is more combat duty than any other *New York Review of Books* writer has been able to endure, but Professor Kazin ought to allow us to admire him on our own. Moreover his understanding of the crucial passage under discussion remains woefully inadequate and raises doubts about his earlier scholarship. Contrary to his assertion, I do not ridicule "the homeless in our great cities" but comment on those comfortably sheltered moralists who, unable to distinguish insanity from sanity, abandoned the helpless to the streets of our great cities. There I write, "Some were instantly slaughtered, set upon by wolf packs of . . . common brutes. Others perished from exposure." Of those who survived at least temporarily, some encamped on fashionable streets "jeering, flapping their ragged limbs at pedestrians and giggling lewdly—strutting loons ridiculing the lunacy of the New Age." Perhaps Professor Kazin has seen them; my point is that they need not suffer so. *—Yours faithfully,*
R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
[February 13, 1987]

Thank you very much for writing. Since we receive thousands of letters and comments, we cannot reply directly to each one. Nor can we say in advance whether a letter will be published, although each one is carefully considered.

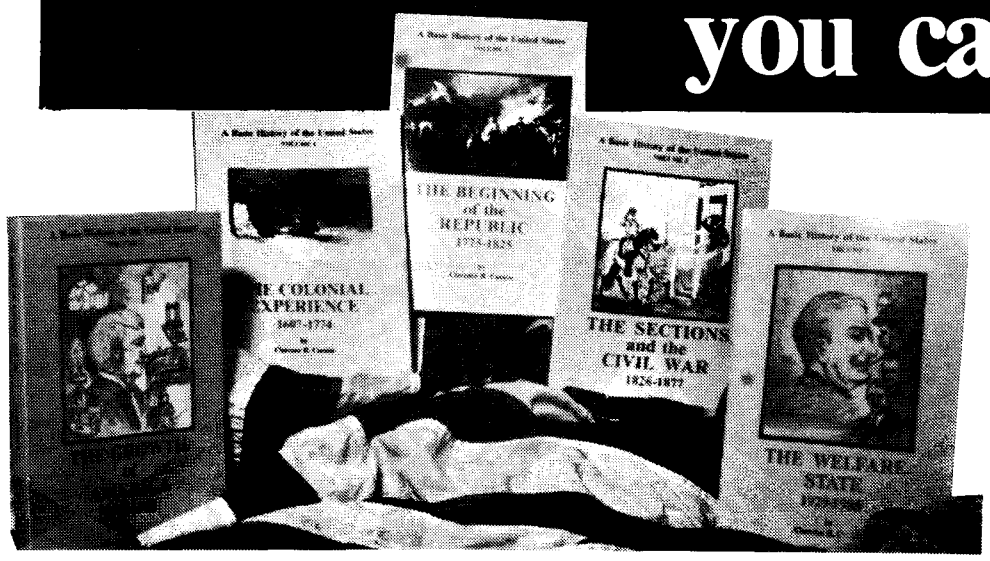
—The Editors
New York Review of Books
[February 23, 1987]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Forbes outpaces all magazines in Business & Consumer Services ad pages.
Source: PIB Classification B100, 1986
Forbes
Forbes
Capitalist Tool®
Forbes Magazine—60 Fifth Ave., N.Y., NY 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Finally: a readable popular history of America—and one you can *trust*



$32.50 — publisher's price for these 5 quality paperbacks.

Yours FREE!

"Probably the best available survey history of the United States"—THE FREEMAN

Clarence B. Carson, continues *The Freeman*, "has formed a richly woven tapestry of events and the ideas that spawned them. . . . For Carson, history is not merely a collection of facts and dates, an account of explorations, settlements, westward expansion, wars, Presidents, and elections. History is the product of the actions of countless individuals, each under the influence of certain ideas. And Carson explores those ideas, ideologies, and 'isms.' He shows how they were responsible for the settlement of this continent, the struggle for freedom, the westward expansion, the construction of schools, churches, factories, and the founding of new religious denominations. He explains why our ancestors fought for their beliefs, and strove to create a government, limited in scope, with checks and balances, that would not have the power to oppress the people."

In 5 Sweeping Volumes, The American Story

VOLUME 1: THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE, 1607-1774
VOLUME 2: THE BEGINNING OF THE REPUBLIC, 1775-1825
VOLUME 3: THE SECTIONS AND THE CIVIL WAR, 1826-1877
VOLUME 4: THE GROWTH OF AMERICA, 1878-1928
VOLUME 5: THE WELFARE STATE, 1929-1985

Dr. Carson is a man who cherishes our noblest traditions. Far too many modern historians, pursuing the agenda of the Left, leave our past in tatters. Not Dr. Carson. He understands what made our country great — and what threatens us today. He gives us the facts, and interprets them in ways that patriotic conservatives and libertarians will applaud. He captures the color too, the clash of controversy, the values we are still struggling to hand down to our children.

If you've long since left the campus behind but would like a sound, readable refresher in American history, this is your first choice.

- ✓ 1,316 pages
- ✓ 211 quick, meaty profiles of key people
- ✓ Lavishly illustrated with 238 photos, engravings and maps
- ✓ At the end of each volume: glossary of dozens of key terms . . . proper-name index . . . suggestions for further reading (yes, *reliable* books) . . . extensive footnotes for documentation
- ✓ Brief chronologies begin each chapter, to give you key dates and put the section into perspective
- ✓ EXTRA — AND VALUABLE: 5 documents vital to our heritage:

The Declaration of Independence • The Constitution • Washington's Farewell Address • Jefferson's First Inaugural Address • The Monroe Doctrine

How to get this 5-volume $32.50 set FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives. ★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing; it will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection, or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, N.Y. 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send FREE my 5-volume $32.50 set of Clarence B. Carson's *Basic History of the United States*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in the coupon. **AS – 57**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED